

Sept. 19, 1970

THE

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NEW YORKER





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One dip of the little wand per day, one 1-ounce bottle per year is all you need use when you wear Countess Isserlyn Make-Up.

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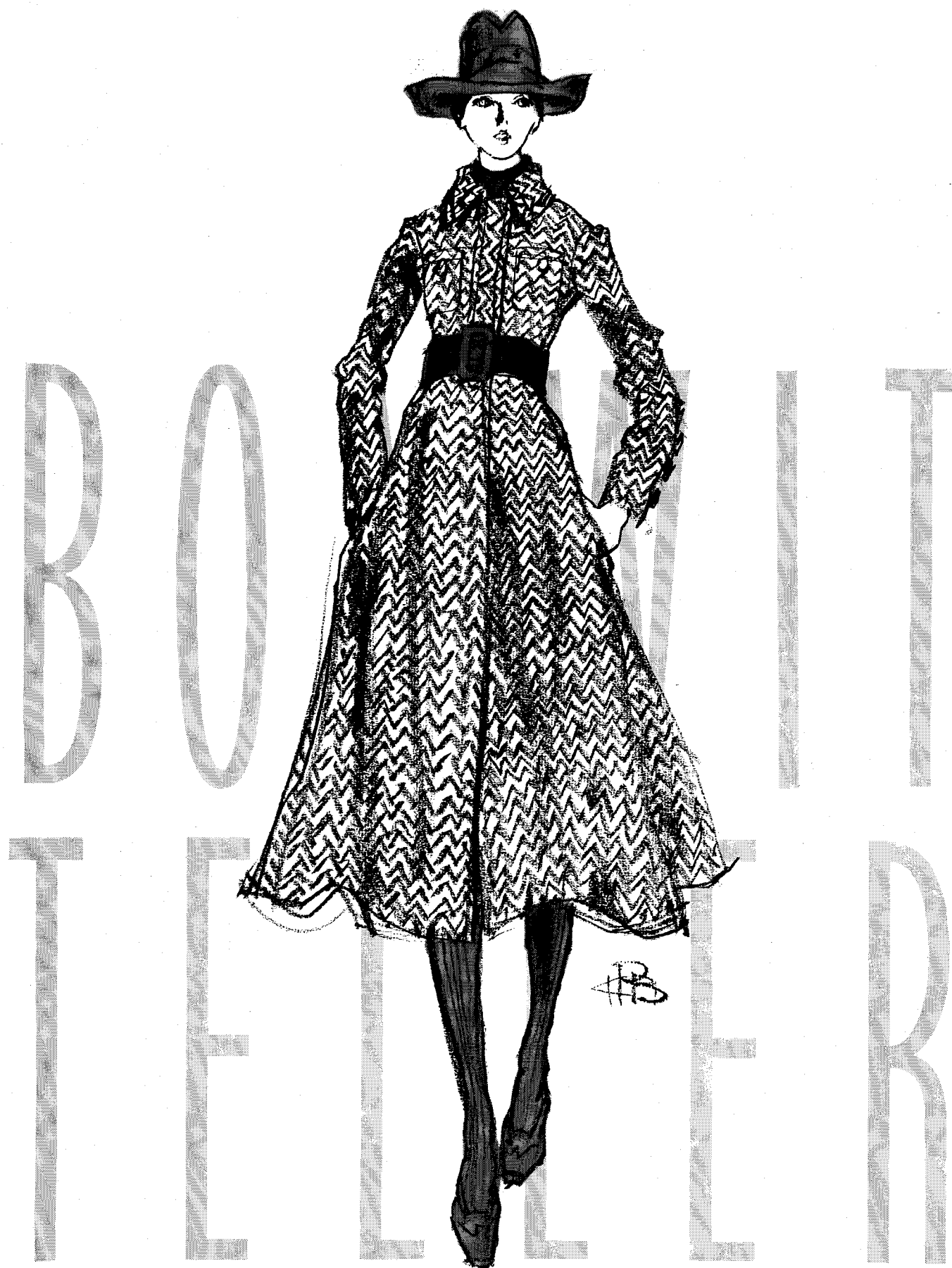
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BOB AND RAY—THE TWO AND ONLY—A series of skits by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 23. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 24. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40.)

BOESMAN AND LENA—Rudy Dee and James Earl Jones are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE CAGE—The horrors and brutality of prison life, as portrayed by six actors, all of them ex-convicts, including the play's author, Rick Cluchey. The situation depicted is indeed dreadful, but the play could be a lot better. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

CHILD'S PLAY—Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, cleverly written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, Ken Howard, and a passel of murderous adolescents, all mercifully speechless. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN—An inflated claim. "Most predictable" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco is exceedingly funny as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance, and he is ably assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OTHELLO—A two-week engagement of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre's production, with Moses Gunn in the title role. Staged by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 26.)

STEAMBATH—Purgatory is a steam bath, and God is a Puerto Rican attendant there. This comedy, by Bruce Jay Friedman, is not entirely successful, but it is much funnier than many tidier shows. Hector Elizondo is delightful as God, and Conrad Bain and Anthony Perkins, who also directed, are very good, too. Splendid setting by David Mitchell. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Or-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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ton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE**: Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **FORTY CARATS**:

A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Zsa Zsa Gabor and Tom Poston. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY**: Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COCO—A curiously ineffectual account of a year or so in the life of the great couturière, Gabrielle Chanel. *Actuellement*, Danielle

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THE NEW YORKER

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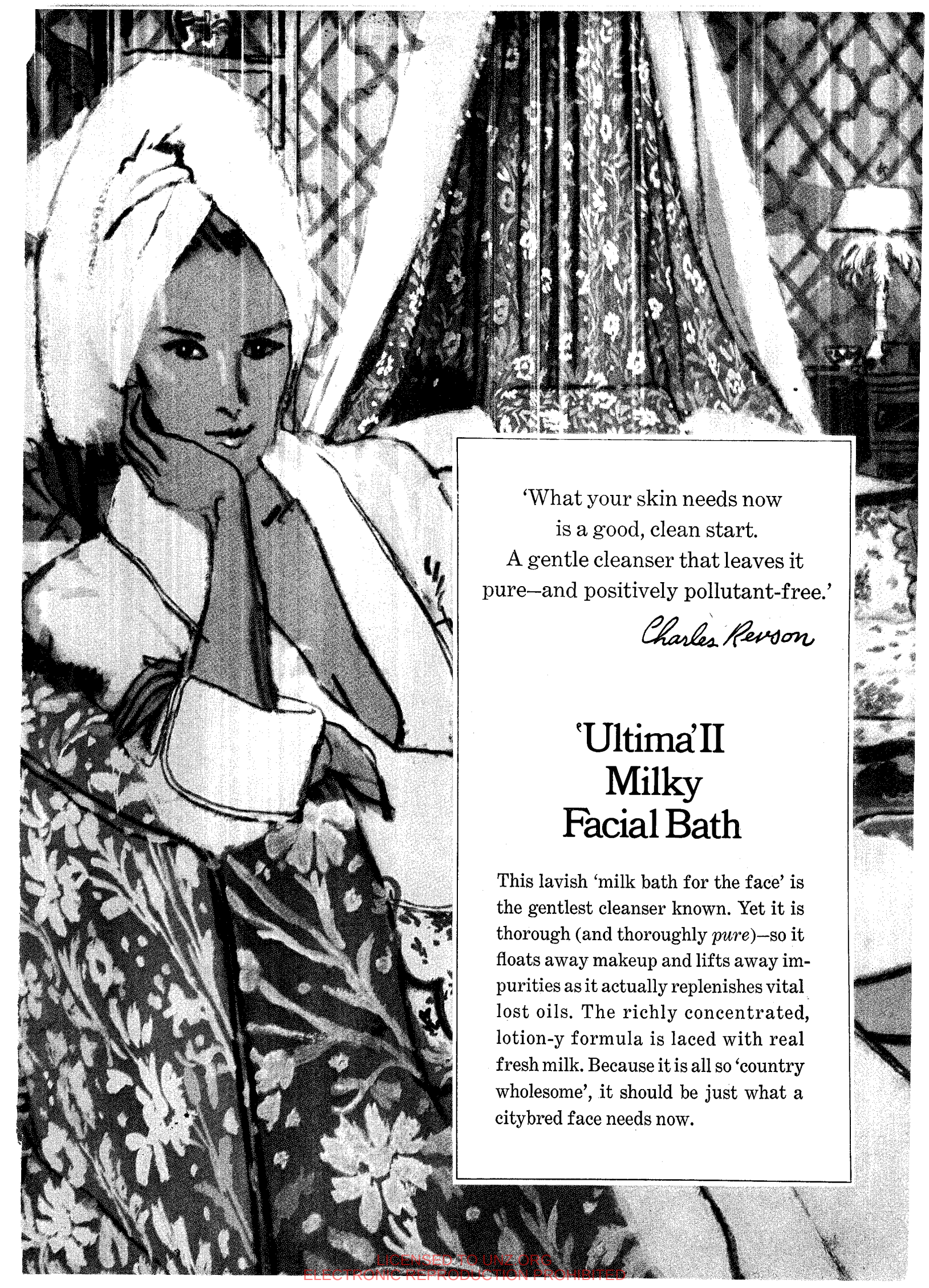
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A gentle cleanser that leaves it
pure—and positively pollutant-free.'

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Darrioux *joue La Coco*. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COMPANY—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BAT—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words of Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE ME NOBODY KNOWS—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PURLIE—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8; Fridays at 7:45; and Saturdays at 7. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

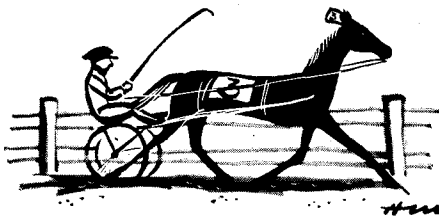
THE FANTASTICKS: Haines came in from the doorway and said quietly: "That woman is coming up with the milk." (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: "The blessings of God on you, Buck Mulligan cried, jumping up from his chair. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

HELLO, DOLLY!: Sit down. Pour out the tea there. The sugar is in the bag. Here, I can't go fumbling at the damned eggs. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HAIR: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA: Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Charles West plays the title role; Jack Dabdoub substitutes for him at the matinee performances. Starting Friday, Sept. 18, Gideon Singer will replace Mr. West. (Martin Beck, 45th



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St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.)

PROMISES, PROMISES: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN: "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A bunch of contemporary types are inspiring this bleak but bearable coffeehouse: Wednesday, Sept. 16, and again Sunday and Monday, Sept. 20-21, a rock group called the Chapins; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, Fairport Convention; with all the above, singer-songwriter Randy Newman. On Wednesday, Sept. 23, Jake and the Family Jewels will arrive. Performances are at nine-fifteen and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visitors.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to Joe Beck's dexterous work on guitar and piano (both electrified), accompanied by Tony Levin's electric bass. Table-hoppers drift about ingenuously. Music from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Brick walls, candlelight, and mirrors—along with a few intangibles—draw a steady patronage that enjoys cocktails, good cooking, and what might best be described as folk jazz on piano, guitar, and bass. Music from eleven to one, except on Sundays.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently—and well—by Jim Hall and a cellist named Suzuki, except on Sunday, Sept. 20, when Skeeter Best and a bassist will sub. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Jimmy Giuffrè, on reeds, leads a quartet that includes Don Friedman on piano, Moussey Alexander on drums, and Victor

Sproles on bass. Fridays through Sundays, Anita O'Day sings along, bringing her stylized but engrossing approach to old and new songs. Some light Italian dishes. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—From nine till four in Banjoland. There strums a cornball banjo band. Nostalgic folks make whoopee, but/ Not Sundays, when the place is shut.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Complex and forward-looking guitar work from Larry Coryell, leading a quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 22, Pharoah Sanders' active and often effusive quintet will move in. The room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Junior Mance trio plays sophisticated jazz with a bluesy foundation. Grilled dinners are served. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Downstairs, a rock policy prevails. Through Saturday, Sept. 19, Redeye and Freehand; beginning Tuesday, Sept. 22, Bofalongo and the Albert. Mondays are of a different cloth, with music provided by Latin bands. Things start at ten Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—Some big drumming by Elvin Jones, leading a quartet that has George Coleman and Frank Foster on tenors and Wilbur Little on bass. On Tuesday, Sept. 22, a versatile reed man, Roland Kirk, will come in with a quartet. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed club whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. Dinner and supper are served from a cuisine that is fairly *haute*. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Glass and metal gleam—but decorously—and the mood is discreetly with-it. The records offer a good deal of variety, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays only.

HIPPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may

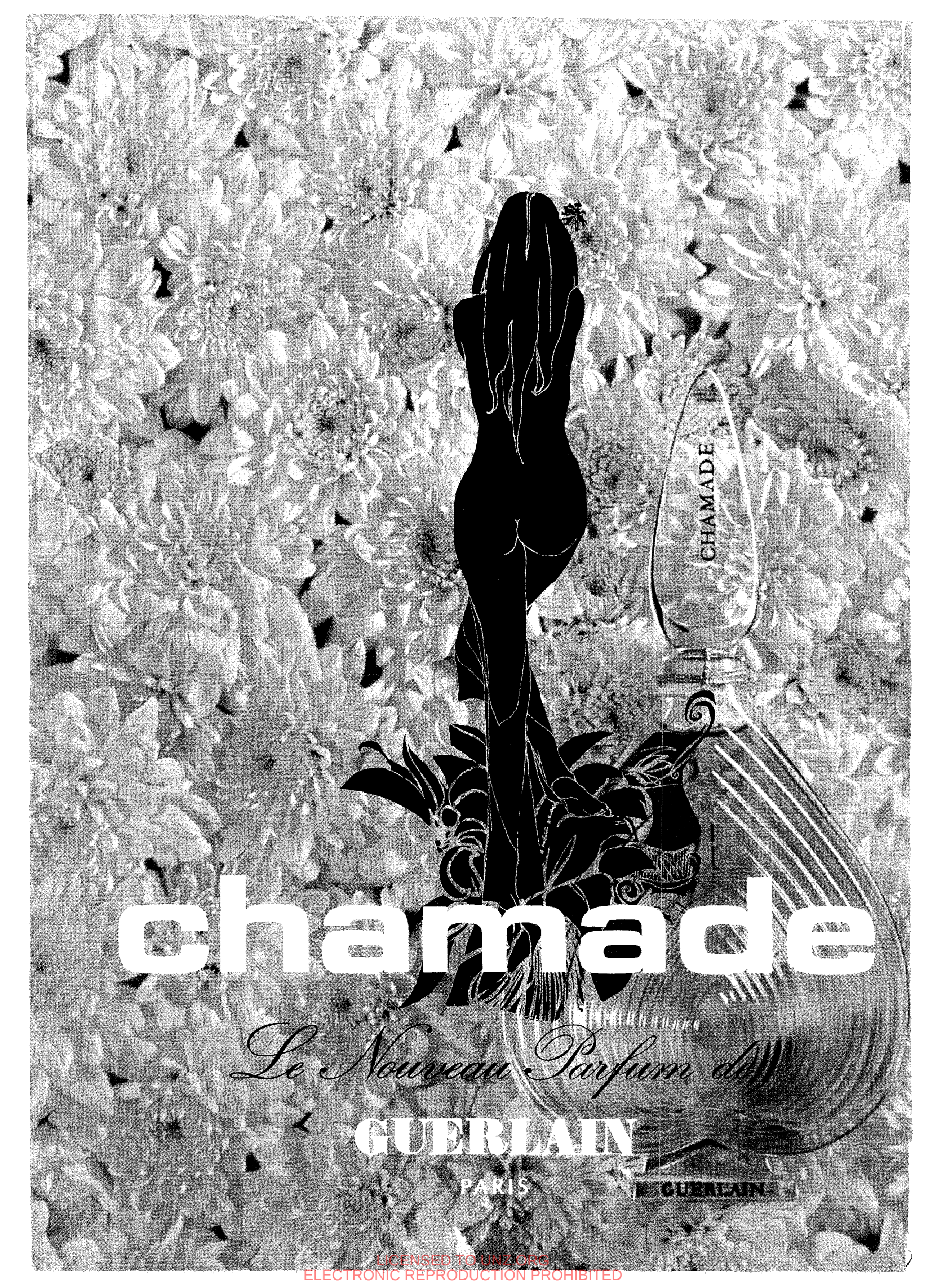
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PARIS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 22, suppers will be available. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays.

LATER AT ACT I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—Meanwhile, high above the rooftops of old Manhattan, Dick and Jane are dancing energetically to swinging live groups as well as to records. Between sets, our madcap couple gaze out at the neon glitter of storied Times Square. Supper. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—Some discotheques have an aura that causes crowds to flock, and this is one of them. The view is fine, and the trappings are colorful and original. The records, which are generally well chosen, begin at ten. Dinner is served until eleven. Reservations are recommended.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, eight Dubliners who for some reason or other call themselves Dickie Roc and the Miami Showband perform ingratiatingly. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—It looks like a village street—one that is superior to the real thing by virtue of the absence of motor vehicles. Shops, bars, and an amusement gallery front on the street, and people dance to records on the pavement. Active from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Strong live groups alternate with records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. The Dave Little trio plays some jazzy rock. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one every night but Sunday and Monday. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the area of humor as it currently operates, boys will be boys and girls will be boisterous. So it is with Totie Fields, the very large order who turns her tongue loose in the Royal Box during dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans, a ship of state and salubriousness, takes its own course on a much more even keel. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The scene is dominated by the invigorating Olga Guillot, who is Latin, lav-

ish, lyric, and lovelorn in about equal proportions. . . . ¶ Juan Jimenez (guitar) and José Sordiall (tenor), the flamencans in the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they offer a perfect form of musicianship. They begin at ten, likewise every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Land of opportunity. The spate here of new singers, temporarily halted by the advent of Dick Jensen, a youth-movement advocate, resumes after his departure, on Wednesday, Sept. 16, for next evening along comes B. J. Thomas (the chap upon whose head those raindrops keep fallin') for his first look at New York night life. Lonnie Shorr, upon whose head not much Southern comfort has fallen, will at the same time resume his account of life below the Mason-Dixon Line. No silent nights. . . . ¶ The ground-floor lounge, a landing stage at the east end of the New York-Las Vegas shuttle, offers—from ten o'clock on—home-on-the-range music from the New Nevada. No nights off, either.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Illustration, a French-Canadian confederation strong enough (eleven men) to blow you out of your seat and your mind, gets enough jazz instrumentation into its work on the rock-and-roll pile to make it worth listening to. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room, one part pomp and one part circumstance, usually keeps a canary on hand. Right now, she is Joey Heatherton, singing her stint during dinner and supper. The bands run by Burt Farber and Mark Monte distribute dance music throughout a long, full evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9-MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933), "Dames at Sea," the Off Broadway parody of the American movie musical circa 1930, is commencing a second career. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; at three and seven-thirty Sundays. Bar service; no edibles. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winners in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way from seven until ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

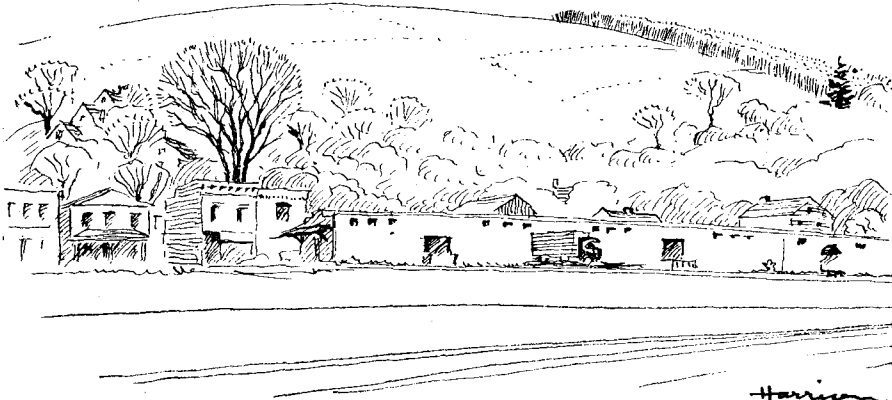
RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—At the top of the world. The sounds that exit from the horn of Jonah Jones are all notes of cheer, and his bursts of song are more of the same thing. His foursome makes music for dancing, too. Sundays are dark.

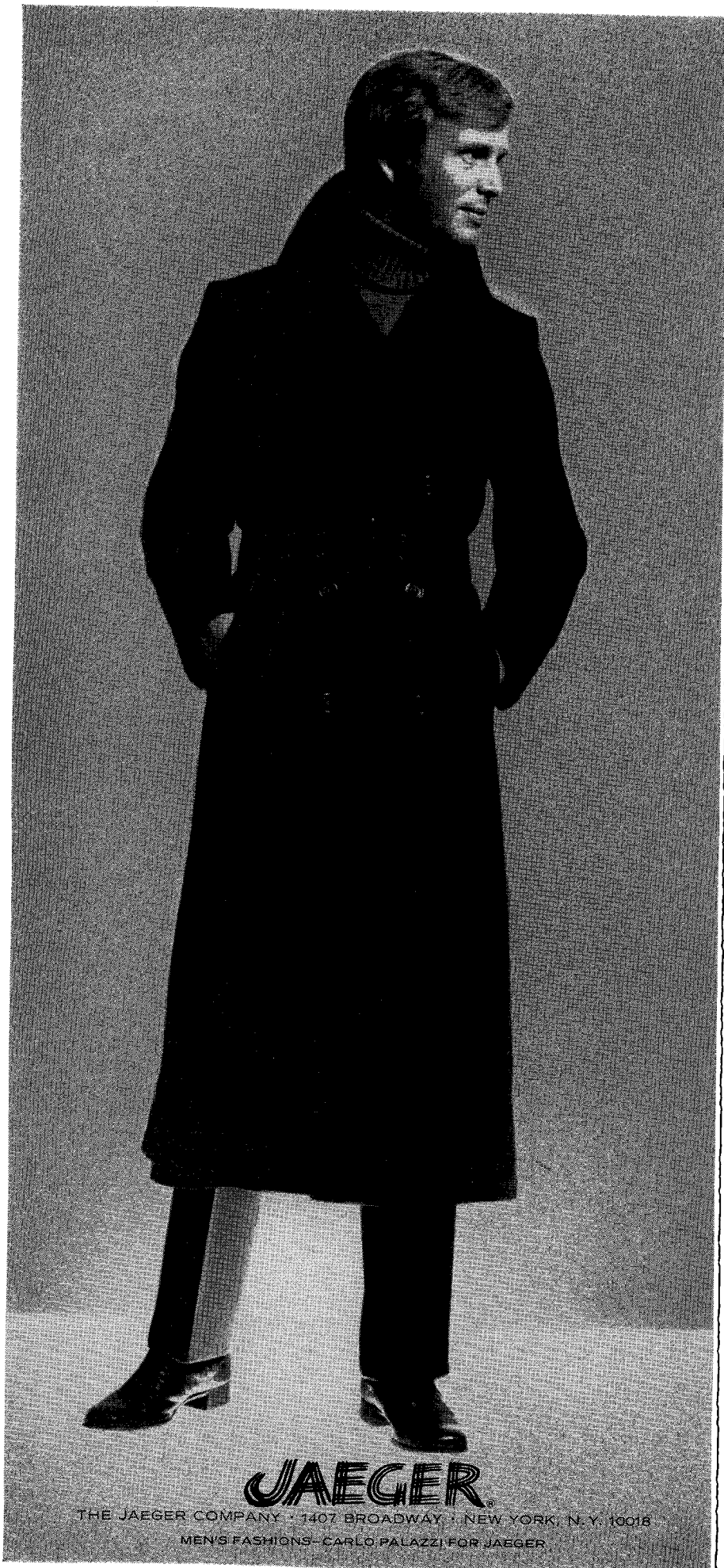
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette this season is foregoing its custom of mild dinner-and-supper singers of songs, as well as its Manhattan menu, for which it is substituting something more Viennese. The familiar dance music, though, plays on, plays on, as before. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring La Boite, Ray Hartley, whose piano can improve any surroundings, performs in a setting for which any improvement would be supererogatory. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-

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MEN'S FASHIONS—CARLO PALAZZI FOR JAEGER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3000)—Diana Ross, who always wanted to be a lone ranger, is now parted from the Supremes and showing, during dinner and supper in the Empire Room, what a singer working under full steam can do. Dancing all evening. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of Bobby Short, ninety-three until two, every night but Sunday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. . . . **DAngerfield's**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue and cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, anyway—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, every night but Sunday, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA**, 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In memory of a Budapest that, contrarily, still carries on as ever, Music and dancing (Béla Babai's fevered gypsies); wine, women singers, and song; and Tibor Rakosay, a host of what truly amounts to elegance. Closed Mondays. . . . **DELMONICO's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band has again staked out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven every night but Sunday and Monday. Taps generally at midnight, but at one on Fridays and two on Saturdays. No music Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

SIGN OF THE DOVE, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, from six to midnight, except Sundays, plays his cheerful piano. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of

the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays. . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-0720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is 1970, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays. . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano in this posh purlieu is on lease to Tony Gorody. Like the other property holders of the neighborhood, he is all for law and order, as his music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, makes clear. He is invisible on Sundays and Mondays. . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Dancing every night (eight-thirty to one-thirty, mostly, but seven-thirty to twelve-thirty on Sundays and Mondays), plus (and a large plus) Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): When in Rome. A busy-bee enterprise, through which Theo Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St. at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon deck) a perambulatory balladier and an imaginative chef, as well as (on the boat deck) community piano, this every evening but Sunday. Never a dark night for downstairs.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY (1889-1964)—Portraits, landscapes, and genre paintings; through Oct. 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

NELL BLAINE—Landscapes, New York cityscapes, and still-lives, in oil and other mediums, by a veteran New York artist; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARBIT BLATAS—Paintings and sculptures; through Oct. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

BERT CARPENTER—Close-ups of roses in oil; through Oct. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

RALPH GOINGS—Paintings of pickup trucks; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

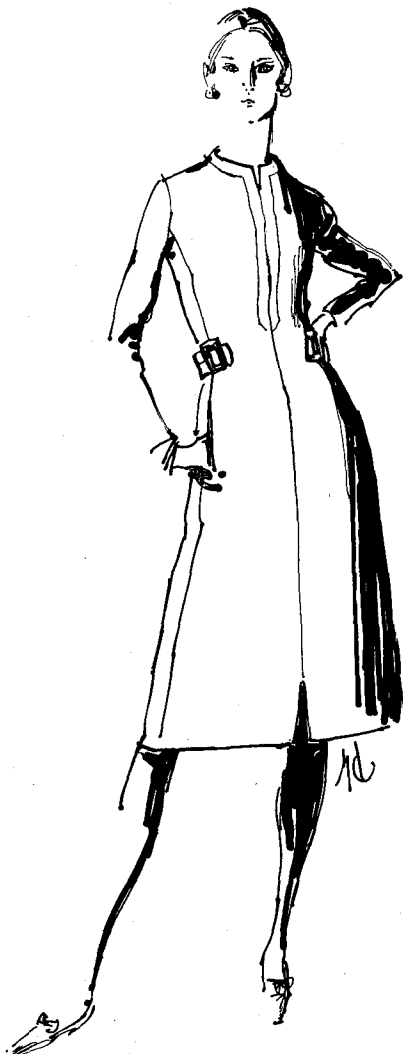
STEPHEN JAMES—Works making use of light, the intensity of which is controlled by sound waves from Duke Ellington recordings; through Oct. 1. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LILA KATZEN—Soft vinyl pieces filled with fluorescent liquids that keep moving about, by an artist who has been working in lights; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (Hutchinson, 127



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

YASUO KUNIYOSHI (1893-1953)—Characteristic drawings and prints of circus performers, still-lives, and women; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

MAX PECHSTEIN (1881-1955)—Oils and water-colors by this German Expressionist; through Sept. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES ROSATI—Two large sculptures in painted steel, plus small sculptures in zinc, brass, or bronze; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL AND ERNEST TROVA—Prints and multiples by these well-known sculptors; through Oct. 17. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID STEIN—Forgeries of Picassos, Chagalls, Matisses, and others by a craftsman now in a French lockup; through Oct. 3. (Wright-Hepburn-Webster, 205 E. 60th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works by, among many others, Ernest Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Ron Lusker, and Marcos Yrizarry; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Fifty Latin-American artists; through Friday, Sept. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

COMMUNITY ART GALLERY, 28 E. 35th St.: Works with New York motifs by artists who include such old-timers as Otto Botto, Leon Hartl, and Leslie Powell; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

FEIGEN, 27 E. 79th St.: Works by Corot, Monet, Braque, Picasso, and Dubuffet; through Oct. 31.

FEIGEN, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works of thirteen Chicago artists featuring variations on comic-strip techniques, also windows by Frank Lloyd Wright; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (Open Sundays, noon to 6.)

LOEB STUDENT CENTER, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Drawings by Charles Cajori, Robert Kaupelis, and Richards Ruben; starting Thursday, Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 1 A.M.)

MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: New works by gallery artists, among them Bishop, Peirce, Cadmus, Vickery, Rosenthal, and Sepesky; through Saturday, Sept. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

WISE, 50 W. 57th St.: Drawings and models for unrealized projects by Oldenburg, Buckminster Fuller, Piene, Breuer, and others; starting Saturday, Sept. 19. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 20.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Photographs depicting the rise of American architecture, 1815-1915; through Oct. 4. Optional contribution for admission. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-six sculptures and seven works on paper produced by Alexander Archipenko during his Paris period, 1908 to 1921; through Oct. 18. "Information," a compilation of works by about a hundred painters, sculptors, and filmmakers from European and Latin-American countries, Canada, Japan, and the United States, representing new directions such as earthworks and conceptual art; through Sunday, Sept. 20. On Wednesday, Sept. 16, at noon and on Monday, Sept. 21, at 3:30 a program of short films is shown in connection with this exhibition. (No admission charge on Mondays, 1 to 8; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual \$1.75 will be charged.) Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

NOTE: The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open free, weekdays, 6 to 10.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective, consisting of a hundred and forty works, of Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; starting Friday, Sept. 18. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Visionary architecture and city planning exploring possibilities of future living by Paolo Soleri, an Italian-born architect who studied with Frank Lloyd Wright; through Sunday, Sept. 20. A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading Realist of the nineteenth century; starting Tuesday, Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The seventeenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and fifty works by artists (among them Al Held, Robert Indiana, Roy Lichtenstein, and Saul Steinberg) from every section of the country; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Mexico and Central America houses an outstanding collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest in 1521 A.D. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition featuring "software," which has to do with information-processing systems: products of computers, teletype equipment, copying machines, closed television circuits, and so on; starting Thursday, Sept. 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—French printing, 1470-1510, and primitive French photography; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Forty drawings by Adolf Hitler of his architectural visions—colossal monuments and stadiums—of the future Germania, his home in Berchtesgaden, and his bunker; plus photographs of Albert Speer's scale models and of events in the Nuremberg stadium. Through Nov. 8. Oils, watercolors, drawings, prints, and sculptures covering German Expressionism from 1905-30; through Oct. 18. A hundred color linoleum prints by Picasso, done from 1958 to 1963; through Sunday, Sept. 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings, prints, textiles, metal sculptures, and reliefs by thirteen artists working in West Africa; through Nov. 1. Graphics and films by fifty black artists from the New York area; through Sept. 27. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

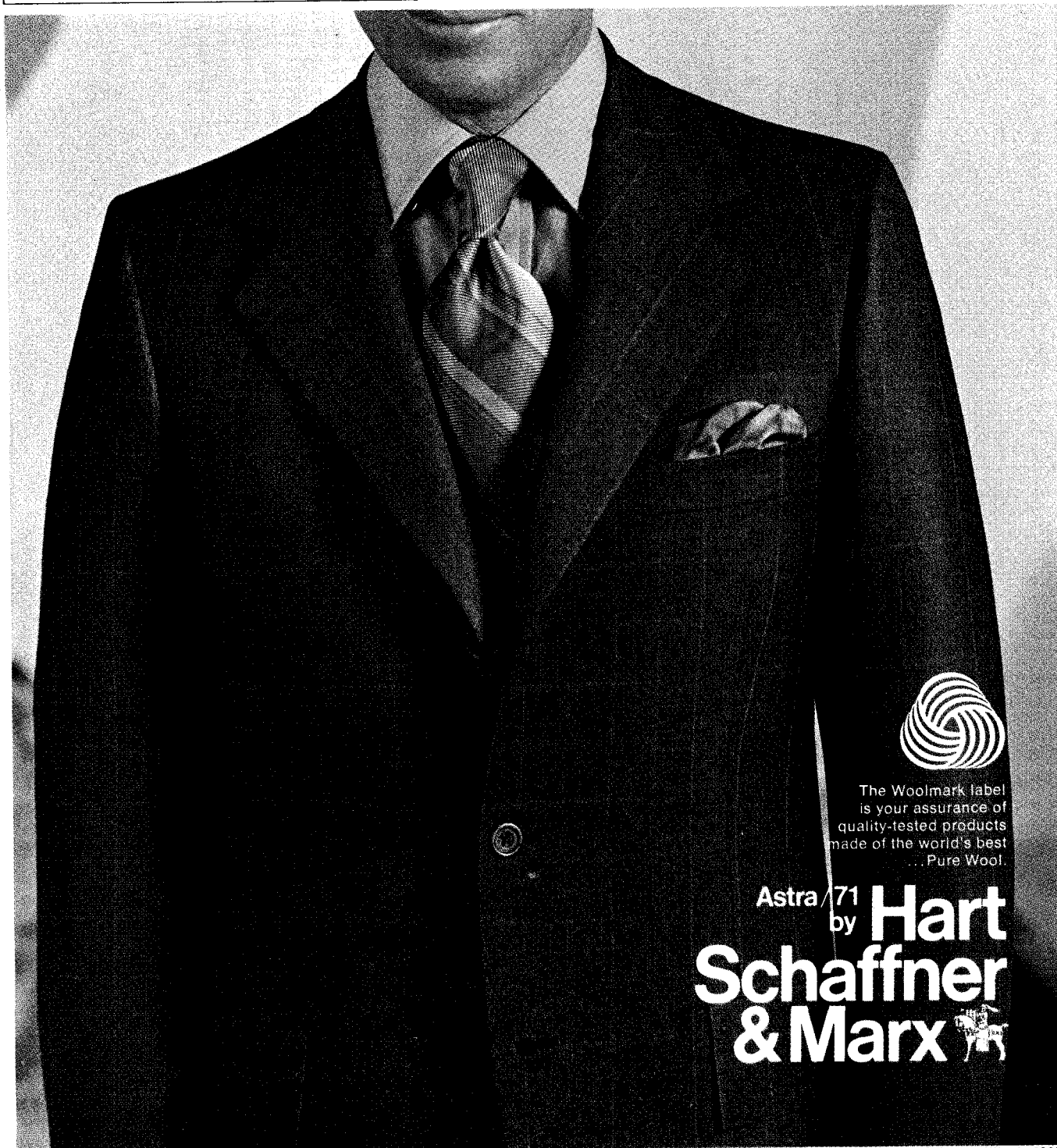
(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Sept. 16: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. Thursday evening, Sept. 17: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) Friday evening, Sept. 18: "La Traviata," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giacomo Aragall, and Robert Merrill. Saturday matinee, Sept. 19: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi. Saturday evening, Sept. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, William Walker, and Andrea Velis. Monday evening, Sept. 21: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorengar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. Tuesday evening, Sept. 22: "La Traviata," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Giacomo Aragall, and Robert Merrill. Wednesday evening, Sept. 23: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Ezio Flagello.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday evening, Sept. 24: "Ernani," with Martina Arroyo, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi. . . . Friday evening, Sept. 25: A new production of "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Grace Bumbry, Gabriella Tucci, Gail Robinson, and Mary Ellen Pracht. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . Saturday matinee, Sept. 26: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Pilar Lorenagar, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . Saturday evening, Sept. 26: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Nedda Casei, Placido Domingo, and Anselmo Colzani; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmor. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Harry Theyard, John Darrenkamp, and Nico Castel. . . . Thursday, Sept. 17, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Richard Fredricks. . . . Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Frances Bible, Johanna Meier, Michael Devlin, and Malcolm Smith. . . . Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:15: "La Bohème," with Milena Dal Piva, Carol Neblett, Enrico DiGiuseppe, John Darrenkamp, and Robert Hale. . . . Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman. . . . Sunday, Sept. 20, at 1:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Beverly Evans, Richard Fredricks, Spiro Malas, and Kenneth Riegel. . . . Sunday, Sept. 20, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Elaine Bonazzi, Herman Malamood, John Darrenkamp, and Nico Castel. . . . Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Beverly Evans, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, Robert Hale, and Nico Castel. . . . Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, David Clatworthy, and Malcolm Smith. . . . Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Janet Winburn, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . Friday, Sept. 25, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Lois Crane, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and John Darrenkamp. . . . Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Kay Creed, John Stewart, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Carol Neblett, Beverly Evans, Norman Treigle, and Nicholas DiVirgilio. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 15—Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:30, a non-subscription Beethoven-Rachmaninoff concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Alexander Slobodyanik, piano); and Mahler's Ninth Symphony on Thursday, Sept. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 25, at 2; and Monday, Sept. 28, at 7:30 (no soloists).

MISCELLANY

COLDSTREAM GUARDS AND THE BLACK WATCH—The massed bands, pipes, drums, and dancers of these two British regiments. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 16-17, at 8, and Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30. . . . Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 2 and 5:30.)

BÉLA BARTÓK MEMORIAL CONCERT—Gyorgy Sándor, piano, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Gregory Millar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 17-19, at 10, and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 8.

RHINOCEROS—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:30.

LED ZEPPELIN—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2 and 8.

THE MOODY BLUES AND POCO—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 7:30 and 10:30.

STEVE MILLER BAND, MUNGO JERRY, AND CLOUDS—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

TONY BENNETT—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Sept. 26, at 8 and 11.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 8, and Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2. . . . Yankees vs. Washington, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 21-23, at 8. . . . Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Sept. 25, at 5 (two-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 26, at 2. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, Sept. 18, at 8:05; Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2:15; and Sunday, Sept. 20, at 1:05 (doubleheader).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, SEPT. 19: Army vs. Baylor, at West Point, at 2. . . . Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 26**: Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 2. . . . Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . Harvard vs. Northeastern, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2. . . . Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 2. . . . Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Bears. (Yankee Stadium, Saturday, Sept. 19, at 8.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Detroit, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, Sept. 20, at 7:05.)

HORSE SHOWS—Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 17-20.) . . . Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Sept. 26.)

HUNT RACING—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 19.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Astarita, Wednesday, Sept. 16; the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 19; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Sept. 23; and the Matron, Saturday, Sept. 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 16. (Buses to the track leave the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.)

SOCCER—Santos of Brazil vs. West Ham United of England. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call LO 5-4158.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 17.

YACHTING—A schooner race, sponsored by the South Street Seaport Museum, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Sept. 26. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 9:30; for information about tickets, call 349-4310.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene

at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "Une Simple Histoire" (France, 1959)... Wednesday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (West Germany)... Thursday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "The Spider's Stratagem" (Italy)... Thursday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "Harry Munter" (Sweden)... Friday, Sept. 18, at 6:30: "The Garden of Delights" (Spain)... Friday, Sept. 18, at 9:30: "The Conformist" (Italy/France/West Germany)... Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2: "From Lumière to Langlois: The French Silent Cinema" (France)... Saturday, Sept. 19, at 6:30: "Days and Nights in the Forest" (India)... Saturday, Sept. 19, at 9:30: "Cannibals" (Italy)... Sunday, Sept. 20, at 4: "Praise Marx and Pass the Ammunition" (Great Britain)... Sunday, Sept. 20, at 6:30: "The Scavengers" (Italy)... Sunday, Sept. 20, at 9:30: "Tristana" (Italy/France/Spain)... **NOTE:** Special films illustrating various cinematographic techniques, styles, and concerns are being shown concurrently with the Festival through Wednesday, Sept. 30, at the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts (874-4070) and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 25-27, at Alice Tully Hall (362-1911). The schedule is rather complicated, so it would be best to call the box offices for details.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Sept. 17, at 2: Modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings, including works by School of Paris artists and contemporary Spanish artists; from various owners... Friday, Sept. 18, at 2: English and Chinese export porcelains, from a number of sources... Saturday, Sept. 19, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from the estate of Consuela Ford... Tuesday, Sept. 22, at 2: Part I of the Stephen G. C. Ensko collection of English and Continental silver... Wednesday, Sept. 23, at 2: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 18... Thursday, Sept. 24, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American and other paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Burchfield, Bierstadt, and Zorach; from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Sept. 19.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Six programs in a series of films directed by George Cukor: Sept. 16 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 17 at 2 and 5:30, "Edward, My Son" (1949); Sept. 17 at 8, "The Philadelphia Story" (1940); Sept. 18 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 19 at 3 and 5:30, "Gaslight" (1944); Sept. 20 at 2 and 5:30 and Sept. 21 at 1:30, "Adam's Rib" (1949); Sept. 22 at 5:30 and Sept. 22 at 2 and 5:30, "Born Yesterday" (1950); Sept. 24 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Pat and Mike" (1952)... Sept. 19 at 11:30: "Battle of the Rails" (1945), in French, directed by René Clément... Sept. 21 at 6 and Sept. 22 at 2: "Death of a Cyclist" (1955), in Spanish, directed by Juan Bardem. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Sept. 16: "Dracula's Daughter" (1936), with Otto Kruger and Gloria Holden... Sept. 17: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933), with Mae West and Cary Grant... Sept. 18: "Midnight" (1939), with Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche... Sept. 19: "Tarnished Lady" (1931), with Tallulah Bankhead and Clive Brook... Sept. 20: "Blonde Venus" (1932), with Marlene Dietrich... Sept. 23: "The Cheat" (1931), with Tallulah Bankhead... Sept. 24: "Design for Living" (1933), with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Fellini Satyricon."

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through Sept. 20: "Antonio das Mortes" and "Mandabi."
From Sept. 21: "Quiet Days in Clichy."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Yellow Submarine" and "Let It Be."

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 22: "Rider on the Rain" and "La Prisonnière."
From Sept. 23: "Loving" and "Watermelon Man."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Z."

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Sept. 17: "Easy Rider."
From Sept. 18: "The Naked Zoo."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Joe."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"M*A*S*H."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Performance."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Things of Life."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Pound."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Patton."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Five Easy Pieces."

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Eugenie."

AYCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (750-4630)
Through Sept. 20: "The Boys in the Band."
From Sept. 21: "Quiet Days in Clichy."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Borsalino."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Eldridge Cleaver."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Virgin and the Gypsy."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"A Quiet Place in the Country."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Sept. 22: "Fellini Satyricon." (No afternoon performances Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 19-20, when children's movies will be shown.)
From Sept. 23: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 17: "Hello, Dolly!"
From Sept. 18: "M*A*S*H."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"R.P.M.*"

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The People Next Door."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 22: "The Landlord."
From Sept. 23: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World."

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Sept. 16: "Loving" and "A Walk in the Spring Rain."
Sept. 17-23: "Downhill Racer" and "Rosemary's Baby."
From Sept. 24: "The Battle of Algiers" and "Black Roots."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 22: "Women in Love."
From Sept. 23: "Woodstock."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Sept. 22: "Singin' in the Rain" and "Meet Me in St. Louis."
From Sept. 23: "Patton."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Rise of Louis XIV."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 22: "The Angel Levine" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."
From Sept. 23: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Sept. 16: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Winter Light."
Sept. 17-21: "Jules and Jim" and "Le Jour Se Lève."
From Sept. 22: Buster Keaton festival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Sept. 17: "Suppose They Gave a War and Nobody Came."
Sept. 18-22: "Macho Callahan."
From Sept. 23: "Goodbye Gemini."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hello, Dolly!"

WEST SIDE

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Sept. 23: "Darling Lili."
From Sept. 24: "Sunflower."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Soldier Blue."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"L'Enfant Sauvage."

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"M*A*S*H."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 19: "Carry It On."
From Sept. 20: "Kes."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Sept. 20: "Ann and Eve."
From Sept. 21: "Quiet Days in Clichy."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Sept. 20: "8½" and "Nights of Cabiria."
From Sept. 21: "Tristana."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Something for Everyone."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5071)
"Catch-22."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 22: "The Angel Levine."
From Sept. 23: "The Landlord."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Z" and "With Six You Get Eggroll."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Sept. 16: "French-Can-can" and "Picnic on the Grass."
Sept. 17-23: "Gilda" and "Platinum Blonde."
From Sept. 24: "Children of Paradise" and "Zero for Conduct."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 22: "Yellow Submarine" and "Let It Be."
From Sept. 23: "Medium Cool" and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 16: "Live for Life" and "One Summer of Happiness."
Sept. 17: "Fahrenheit 451" and "Alphaville."
Sept. 18: "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel."
Sept. 19: "8½" and "Love Affair."
Sept. 20: "Duck Soup" and "The Cocoanuts."
Sept. 21: "The Love Game" and "The Cousins."
Sept. 22: "The Bridge" and "The Condemned of Altona."
Sept. 23: "The Red and the White" and "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein."
Sept. 24: "Dear John" and "A Stranger Knocks."

MIDTOWN, B'way at 90th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 22: "Fellini Satyricon."
From Sept. 23: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

ALPHAVILLE (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

THE ANGEL LEVINE—Well, go if you crave sweets. Harry Belafonte and Zero Mostel play a black Jew and a white Jew, and the black Jew is supposed to be an angel. Literally. (Greenwich and Cinema Studio; through Sept. 22.)

ANN AND EVE—With Gio Petré. Directed by Arne Mattsson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Sept. 20.)

ANTONIO DAS MORTES—Directed by Glauber Rocha. In Portuguese. (Evergreen; through Sept. 20.)

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (1965)—An extraordinary recreation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 24.)

BLACK ROOTS—A Lionel Rogosin film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting Sept. 24.)

BORSALINO—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Mar-seilles in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. In French. (Cinema I.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birth-

day party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. (Ciné Malibu; through Sept. 20.)

THE BRIDGE (1961)—Bernhard Wicki directed this brutally cool and lucid account of how German schoolboys were drafted in the last days of the Second World War and insanely and absurdly sacrificed. Oddly, the film has acquired a following among conservatives and militarists who think the massacred innocents died nobly. In German. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

CARRY IT ON—A *cinéma-vérité* account of Joan Baez and her husband, David Harris, filmed around the time when he was arrested and sent to jail for resisting the draft. Joan Baez has an endearing streak of acerbity about the women fans who exclaim with horror about what she must be going through. (Little Carnegie; through Sept. 19.)

CATCH-22—The great novel, by Joseph Heller, has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols, worth seeing more than once to watch the work of a great actor, Alan Arkin, as Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the

Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Louis Salou, Marcel Herrand, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 24.)

ELDRIDGE CLEAVER—William Klein's reportage from Algiers. A document about a witty man who is above most of the questions he is asked, and perhaps above most of the political situations he is thrust into. (Cinema II.)

THE COCOANUTS (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a somewhat cumbersome transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA (1963)—Stanley Kramer makes a hash of Sartre's play about a rich German family gone variously screwy in the early days of Nazism. The pretentious script, by Abby Mann, is written in a peculiar back-track style that goes three steps up and two back, like a wasp in a jar of jam. (Thalia; Sept. 22.)

THE COUSINS (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his

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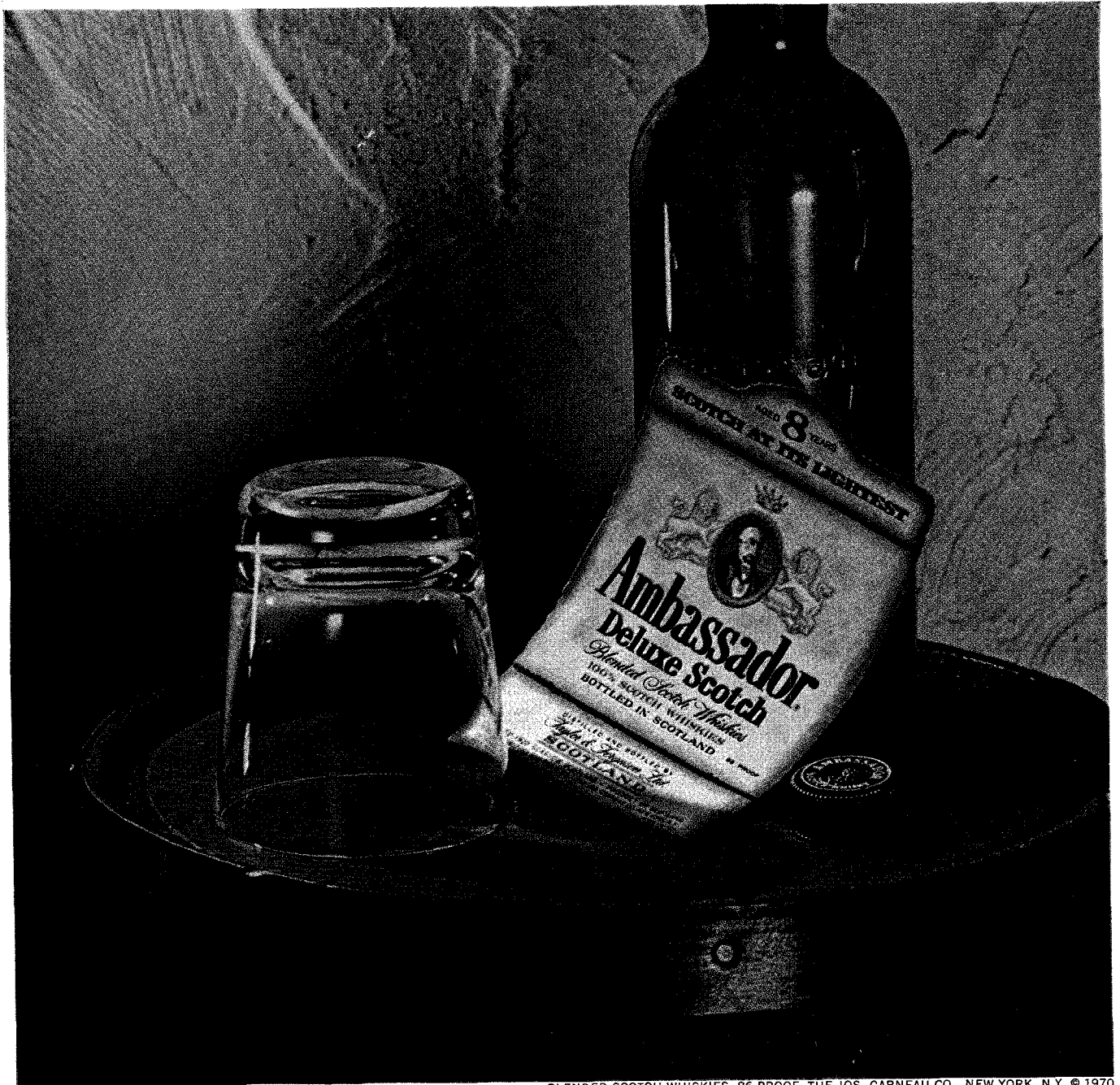
So we wait.

Which seems to be worth the price, since when we're finished we have something a little more than just another light Scotch.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

DARLING LILI—Blake Edwards directs a spy operetta set in the First World War. Julie Andrews is radiant, and that's it. (Music Hall; through Sept. 23.)

DEAR JOHN (1966)—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

DIARY OF A MAD HOUSEWIFE—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl, played by a gifted newcomer called Carrie Snodgrass. Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however, and everything works out. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Beekman.)

DOWNHILL RACER (1969)—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to why. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 17-23.)

DUCK SOUP (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. The unsentimental screenplay is by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, who also did the songs. Directed by Leo McCarey. (Thalia; Sept. 20.)

EASY RIDER (1969)—Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper motorcycle east across America. With Jack Nicholson as a boozing liberal lawyer. (Kips Bay; through Sept. 17.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Lincoln Art; through Sept. 20.... ¶Thalia; Sept. 19.)

L'ENFANT SAUVAGE—A late-eighteenth-century doctor named Jean Itard (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate. The child makes his entrance loping, on all fours, and Itard is a highly sophisticated, clever, decorous man; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film, in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Festival.)

EUGENIE—With Marie Liljedahl. Directed by Jess Franco. (Pacific East.)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Thalia; Sept. 17.)

FELLINI SATYRICON—Man without God running photogenically amok. In Italian. (Art.... ¶Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; through Sept. 22.)

FIVE EASY PIECES—Terrific. Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directs, with wonderful feeling for the American actors' special talent in improvising. (Coronet.)

FRENCH-CAÑCAN (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 16.)

GILDA (1946)—The story is turgid, melodramatic nonsense, but Rita Hayworth is at her most sexy-masochistic, and does that marvellous fully dressed striptease as she sings "Put the Blame on Mame." With Glenn Ford and George Macready. Charles Vidor directed. (New Yorker; Sept. 17-23.)

GOODBYE GEMINI—With Judy Geeson, Martin Potter, and Michael Redgrave. Directed by Alan Gibson. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Sept. 23.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—The extraordinary Barbra Streisand, in the biggest rabble-raising mu-

sical of them all. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Guild.... ¶U. A. East; through Sept. 17.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD (1963)—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. (86th St. East; starting Sept. 23.)

JOE—A hard-hat type, mouthing every prejudice about the young and the blacks and the freeloaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up an alliance. Good starting point, crassly developed. (Murray Hill.)

A JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN (1968)—A documentary film. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

LE JOUR SE LÈVE ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 17-21.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 17-21.)

BUSTER KEATON FESTIVAL—Raymond Rohauer has accumulated from all over the world a rare collection of ten silent features and twenty-one silent shorts. Sept. 22: "The Three Ages," and two shorts. Sept. 23: "Our Hospitality," and two shorts. Sept. 24: "Sherlock Jr.," and three shorts. (Elgin.)

KE\$—The best English picture for a long time. Ken Loach directs a boy named David Bradley, from industrial Yorkshire, aged all of fifteen, in a story that gives a true account of English intransigence. The hero lives his life in the teeth of almost everyone; his great mate is a kestrel, whom he trains, and admires for being immune to all attempts to turn him into a pet. (Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 20.)

THE LANDLORD—Hal Ashby's film shows a weak-jawed, rich, white New Yorker in lax combat with a boozing mother who plays croquet. To rile her, because she hates Jews and blacks, he buys a New York tenement to lease out, and learns by proxy about being poor. The story sounds interesting, but it really subscribes mostly to the obsession of New York middle-class entertainment with real estate. (86th St. East; through Sept. 22.... ¶Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 23.)

LET IT BE—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Belong" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. (Cinema Village.... ¶Symphony; through Sept. 22.)

LIVE FOR LIFE (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1968)—Yugoslav, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Thalia; Sept. 19.)

THE LOVE GAME (1960)—Philippe de Broca's warward, featherweight comedy, one of the rare carefree films that came out of the early French New Wave, blessedly trivial. Genevieve Cluny is the girl who wants to get married; the whirling, dancing actor Jean-Pierre Cassel is the man trying to keep his freedom. Claude Chabrol plays a bit part. (This is the film that Godard used as the basis for "A Woman Is a Woman," but the original is far superior.) In French. (Thalia; Sept. 21.)

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy). Congreve's wit has declined

now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. (Tower East.)

LOVING—A beautifully sustained piece of moviemaking by Irvin Kershner. It is an unusual American movie in that it has the sensibility and feeling for character generally associated with Czech films or prewar French films. George Segal is the middle-class man trying to live without giving up his illusion that he can be an artist. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 16.... ¶Charles; starting Sept. 23.)

MACHO CALLAHAN—With David Janssen and Jean Seberg. Directed by Bernard L. Kowalski. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; Sept. 18-22.)

MANDABI—Directed by Ousmane Sembene. In Wolof. (Evergreen; through Sept. 20.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (34th St. East and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.... ¶U. A. East; starting Sept. 18.)

MEDIUM COOL (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero, about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Symphony; starting Sept. 23.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and Leon Ames. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 22.)

THE NAKED ZOO—With Rita Hayworth and Stephen Oliver. Directed by William Greffe. (Kips Bay; starting Sept. 18.)

NIGHTS OF CABIRIA (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a dreamy, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). The last Federico Fellini film before his flamboyant style smothered his feeling for character, and perhaps his finest. In Italian. (Lincoln Art; through Sept. 20.)

ONE SUMMER OF HAPPINESS (1955)—A Swedish love film by Mattsson. Arne Mattsson. You don't need to know any more. In Swedish. (Thalia; Sept. 16.)

PATTON—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. (Baronet.... ¶8th St. Playhouse; starting Sept. 23.)

THE PEOPLE NEXT DOOR—Eli Wallach and Hal Holbrook in a film about the generation gap. The gap has been widened. (Loew's Cine.)

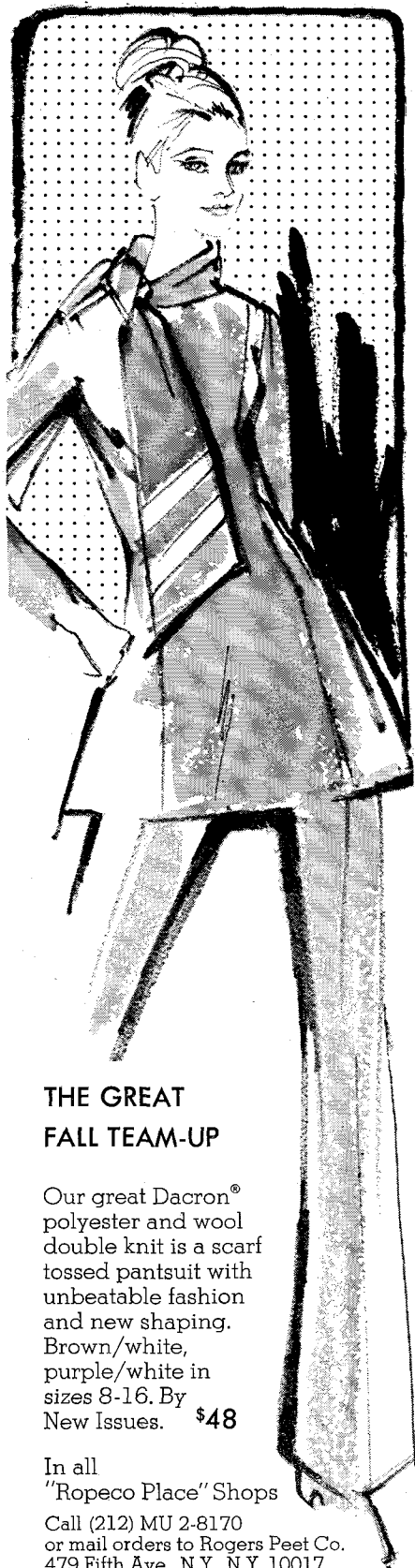
PERFORMANCE—Mick Jagger and James Fox in a swinging London not recognizable to natives. The climax of this bizarre and exquisitely humorless thriller is inspired by a meal of hallucinogenic mushrooms that drives the principals into some unusual and oddly muted sorts of outrageousness, including yelled literary plagiarism and overdressing. (Trans-Lux East.)

PICNIC ON THE GRASS (1950)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second-best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. In French. (New Yorker; Sept. 16.)

PLATINUM BLONDE (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue, and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles) is a natural aristocrat. (New Yorker; Sept. 17-23.)

POUND—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigny who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (Plaza.)

LA PRISONNIÈRE (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot writes and directs a story about sadomas-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ochism set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. In French. (Charles; through Sept. 22.)

QUIET DAYS IN Clichy—Based on the novel by Henry Miller, with Paul Valjean. (Evergreen, Ciné Malibu, and Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting Sept. 21.)

A QUIET PLACE IN THE COUNTRY—Franco Nero plays an artist who, like the true artist as shown in the history of daffy movies, is terrifically crazy. The camera itself goes mildly crackers as it photographs Mr. Nero tied up in rope by Vanessa Redgrave; Miss Redgrave at the time is in a black suspender belt. There is a charming sequence about the creative act when Mr. Nero, frenziedly painting a canvas on the floor, grabs some passing workman by the foot and splodges paint onto the huge canvas with the sole of his shoe. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

THE RED AND THE WHITE (1968)—Miklós Jancsó's film about the Russian Civil War of 1918, with Hungarians and Russians helplessly fighting the Cossacks. Jancsó's films are like Bresson's: out of extremely physical material, they make something austere and to do with metaphysics. In Hungarian and Russian. (Thalia; Sept. 23.)

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1938)—It hasn't even got Leslie Howard in it. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

RIDER ON THE RAIN—A thriller by René Clément about a girl called Mélancolie, married to an Air France navigator whom she doesn't tell about a terrifying rapist whom she murdered. The film is an account of panic; the girl, who is always dressed in white, starts to climb up the wall in your mind, like a pigeon flattening itself against a window trying to get out. There are stretches of the film that are mechanical and meagre-spirited, but it's worth seeing. In French. (Charles; through Sept. 22.)

THE RISE OF LOUIS XIV—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. Played by a wryly cast unknown actor called Jean-Marie Patte, the King plows ironically through the cold banquets and courtiers' fuss that he devised to keep the restive nobles quiet. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 17-23.)

R.P.M.*—With Anthony Quinn and Ann-Margret. Directed by Stanley Kramer. (Orpheum.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—One of the most romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon, looking absolutely smashing, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. An Alexander Korda production. (Thalia; Sept. 18.)

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN (1952)—The famous jolly musical. Cheer-up time. With Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor. (8th St. Playhouse; through Sept. 22.)

SOLDIER BLUE—Candice Bergen in a Western. Indian women and children are massacred by the U.S. cavalry. Based on real events, but the movie seems to have a rather overblown and off-putting idea of its social importance. What we get is blood, mostly. (Ziegfeld.)

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE—Angela Lansbury practices high-comedy techniques in a sort of broken Hans Andersen fairy tale mixed up with "Midnight Cowboy" and a lot of *Lederhosen*. Michael York plays a bisexual footman. (Paris.)

A STRANGER KNOCKS (1965)—Danish melodrama by Johan Jacobsen, set in 1947, with rather maladroitly placed erotic scenes in it that at this distance look a bit more preposterous than before. In Danish. (Thalia; Sept. 24.)

SUNFLOWER—With Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Music Hall; starting Sept. 24.)

SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR AND NOBODY CAME—With Brian Keith and Tony Curtis. Directed by Hy Averback. (Avco Embassy East... R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Sept. 17.)

TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON—Liza Minnelli as the irrepressible ringleader of a jolly club of the naimed. She has been hor-

ribly burned by an acid-throwing lover; her mates are a homosexual paraplegic and a man with an undiagnosable neurological disorder. Directed by Otto Preminger, from a novel by Marjorie Kellogg that possesses a mawkish sensibility which Preminger reproduces all too truthfully. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; starting Sept. 23.)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE (1969)—An ideological Western that sets out to demonstrate that America is a brutal, racist nation. Robert Blake plays Willie the Indian, Robert Redford the sheriff who hunts him down. (Greenwich; through Sept. 22... Symphony; starting Sept. 23.)

THE THINGS OF LIFE—A French love story that turns out to be heartbroken about the wreck of a car. A man with a mistress and a wife (Michel Piccoli, Romy Schneider, Lea Massari) resolves the awful question by crashing into a truck. In French. (Fine Arts.)

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 16.)

TRISTANA—With Catherine Deneuve, Fernando Rey, and Franco Nero. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art; starting Sept. 21.)

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY—Sunday matins, the Sunday joint. Ah, England. One of the aunts at the meal has nothing but a single boiled potato. Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (68th St. Playhouse.)

A WALK IN THE SPRING RAIN—Fritz Weaver and the lovely Ingrid Bergman seen in wedded seclusion in Tennessee while he struggles with creation (writing an academic book) and she pines for a member of the lower classes. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 16.)

WATERMELON MAN—Godfrey Cambridge as a bigoted Northern white who turns black and tries skin whiteners that don't work. Fairly lousy as a piece of filmmaking, and hopelessly constructed, but quite a feat of off-key funniness. (Charles; starting Sept. 23.)

WITH SIX YOU GET EGGEROLL (1968)—In the old days, Doris Day's films never gave more than a hint that she might be pregnant sometime after the end of the picture. In the new days—and this picture represents them—she has a sunny brood of kids. (Embassy 72nd St.)

WINTER LIGHT (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Sept. 16.)

WOMEN IN LOVE—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Waverly; through Sept. 22.)

WOODSTOCK—Michael Wadleigh's affable film of the festival last year. Though it has the look of a documentary, it makes a powerful invisible choice—no squalor shown, no trouble. (Waverly; starting Sept. 23.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Cinema Village... Symphony; through Sept. 22.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Pappas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. (In English at the Embassy 72nd St... In French at the Gramercy.)

ZERO FOR CONDUCT (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If...") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (New Yorker; starting Sept. 24.)



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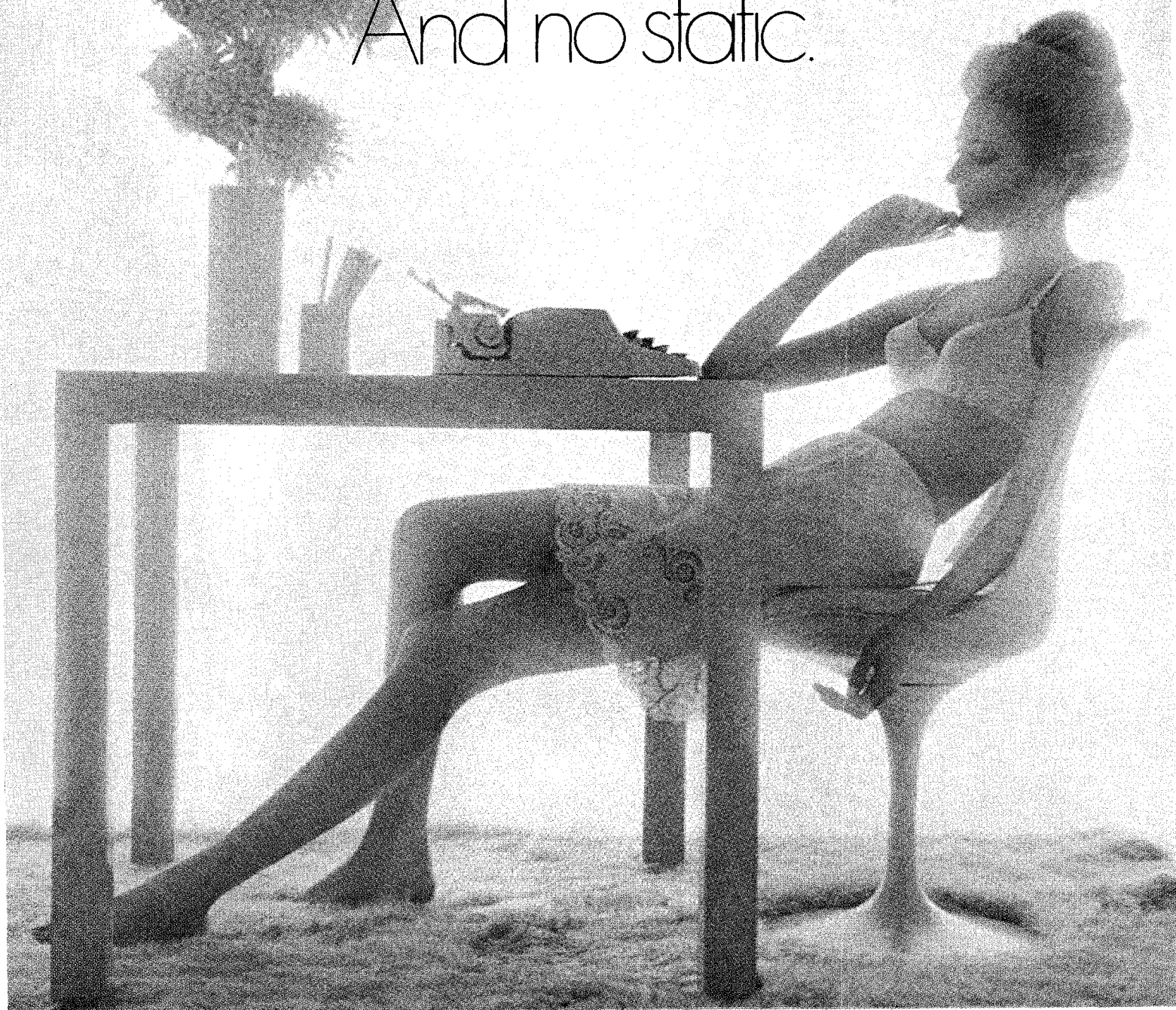
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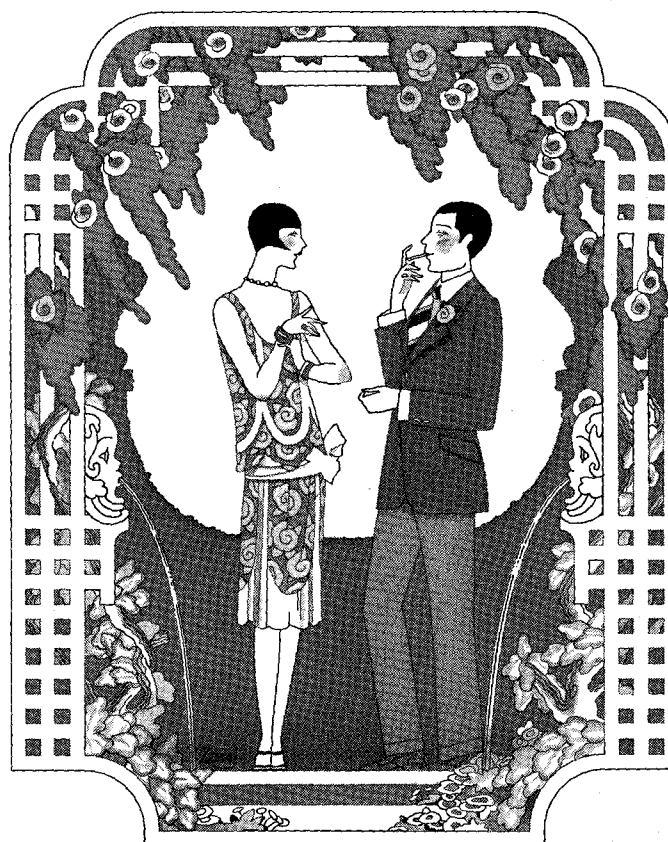


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHILE we were paying a visit to an upper-story office in a building on Times Square last month on what we suppose the *Farmer's Almanac* has come to think of as a typical New York day—the sky washday gray and the air heavy with suspended particles—we happened to glance out the window at an American Indian shinnying up a column of steel that ended abruptly in the gritty atmosphere just above us. A moment after he had perched at the top, another beam came floating toward him from somewhere, moving so easily it barely ruffled the fly ash lazily drifting by, and for an instant we forgot that this hard-hatted red man was one of the high-steel Iroquois from Brooklyn framing up the new Astor building. He just seemed an Indian in pursuit of a lungful of the America his forebears had breathed, and we had the fleeting impression as he grabbed the new beam that he was going to set it vertically on top of the one he was clinging to and continue his climb. The image dissolved, of course, when he directed the beam into a horizontal connection; out there somewhere, we realized, was another high-steel man on an adjacent column. Our focus shifted back into the office, and we went on with our business. Like everybody else who must occasionally pass through Times Square, we have been exposed to some strange sights there over the years. Even the most bizarrely neo-Hogarthian have faded from our consciousness after a day or two, but it has now been several weeks since we saw that Indian climbing for sweet air, and he comes back to us again and again.

Twenty-fifth President

SOMEWHAT by chance, we had a talk with Edvard Isak Hambro, the new (and twenty-fifth) president

of the United Nations General Assembly, in Oslo last week, just before he left his country for New York. In Oslo, Hambro likes to tramp around in the streets near Parliament, where he was an elected representative for five years, and in the surrounding hills, woods, skiing areas, cemeteries, and parks, all of which are within tramping distance of each other. We tramped with him while talking, hoping to turn into as lean, trim, and self-demanding a figure as he (like most Norwegians) is.

"How was your summer?" we asked Mr. Hambro, who has been Norway's Ambassador to the U.N. since 1966, after a long and varied career as a lawyer, a teacher, and a specialist in international affairs and international law. We were heading up Karl Johans Gate, the main drag, toward Parliament, or the Storting, of which Hambro's father, Carl Joachim Hambro, was president when the Nazis invaded Norway, on April 9, 1940. (The senior Hambro organized the

flight of the King and the Crown Prince from the Nazis, and insisted that they, as well as the country's gold reserves, all get moving immediately in the direction of safety—eventually, England.)

"Absolutely splendid!" Ambassador Hambro replied, with terrific zest not only for each syllable of his answer but for each particular step of our walk.

The early-September day was great. Dry. Sunny. Not hot. Not cold. Comfortable. One hundred per cent clear, with the kind of clean-blue sky we never see in New York. Well-defined, like everything else in Norway. We could take a deep, old-fashioned breath without thinking about it. Nice, big chestnut trees. Cobblestone walks. A restful quiet over the city, even with midday traffic, lots of lady shoppers after *salg*, or sales, lots of unsideburned men wearing dark suits and carrying briefcases and folded umbrellas, lots of healthy-complexioned younger men wearing floppy bluejeans and heavy sweaters, accompanied by female counterparts. Everybody minding his own business. An atmosphere of passive good will over everything. A relief. Ambassador Hambro had on a dark suit, a white shirt, and a dark necktie, as though ready for a U.N. meeting, but he walked as though he had a rucksack on his back.

"What did you do?" we asked.

"I started out by going to a charming little town a few miles north of Copenhagen called Fredensborg in July for a conference, sponsored by the Maxwell Stanley Foundation, on 'The United Nations of the Next Decade,'" Ambassador Hambro said, with further enthusiasm. "It was all informal and unofficial, and we all felt much freer in exchanging views than is usually the case with high-ranking diplomats."

"And from Copenhagen?" we asked.

"To Oslo, for one evening, in order to pick up some documents waiting for me at the Foreign Office. I then





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went to Geneva for two weeks, for the summer session of the U.N. Economic and Social Council."

"Do you like these meetings?" we asked. "Do you like listening to so much talk?"

"Not always," said Ambassador Hambro. "But in Geneva there were at least two people who were so good that it was a great pleasure for me to listen to them. One was Wilfred Jenks, who has just been appointed Director-General of the International Labor Office. He has been an international civil servant for thirty-five years, and he still has all the vitality, all the enthusiasm, all the sharpness he had in the beginning, if not more. And the second was Maurice Candau, the Director-General of the World Health Organization, who is an absolutely marvellous man, with some fascinating ideas about the feasibility of the United Nations' working to improve our human environment."

"Then back to Oslo?" we asked as Ambassador Hambro led us up the

steps of Parliament, where he turned us around once for a quick view of the King's Palace across the Student Park and the National Theatre, and then took us briskly past the uniformed guards, after exchanging pleasantries with them in Norwegian. (Guard: "Well, here you are, back for a visit, and smiling as usual." Hambro: "That's what we've always done together, isn't it?")

"Back to Oslo for a few days, where I reported to the Foreign Office," he said. "And then I went to the southern part of Norway, to an island near Lillesand called Kosvigholmen, which we rented for four weeks."

"The whole island?" we asked.

"In Norway, thousands of people rent thousands of islands, or parts of islands, every summer," Ambassador Hambro said. "Ours has four houses and a little sauna. Everybody in my family enjoys the sauna, and afterward a swim in the cold water. My elder son, Carl Joachim, and his wife and their four-year-old daughter, Camilla,

joined us there for a while, and so did my daughter Anne and her husband and their four-year-old daughter, Karen Elisabeth, and Linda, my younger daughter, who has been studying music in New York. Anne is a journalist on the staff of the *Aftenposten*, Norway's largest newspaper. My younger son, Christian, is attending law school at the University of Oslo. Carl has just got himself a new job as a lawyer with a large industrial concern. His wife, by the way, has just given birth to my first grandson, and they have named him—I did not ask them to do it, but they went ahead and did it—Edvard Isak. In our family, every Edvard Isak has had a son named Carl Joachim, and every Carl Joachim has had an Edvard Isak. The first Edvard Isak, a merchant, came here from Denmark at the end of the eighteenth century and married a Norwegian. They started it all. The first Edvard Isak's brother Josef went to London, and his son, another Carl Joachim, started Hambro's Bank."

We followed Ambassador Hambro up a long stone staircase to the second floor, where he took us into an awesome main chamber in the shape of an amphitheatre. Red carpet. Red curtains at long windows in the rear. Red leather chairs for the representatives. An enormous chandelier in the middle of a dome-shaped ceiling decorated with a lot of gold. Behind the rostrum was a painting depicting the signing of the Norwegian Constitution, in 1814.

"I've been walking around in this building since I can remember," Ambassador Hambro said, sounding sort of interested in, but not nostalgic about, the fact. "I came here for the first time to see my father when I was about seven. He was president of Parliament for eighteen years."

"What kind of man was your father?" we asked.

"Powerful and poetic," Ambassador Hambro said, again interested and again without nostalgia. "He was rather fierce. He was always so busy when I was a child that I really got to know him only when I was studying for

my doctorate in law in Geneva and he was president of the last Assembly of the League of Nations. He was known as the Norwegian Churchill, and he was rather Churchillian, really. He was a passionate Norwegian patriot and at the same time a constructive internationalist. He had a deep voice and a rather dramatic manner. Anybody who disagreed with him was, to my father, either a fool or corrupt." Ambassador Hambro gave a light laugh. "He always compared the United Nations with the League of Nations, and he thought the League of Nations was much better. We were at the San Francisco Conference together in 1945, when the U.N. charter was adopted. We were together at the United Nations in New York several times, when he came representing the Norwegian government and I came for the International Court of Justice. Some people in Norway said of my father that there were two C. J. Hambros—the Norwegian Hambro and the foreign Hambro. He was quite a complicated man. Actually, he was rather reactionary. Helping the developing nations, for example, was a lot of nonsense, he thought. His idea was that people should help themselves. He thought that *I* was too sentimental. I don't think it's sentimental to feel responsible for people who may be hungry or in need of help. I actually *feel* it as my responsibility. But my father did not. When he first heard that I had been elected a member of Parliament, he said to me, 'You're far too good-natured for that work.' He retired from Parliament in 1957. He died in December, 1964. I had seen him a few weeks earlier in Oslo and asked him how he wanted to celebrate his forthcoming eightieth birthday, and then I left to come to the U.N. I learned of his death when I opened my *New York Times* and saw the notice."

"What else have you been doing in Norway?" we asked Ambassador Hambro after we had left Parliament and started for the hills.

"Working on my opening speech for the General Assembly and reading. I read a *magnificent* new novel in German called 'Deutschstunde,' by Siegfried Lenz, about the spiritual stresses and strains during the Nazi period. I read a new book by Wilfred Jenks, 'A New World of Law'—a really outstanding book about constructive imagination in international relations. And I read 'Betrayal from Within,' by James Barros, about Joseph Avenol, who was the second Secretary-General of the League of Nations. The book shows how extremely dangerous it is to have a man of the wrong kind of character and principles in a position of power. Avenol was educated in the tradition of the French civil servant, which means he was extremely careful and conservative. He worked for appeasement and against all the principles of the League of Nations."

"What have you been doing since your return from the island to Oslo?" we asked.

"Going to the Foreign Office for talks. Meeting with the Scandinavian foreign ministers. Going to lunch with the King and with the Crown Prince. Walking around Oslo. And seeing my relatives. Yesterday, I had lunch with my aunt Cathrine Hambro, who is my

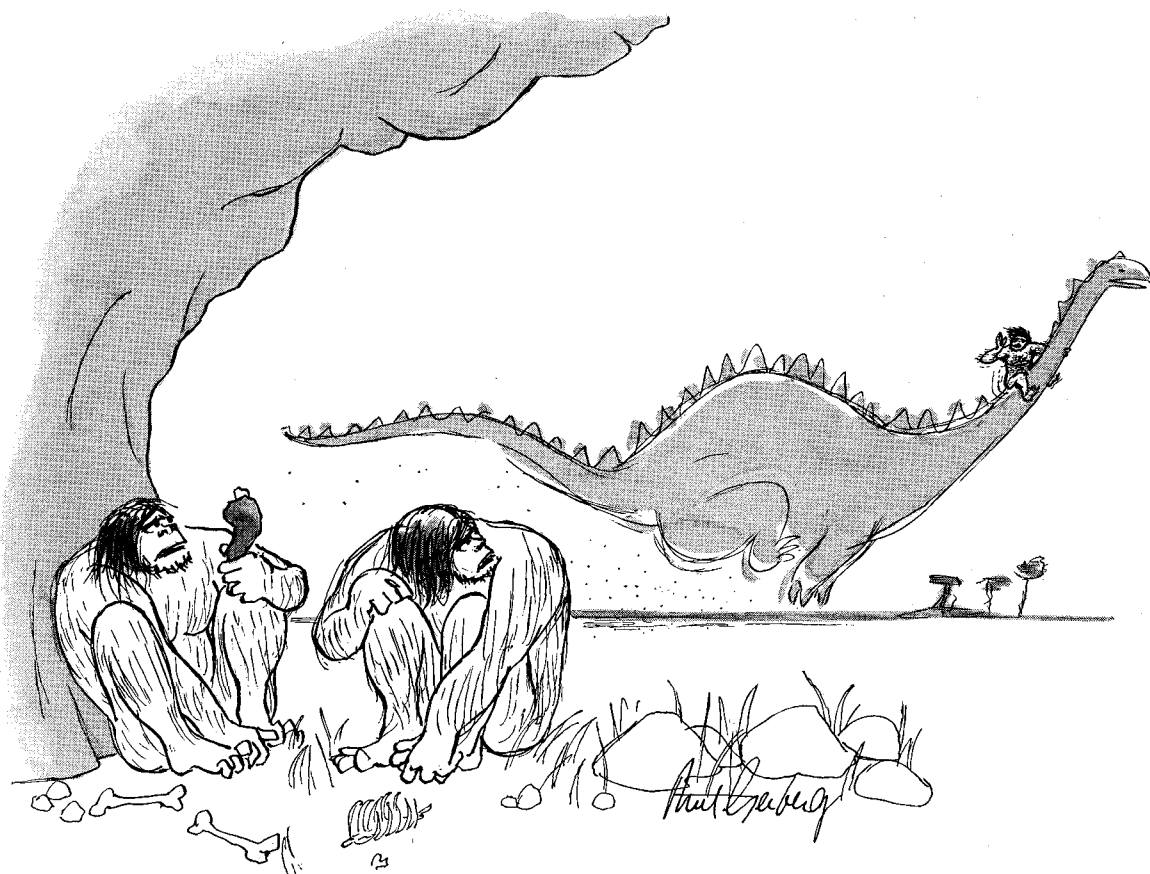
father's youngest sister. She is a medical doctor, now eighty, and still very active in raising money to help Korea. When she was seventy, she retired from medical practice here and went to Korea as a tuberculosis specialist in the Scandinavian Hospital. Then she came back to Norway to speak and to collect money for Korea. When she was seventy-five, she went back to Korea to work in the hospital *again*, in spite of the fact that she had two broken hipbones. She strongly feels the need to help. In our family, we were always taught that when you have certain gifts you have a responsibility to use them."

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A FRIEND of ours called us a while ago to tell us of a "fantastic experience" she had just had. Knowing that our friend has a penchant for the melodramatic, we settled down to



"The Cro-Magnons are evolving! The Cro-Magnons are evolving!"

listen to her story with a rather torpid skepticism, but as her narrative progressed we found ourself tuning in with considerable interest. She and her husband live on Bethune Street, in a floor-through, ground-floor apartment opening onto a garden that adjoins other gardens running the length of the block. One evening a couple of weeks ago—the first chilly evening of the season—she and her husband were entertaining another couple in the garden. While her husband and the guests sat talking, our friend went up five or six steps into her kitchen, where she began to prepare coffee and brandy. “My cat’s very old,” she continued, in her somewhat disconnected way. “He’s seventeen, you know. Besides, he had been sick. Well, I thought he’d gone crackers, I really did. He was pawing at the floor for no reason that I could see, so I looked around, and then I saw what was really going on. He had this *thing* in the corner, and I screamed, and then I ran and—”

“Wait a minute,” we said. “What thing?”

“A *snake!*” she said. “Right there in the corner of my kitchen, and then I screamed! Honestly, I used to think I *liked* snakes. But I saw this and I screamed! I thought I had gone crackers. I ran out into the garden and up to the other woman, and we held each other up, and when my husband went back, the snake had gone. Well, what an *experience!*”

We managed to elicit from her a fairly good description of the snake,

and a few days later we went up to the Bronx Zoo to talk with Dr. Wayne King, the Zoo’s chief herpetologist. He is a red-haired, red-bearded young man who looks as though he might easily be a member of a college English Department. Dr. King told us that Manhattan Island has a large permanent snake population—probably numbering well in the thousands—and that he was not surprised to hear of our friend’s experience. “We get a lot of phone calls, most of them in the fall,” he said. “Snakes start looking for hiding places as soon as cold weather approaches—I would say they hibernate, but hibernation isn’t quite the right word. They seek cracks or crevices or caves, so that they can nestle in below the frost line, where they go to sleep. Well, after all, as far as a snake is concerned, a house is just a big cave, and a lot of snakes start going into houses in September or October—generally into basements.”

“Yes,” we said. “But our friend’s snake was upstairs.”

“Well, that’s possible,” Dr. King said. “Snakes might climb a few stairs, although I wouldn’t expect to find one on the second or third floor. There’s only one species of snake that’s both native to Manhattan and still extant here, and that’s DeKay’s snake, or the Northern brown snake. There are pockets of them all over the city. They tend to stay put—within one block, for example—and since food is scarce, their population remains fairly constant.”

Dr. King opened a field manual and showed us a picture of a DeKay’s

snake, *Storeria dekayi*, and we saw that it matched our friend’s description. The snake is quite small, averaging from nine to thirteen inches in length and only about a quarter of an inch in diameter. Its head and back can be anything from a reddish brown to a greenish brown, and its belly is yellowish. It often has a gray or whitish collar around the back of its neck. It has keeled scales—a keeled scale is one with a ridge down its middle—which give it a smooth, unshiny appearance. It feeds on earthworms and insects, being too small to ingest anything else, and it mates in the spring and gives birth in the summer. Its range is from Virginia to southern Maine (there are related species throughout the rest of the Eastern United States), and though it is very common in cities, it is rarely recognized, since its size and its habits make it difficult to see most of the time, and many people who see a DeKay’s snake mistake it for a baby garter snake. It lives, typically, in parks, under trash in empty lots, under piles of leaves, or in dense shrubbery. Its first reaction on encountering a human being is to flee.

“DeKay’s snake is quite harmless,” Dr. King said, leaning back in his chair and looking even more professorial than before. “In fact, it would make an excellent pet for a child—very educational. There’s certainly no reason to kill these snakes. They’re much too small to endanger pets. But if people want to keep them out of their houses, I would suggest that they trim back any shrubbery that’s close to the buildings, and that they clear piles of leaves or of rotting material away from building walls. They might also make sure that their doors and windows are tight, and that any cracks are sealed. These snakes don’t need much room in order to wriggle inside.”

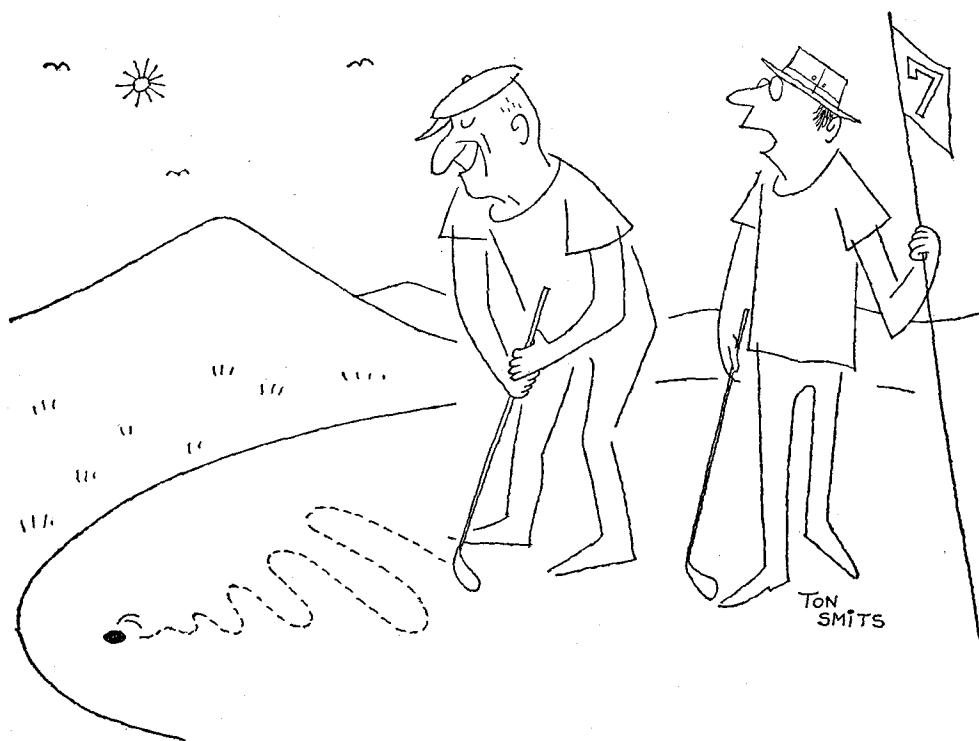
We asked Dr. King what a person should do if he sees a snake in Manhattan that is obviously not a DeKay’s snake.

“I wish he would catch it and bring it to us,” he said. “We’d like to know what’s running around.”

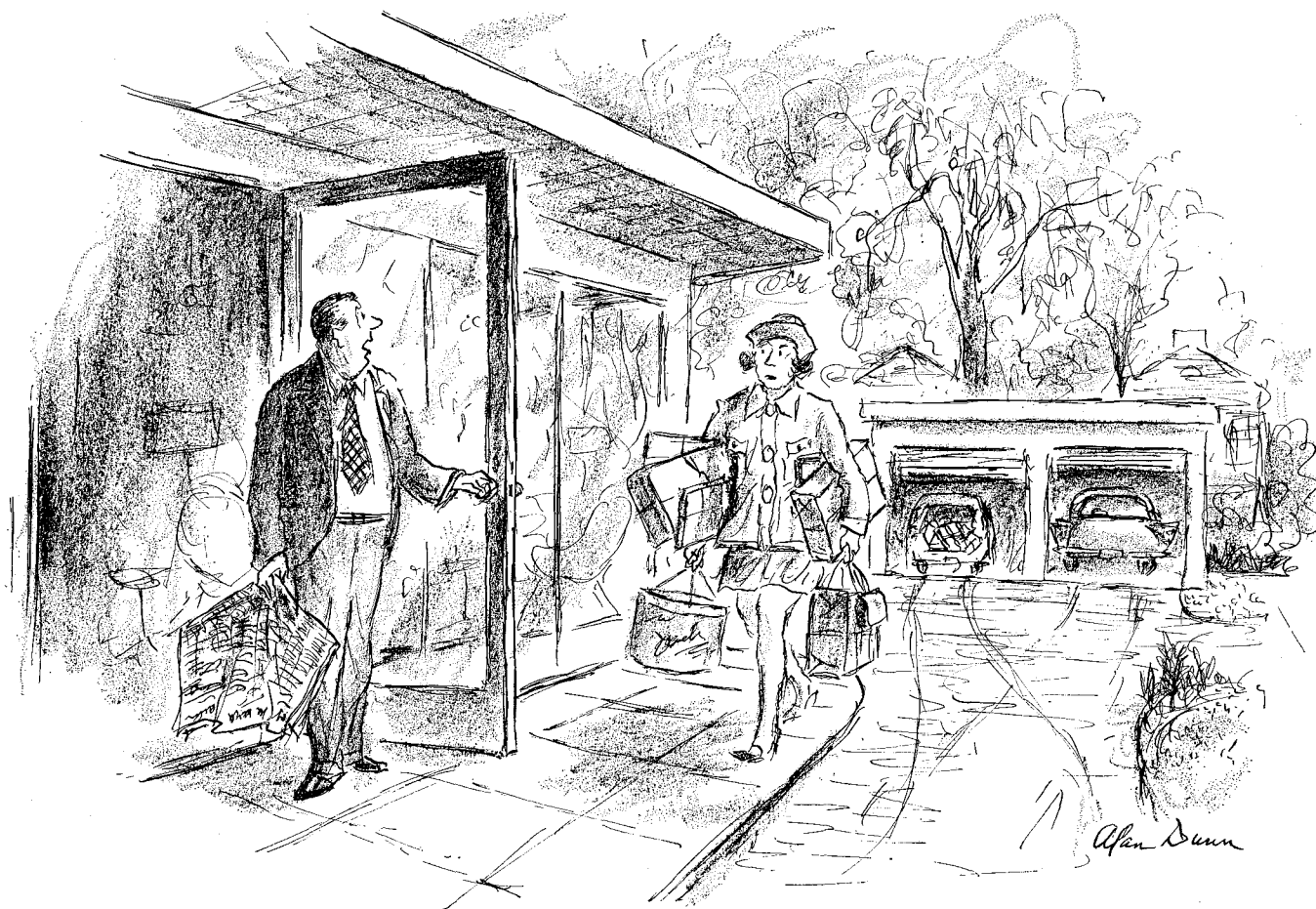
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY’s Draft Information Center is in Dodge Hall.

Film Festival Party

THE New York Film Festival is an important event in many people’s lives. Commercial films get critical cachet, less commercial films get a



“You’ve been drinking.”



"Where were you during the Inflation Alert?"

chance to be seen, and people who talk a lot about movies get the scoop on the movies they are going to have to like during the next year. The Festival begins with a party. Since the relationship between the Festival, the commercial-film world, the underground-film world, and the social world is fairly tangled and fairly strange, the party gets that way. The happiest people there are ex-film critics and freeloaders. Everyone comes to get something out of it, but nobody is ever really sure what he's getting.

The party was held last Thursday, at the French Consulat Général, a handsome town house of the twenties, which is on Fifth Avenue in the Seventies. The setting was Directoire but the atmosphere was Back-to-School Mixer—the atmosphere of a lot of parties shortly after Labor Day. The French had to hold the party because the opening film of the Festival was François Truffaut's "L'Enfant Sauvage," and "L'Enfant Sauvage" was the opener primarily because Truffaut is a man nobody knocks. The French served champagne and *petits fours*, but this didn't seem to make much difference. A lot of people commented on the

furnishings. The furnishings got mixed notices. One of the ex-critics said he liked the shape of the room. "The parquet is conventional but not ignoble," he said. "And the room is so much nicer than rooms in town houses usually are. It's built *sideways* to the Park. Imagine such luxury!" Paul Morrissey, who is Andy Warhol's *chef du cabinet*, said that the red silk-brocade wall hangings reminded him of Tad's Steak House. But a girl wearing a lace blouse that had belonged to her great-aunt in 1905—she was a freeloader—said, "Hey, don't miss the basement. I was down there looking for the ladies' room, and there's a whole pile of real diplomatic pouches, waiting to be mailed or delivered—I couldn't tell which. I've always wanted to see a diplomatic pouch, because I know that you can send anything in a diplomatic pouch, and nobody can open it—or at least nobody is supposed to. They all have red sealing wax on them, and a seal that says 'MINISTÈRE DES AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES' and a picture of a woman doing something sort of unclear."

Nobody talked much about Truffaut's movie. Those who said anything gave it mixed notices, like the furnish-

ings. Celebrities appeared and disappeared like shooting stars. Truffaut himself came, with Catherine Deneuve on his arm, and stayed quite a long time. He was wearing a red cummerbund, and she was wearing a stunning French gown, black with feathers. The other guests were garbed, as the *New York Times* put it next morning, "in modes of dress [that] drew [their] inspirations from many winds of fashion."

The ex-critic who had liked the shape of the room turned out to be one of the few people there who knew the host and hostess. "But you would really *like* them!" he said to someone at one point. "Their name is Donnard. He's the cultural attaché, and she's half-Norwegian. His specialty is deducing the economic conditions of a country at any given time from the novels of the period. For instance, if Balzac said that— Well, you get the idea. He's very bright and diffident, which is rather appealing. His predecessor, who was called Morot-Sir, was *the* expert on Sartre. He spent ten years here, and it got to him, and now he has accepted a post at the University of Arizona."

LAMENTATIONS

"I'M three months pregnant," said Elana. "Uri is going to be a father."

Yigael, who had been waiting for this all through dinner, drank off the rest of his brandy, and said, "He told me. *Mazel tov.*"

"Thank you. I found out the day after you were called up, but I couldn't decide whether to write him about it or not. He had enough to worry about out there."

"You did the right thing. It made him very happy."

"Did it?" she asked eagerly.

"Very."

"I'm so glad. I couldn't tell from his last letter. He asked me to marry him, of course, but almost as an afterthought. Most of it was about one of his men who had been blinded by a piece of shrapnel the day before."

"Avner Levi."

"That's the one."

"He and Uri were friends at law school," said Yigael. "Believe me, under the circumstances, Uri was very happy. He asked me to be his best man."

"Then do," Elana said.

"I don't understand."

"It's very simple. I want the child to have his name, so I spoke with the chaplain of your outfit, who fixed it with the rabbinate. We're getting married next Thursday afternoon at Bet Hakerem."

"In the cemetery?"

"Over his grave," Elana said. "I insisted on it."

Yigael tried to imagine the scene. Would there be a *chuppah*? A canopy erected over the mound of fresh earth? And who would speak for the dead? Slip the ring on the girl's finger and then smash the glass underfoot?

"Can you make it?" she asked.

"Yes, I think so. I'll get Ginzberg to take my afternoon class."

"Good. It'll be a very small affair. Just the immediate family and you," she said, licking her spoon.

"How about a cup of coffee?"

"It's too warm. But another ice cream would be nice."

"More chocolate?"

"Make it vanilla this time."

"Waiter, a dish of vanilla ice cream," Yigael called out. "And bring me another brandy. A double."

"Some water, too."

"And two glasses of cold water."

"I'm simply ravenous all the time," Elana said.

"No morning sickness?"

"Not a bit of it. The only symptom I have is sore breasts. My nipples are very tender."

The waiter carried the dish of ice cream, the snifter of brandy, and two glasses of cloudy water to the table on a big aluminum tray. He was about fifty, tall, stooped, and surprisingly fast on his feet for a cripple who dragged his right leg. The glasses were filled to the brim, but he set them down on the table without spilling a drop. Although he had obviously been a waiter for some time, he seemed absurdly out of place among the soiled tablecloths, waxed-paper napkins, and potted palms with wilting fronds that stood about the room. With his straw-colored, untrimmed beard, his earlocks, the yarmulke on the bald crown of his head, he looked to Yigael as if he had wandered in here by mistake on his way to one of the dark, smelly synagogues in Mea Shearim.

"What's this?" Yigael asked him.

"What's it look like? It's your check."

"What's the rush?"

"You call yourself a Jew? Tonight's the beginning of Tisha b'Av."

"What is it?" asked Elana, who had been concentrating on her ice cream.

"Tisha b'Av," Yigael repeated, sipping his brandy.

"Is that so? Do you fast?" she asked the waiter, and explained to Yigael, "My grandfather always fasted on Tisha b'Av and slept with his head on a stone."

"In this country?"

"On the floor of his apartment on Herzl Street, in Tel Aviv."

"There's something peculiar about the whole thing," said Yigael.

"What do you mean?"

"Think about it for a moment. What's the literal meaning of Tisha b'Av?"

"The ninth day of the Hebrew month of Av," said Elana.

"Well, according to the Second Book of Kings, the Babylonians burned down Jerusalem and the temple on the seventh of Av, but Jeremiah says it happened on the tenth."

"So what?"

"Don't you see? Why fast on the ninth? It's the wrong day." He swirled the brandy in the snifter grasped in his hand. "The Talmud has some elaborate explanation, but I forget what it is." He swallowed the brandy. "There's some evidence that the ninth

of Av was a Babylonian festival the Jews picked up during the exile there."

"What kind of festival?"

"Something to do with the death of Tammuz, I think—the god of fertility. In any case, the Jews apparently adapted it for their own purposes."

"Listen, Mister, how about the check? It's almost sundown. I've got to go to *shul*," the waiter insisted. He spoke Hebrew with a strong Polish-Yiddish accent.

"Where're you from?" Yigael asked as he paid up.

"Here and there."

"Warsaw?"

"Yes, Warsaw, too," the waiter said. "Why?"

"My father came from Warsaw."

"Oh?" The waiter stopped fumbling in his pocket for the change and looked at Yigael with interest for the first time. "Was he there during the war?"

"No, he came here in 1932."

"Lucky."

"Not at all," said Yigael. "Smart. He was a Zionist."

"And his family?"

"They stayed in Warsaw and were killed during the war."

"In the Ghetto?"

"In Auschwitz."

"What was their name?"

"Janower."

"I knew a Rabbi Lazer Janower in Auschwitz," the waiter said. "A great Talmudic scholar. But he was from Vilna. Any relation?"

"Not that I know," said Yigael, unable to keep the contempt out of his voice. He had met this type before—the kind who had undoubtedly been deported without protest, who, at night in the barracks, had never failed to gratefully mumble the blessing over a crust of moldy bread. His yellowish, bloodshot eyes had seen in the heaps of naked corpses the will of God.

"That's O.K. Forget it. Keep the change," Yigael said, waving him away in disgust.

THE man shambled off, the tray under one arm, dragging his right foot. His rubber heel left a black streak on the tiles between the wilting potted palms. Elana was again licking her spoon with the greediness of a child. Yigael closed his eyes. The double brandy had gone right to his head and made him sweat. It was too damn hot to drink. Jerusalem was having a particularly hot summer, and now, to top it off, the newspapers were predicting a khamsin. Maybe it had already begun. The restaurant was stifling. There was

the smell of burned fat in the air. Had there been a fire in the kitchen?

"Do you smell something burning?" he asked Elana. She shook her head, and, sure enough, when Yigael sniffed the air again he detected nothing. It was a trick of the mind, he realized. The brandy stinging his tongue, the heat, the sweat trickling down between his shoulder blades had evoked the smell of fatty sausages frying in a pan over a portable gas stove. He was with his reserve unit again, on the canal, opposite Ismailia, in an underground bunker where the sausages sizzled and a bottle of Remy Martin was being passed from hand to hand. It was a celebration. For almost twenty minutes now, there had been a lull in the Egyptian barrage, which had begun at dawn, four hours before. The bottle was passed to him again. There was one good swallow left. He decided to save it for Uri, who was in command of a communications bunker a kilometre up the line.

And then standing on the steps was the red-headed medic from Haifa, who in the last week had developed a twitch in his left eyelid.

"Yigael, it's Uri. You'd better come..."

"What happened?"

"A fluke," the medic said. "One of those things. He was in the slit trench, on his way back from the latrine, when the attack started."

"Is he dead?"

The eyelid twitched. "The first shell. A one-twenty-two from a howitzer."

The lid twitched again, and he added plaintively, "We did all we could. We found all of him except the right arm below the elbow."

THE waiter reemerged from the kitchen and began to scrape and clack his way on the tiles across the room; he had replaced his shoes with wooden-soled slippers. Elana eyed him curiously over the glass of water raised to her lips and said, "My grandfather used to wear those things to go to synagogue on Tisha b'Av, too. Why do religious Jews take off their shoes when they mourn?"

"What's the difference?"

"It makes no sense to me."

"Tisha b'Av makes no sense," said Yigael. "Not anymore. There's no need for it anymore." And he watched the man leave the restaurant through the glass door and turn down Jaffa Road. The door remained ajar; for a moment after the man was out of sight, the scrape and clack of his wood-



"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but rhetoric will never hurt me."

en soles still grated on Yigael's ears: an echo from the past—like the man himself, who was limping off to mourn the destruction of a city that had been rebuilt and an exile that had finally been brought to an end.

"It's easy to see why you and Uri were so close," Elana said.

"We grew up together."

"It's much more than that. He didn't read poetry as a rule, but he was always quoting... Is it Shlonsky?"

Yigael's attention had momentarily strayed back to the glass door. The setting sun flashed on a window above the pharmacy across the street; a scrap of paper fluttered against the curb. Then the verse she was reciting caught at him:

"There is no angel there.
The boy must free himself
And seize the knife,
Bind up his father,
Throw the altar down.

There is no Covenant.
The sacrifice we make
Is for a portion promised us
By no one but ourselves."

"No, it's not by Shlonsky," said Yigael. "I can't remember who wrote it. Maybe Lamdan."

"It makes no difference. It meant a

great deal to him. It was the only poem he knew by heart." She smiled dimly. "He taught it to me one night last winter when he was drunk. But you know something?" she added. "For the life of me, I can't remember the sound of his voice. Can you imagine that? He's only been dead six weeks."

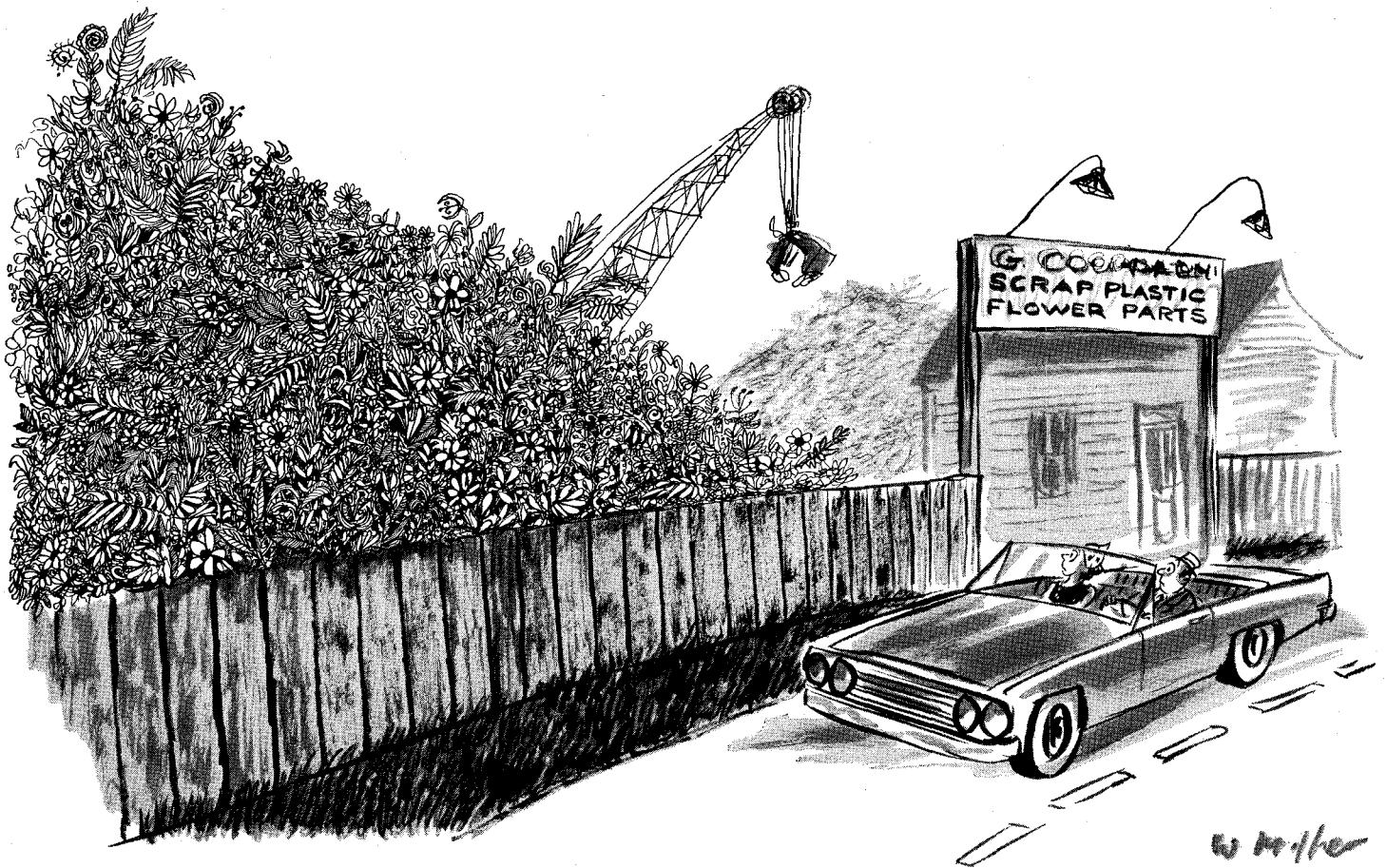
"That's perfectly natural."

"Is it really? I didn't know."

He stared at her in amazement, and with envy. After all, she was twenty-three. She had been born here, had lived through three wars, but up till now had somehow managed to escape unscathed. He resented her luck. At her age, he had already buried his father and at least three good friends. His father had been killed in the fight for Jish, up north, in 1948. All that remained of him in Yigael's memory were his bushy mustache, prematurely streaked with gray, and a pair of round, steel-rimmed glasses.

He rose unsteadily to his feet. "Come on," he said. "You must be tired. I'll take you home."

AS they crossed the Street of the Prophets, a dry, hot wind, laden with dust, blew in their faces—the khamsin, at last, from the Wilderness



of Judea, carrying with it a faint odor of scorched wild flowers and withered grass. The particles of dust streamed in the headlights of a passing car. Yigael coughed; the girl stumbled and clutched at his arm. A strand of her hair, which brushed his cheek, was already damp and tangled with sweat.

They continued up Strauss Street. At the entrance to the hospital, a Home Guard, with a Lee-Enfield slung awkwardly over one shoulder, sucked furiously on his unlit pipe. He had wrinkled lips, white eyebrows. Ten years too old for the active reserve, he had been called up, thought Yigael, to protect those only a little more defenseless than himself.

There was a small synagogue on the next corner. Yigael glanced through an open window on the ground floor. Elana, who lived up the block, tugged at his sleeve, but the sight held him: the Ark and the *bimah* draped in black cloth, the overturned benches, the fifteen or twenty men seated in a dim circle of light on the stone floor. Their shadows wavered on the wall. All the light in the place had been extinguished, Yigael realized, except for the brass oil lamp suspended from the ceiling on a chain before the Ark. The wick smoked.

Elana pulled again at his sleeve. "In

a minute," said Yigael. An old man on the *bimah* was chanting from the Book of Lamentations in a nasal voice: "'Jerusalem remembereth in the days of her affliction and her anguish all her treasures that she had in the days of old . . .'"

"I've got to get home," said Elana. "I've got to take a shower. I'm all in." The urgency of her tone made Yigael look at her. Her face was streaming with sweat. "It's the damn khamsin," she explained. "It always gets on my nerves. Uri once told me that when the Turks were here their judges were very lenient with people who committed crimes during a khamsin." She ran her fingers through her stringy hair and rambled on, "He was thinking of doing a book on the administration of Ottoman law in Palestine—did you know that? It interested him very much. He had already done some of the research. I have his notes."

The wind had dropped a little; the nasal chant in the synagogue rose.

"We lived together almost six months," said Elana. "I gave away all his clothes. One loose-leaf notebook and a few of his letters are all I have left."

"You'll have the child," said Yigael.

"Yes. I'm counting on that." Her face still shone with sweat, but she seemed calmer, as if her anxiety had

diminished with the wind. "By the way, the wedding is at three. My parents have hired a car. We can pick you up at the university, if you like."

"That'd be fine," Yigael said. "What about the ring?"

"All taken care of. I bought one last week in a little shop on Ben Yehuda. Fourteen-carat gold, and wide—I like wide wedding bands—but very reasonable."

A wide gold band. It was something Yigael could easily visualize, and with it he pictured a wineglass wrapped in a white handkerchief, and, for some reason, a fringed *chuppah*, embroidered with roses, casting its shadow on the grave.

"Did you invite Levi?" he asked.

"Will he be out of the hospital?"

"No, but he'd appreciate an invitation."

"I'll write him tomorrow."

On the *bimah*, the old man blew his nose into his fingers, and, as Yigael turned away, resumed his nasal chant: "'Zion spreadeth forth her hands, and there is none to comfort her . . .'"

"We'll pick you up at two in front of the library," said Elana. "Is that O.K.?"

"Yes," Yigael said, but his voice broke, and he averted his face, astonished by the tears that welled up in his eyes. —HUGH NISSENSON

APARTHEID

THE Sorokins rented a different dacha every year; Oleg said there would be something wrong in each, so they might as well have stuck to the first one, but Lili always hoped to find the perfect dacha. The one they chanced on this summer was practically an ideal spot—not too far from Moscow for Oleg to commute, and quite countrified when you got away from the shops beside the station.

They—the Sorokins, that is—rented a room and a glazed porch in the front half of a dacha standing on a spacious plot, the owner retreating to the back of the house with Milochka, her four-year-old granddaughter. The proximity rather worried Lili (you never know with other people's children) till she discovered that the gate in the fence between the front garden and back yard was a gate in name alone; it was shrouded in poultry wire, its rust-devoured hinges would never again turn in the sockets, and the latch was ground permanently in its groove. The fence itself was reinforced by dense thickets of unpruned raspberry canes and gooseberry bushes; the potentially undesirable Milochka could not break through and fraternize, and visitors to her grandmother who came to the front entrance of the dacha had to be waved away and instructed to walk to the end of the block and turn the corner. Isolation couldn't have been more complete.

It was isolation, chiefly for the children's sake, that Lili desired. Most of her friends sent their children to state crèches and kindergartens, but Lili didn't intend to surrender her power till her children were old enough to go to school, when she knew she would have to. She knew that it was the first five years of life that count and was determined to use these formative years (stretched to seven) to instill good manners and the elements of French in Valya and Fedya, never doubting her adequacy for the task. She took them to the boulevard every day in the winter, herself sitting patiently on a bench among grandmothers and nurse-girls, whose charges were never out of sight for a moment. At the dacha Lili could relax, knowing that Valya and Fedya, though not particularly obedient children, would never go into the street by themselves. But it isn't so easy to isolate children who can see and hear one another—even if only through a locked gate covered from corner to corner by wire netting. Valya and Fedya soon found a gap where the wire had worked loose on one side,

through which small objects—a toy wristwatch, a safety pin with colored beads threaded on its shaft, a varnished pawn, all the surrealistic litter that accumulates in playboxes (and workboxes)—could be pushed. Valya and Fedya had great quantities of playthings in various stages of disrepair, but Milochka's toys were stored away in a shoebox and carried into the house every evening; as a rule, she only brought two to the trysting place—a one-legged celluloid duck and some odd playing cards. Duck was a very inconvenient toy—he couldn't stand and he was too lumpy to lie either on his back or on his side—but Milochka, abetted by Valya and Fedya, tied bows round his neck and his one ankle, and bound colored rags over his slippery head; the connivance of Valya and Fedya consisted in thrusting ribbons and Lili's best pocket handkerchiefs through the gap for Duck's adornment. Both sides were fully involved when the playing cards came one by one out of the box. Lili was fascinated to hear Milochka's long monologues as she held a single card against the netting, interrupted every now and then by a question from Valya (three-year-old Fedya never said a word, only looking into his sister's face whenever she spoke). Lili longed to know what it was all about, but all she could gather from Valya was that the court cards were portraits of Milochka's relatives.

Lili began to wish Milochka could play in the garden with her own children. She asked her landlady if she didn't think Milochka needed the society of other children.

Paulina Efimovna said Milochka could play with her own toys and books. "Your children have one another," she said. "They don't need Milochka. People have different ideas of bringing up children."

Lili reddened. "I only meant Milochka's alone all day," she said. "Didn't

you ever think of sending her to a kindergarten?"

"I sent her to a crèche and she got measles," Paulina Efimovna said. "Then I sent her to a kindergarten and she got whooping cough."

This, of course, made Milochka a still more desirable playmate, and Lili had difficulty in concealing her delight and forcing her features into lines of decent commiseration.

"I WONDER why Paulina Efimovna doesn't want Milochka to play with our children," Lili said to her husband.

"It was you who didn't want it," Oleg reminded her. "You let her see that from the very first day."

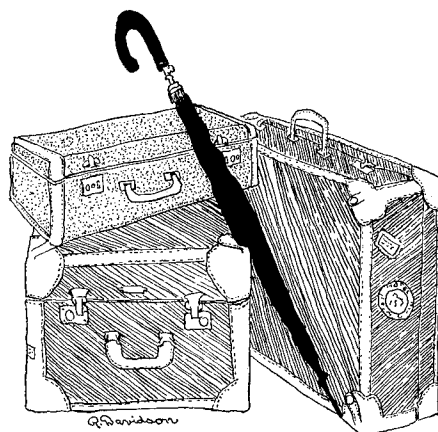
"How could I know Milochka would be such a darling? She might be a very good influence on our Valya."

"Perhaps Paulina Efimovna is afraid our Valya might not be a very good influence on Milochka."

Going about the dachas, picking up a pound of strawberries at one, a pint of milk at another, Lili also picked up a hint or two about her landlady's past. All that was known for certain was that Paulina Efimovna had left the village thirty years before, and had come back to Stepanovka with a baby grandchild in time to gladden the last two years of her own aged mother's life. Manfully, unaided, Paulina Efimovna had patched and propped the tottering dacha till the front room was fit to let. With the rent money, she was able to pay for fundamental repairs. In another five years, she would be out of the woods.

LILI had to go to the market several times a week. It was a change from the exacting society of young children and she rather enjoyed wandering from stall to stall, pricing fruit and vegetables. On Saturdays, Oleg went with her to carry back potatoes and vegetables. Lili never took Valya and Fedya with her to shops or the market—it was another of her strict rules—and now she could leave them behind without anxiety; Milochka was as good as a nurse.

One Saturday, Lili's roving gaze was arrested by a doll dangling from a hook on the post of a haberdashery booth. She needed hairpins and stopped Oleg, but what she really wanted was to get a better look at the doll. It was an exceptional doll, with an expression of grave kindness on its rosy face, and it had dense black eyelashes and chestnut curls; its clothes were fastened by exquisite small buttons, so that it could



be dressed and undressed like a real child, and its shoes and socks were not just painted on the feet but were made of real goods. The saleswoman, who had been tatting flimsy edging at the back of the booth, now came up to them. "A foreign doll," she said and showed them its name—Greta—on the price ticket. Then, sure of her customers, she went back to her tatting.

The doll packed in its box and paid for, Lili was eager to leave the market. But the sight of an old man selling reed besoms at the entrance stopped her again. A new besom has an insidious charm all its own, and Lili tried to check her husband's urgent stride with a hand on his wrist. But he went straight on, and she would have followed if she hadn't caught sight of a miniature besom displayed all by itself on a flat stone, a mere whisk finished off with a crimson tassel, with three rows of crimson silk dividing the ro-coco bulges of the handle. Oleg looked back and Lili held it out in silence for him to see. What was it for, he wanted to know. The old man lifted his

head to enlighten them: it was for dusting wall carpets or carpet tablecloths. Saying they had none, Oleg steered his wife out of the market with a hand under her elbow. When he saw the bus wasn't even in sight, he put down the bag of potatoes and went back to buy the little besom; he was ashamed of his surliness, knowing very well that he might have bought it himself if he had been alone, or even if he had happened to catch sight of it before his wife had. On the way home in the bus, Lili carefully removed the price tag from the doll's skirt. She had decided to call it Héloïse so as not to confuse the children, who thought the only language in the world but Russian was French. Not for a moment must they be allowed to have a doll with a German name.

VALYA scarcely gave herself time to take in the beauties of Héloïse before she was off to the fence, holding her up for Milochka to kiss. Lili knew Héloïse would never look new again, but the sight of those remote, passionate

kisses and Valya's earnest attention overcame for a moment her possessive instincts and she said not a word of reproof. "If only that stiff-necked female would let me buy Milochka a doll!" she moaned. That had been tried. Oleg had thrown a little ball over the fence to Milochka the day he brought Valya and Fedya a big one, and though Paulina Efimovna had not actually wrenched it from Milochka's grasp she effectively inhibited further charitable impulses: "Milochka doesn't need presents."

Lili had at first been too busy to do more than take perishables out of her market bag, but in the evening, when the children were in bed, she thought herself of the whisk. She knew better than to ask Paulina Efimovna if she had seen it, but was thoughtless enough to call to her husband across the porch, "Oleg, I can't find the whisk. Did you take it out of the bag?" An abrupt sound from the back of the house reminded her that Paulina Efimovna could hear every word said on the porch. "I wish I hadn't spoken so loud," she said to Oleg.

"You should think before you speak."

"You know I can't."

"You can. You never have an accident with the kettle because you've trained your hands to be careful. You can train your tongue, too."

Lili approached the table with the kettle in her hand. "Are you quite sure you're not being rather a prig?" she asked, neatly controlling the flow of the boiling water into the tiny opening on top of the Japanese teapot.

Oleg didn't answer, only smiled as he slipped a wafer of lemon into his tea. They drank in silence, helping themselves to a teaspoon of jam between swallows of tea. When Lili got up to pour second glasses, she heard a sound from the other side of the door that connected the rooms; it made her put the kettle down. She turned and beckoned to Oleg, so urgently that he joined her. "What?" he began, but she held up a finger, and he fell in with her listening pose. What they heard was a woman sobbing.

Lili stooped to the keyhole. "Paulina Efimovna, what's the matter?"

The sobbing stopped for a moment, but began again, loud, uncontrollable.

"Paulina Efimovna, open the door! Let me come to you!"

The sobbing went on as if it couldn't stop.

Lili handed Oleg a knife, and after a questioning look he inserted the tip under the latch on the other side.



"Thanks, Howard, for calling it a great, game-saving tackle, but actually anybody could make a great, game-saving tackle after eating one of my Becker-Burgers, sold at any of my Becker-Burger stands in the tri-state area."

Pushing the door open gently, they both stepped into the room. What they saw made them first step back, then go farther in. Paulina Efimovna, still sobbing, was leaning over the cot in the corner. Milochka was fast asleep, one hand resting on what Lili at first took to be a doll tucked snugly in beside her but quickly recognized to be the missing whisk, a square of flowered silk knotted under the top bulge of the handle, like a kerchief tied under a chin.

Oleg moved closer and jerked Paulina Efimovna away just in time to stop her pulling the whisk from under Milochka's hand. "Give me a hatchet!" he whispered. "I'm going to knock a hole in that blasted fence." Strangely submissive, Paulina Efimovna moved toward a low closet, but Lili begged Oleg to wait till morning; it might take longer than he expected to break down the fence.

"We found a use for the whisk," Oleg said when they were back on the porch.

"Didn't you think Milochka's cheeks were a bit bricky?" Lili asked. (Till now, they had never seen Milochka's features except through the wire netting, and reality was a little harsher than imagination had suggested. Women were fools to have allowed veils to go out of fashion, Lili reflected.)

Oleg, flushed with the rare pleasure of having indulged a chivalrous impulse, wasn't going to have his Andromeda denigrated. "Milochka's a country child," he said, "and none the worse for that."

Breakfast was eaten in a rustic arbor at the end of the garden, and Lili had the children dressed and in their places before nine the next morning. She would not rouse Oleg—he had a right to get up as late as he liked on a Sunday—but she longed to have the ceremony of breaking down the fence over as soon as possible. Since it had been announced and tacitly consented to by Paulina Efimovna, decency (taste, anyhow) required that it be done quickly. "Go and tell Papa breakfast's ready," she said to Valya.

Valya slipped obediently from her seat and tiptoed up the steps to the porch. She was back again in a moment. "Papa says he's asleep."

It was a hallowed family joke, but Lili only frowned and bit her lip. "Who gave Milochka the whisk?" she said.

"I just held it up to her and she looked at it so . . ."

Lili understood that Milochka's glance had been compelling. The chil-



*"Let in one odd duck and before you know
it there goes your pond."*

dren ran off to the gate, and still Oleg didn't appear. Lili told herself she wanted to wash the dishes and be free, but in reality it was the thought of hatchet and fence, the memory of Paulina Efimovna's dark glare that were gnawing at her peace of mind. Paulina Efimovna would think Oleg had been dissuaded from a generous act by his wife, she might take back her unspoken consent. Impatiently, Lili began washing the dishes. The minute she had, unthinking, run off all the water in the samovar, Oleg was upon her, demanding hot water for a shave. As if he couldn't shave afterward! As if he didn't stay unshaved all Sunday as a rule! Lili suggested that he'd enjoy his breakfast more if he could have it at leisure. Oleg assured her that he fully intended to enjoy his breakfast at his leisure. He would do it his own way, Lili knew, and she began tidying the children's room and the porch, only going out to the arbor when she felt sure her husband must have shaved and finished breakfast. Oleg was peacefully reading Saturday's paper, a half-smoked cigarette propped against his saucer. He looked up when she came to the table. "Let's hear the news. Bring the box, will you?" In silent fury, Lili went for

the transistor and set it on the table next to his elbow.

When the news was over, Oleg pushed back the antenna, ostentatiously gulped down the cold tea in the bottom of the glass, let the newspaper fall on the grass, and made one last attempt to get a rise out of his wife. "I ought really to go to the station and get a *Pravda*," he said, but she would not be drawn, and he sauntered over to the fence.

First he had a look at the rust-bound gate. Nothing doing there—it would be easier to hack an opening through the fence. More watchful than their parents knew, the children on either side crept nearer; Lili could almost feel Paulina Efimovna peering from her doorstep. All expected—Oleg, too, perhaps—a gallant spectacle. Two strokes of the hatchet would bring down a section of fence and there would be a gap anyone could step through. But a glance showed Oleg that this would not be so simple. Before he could get near enough to strike a blow at the rotting palings, the bushes would have to be cleared. His thoughts darted to a spade standing against the wall, but Paulina Efimovna, who had come out of her house to see the fun,



"I am not Rural Route Boxholder. I am Stanton P. Havemeyer!"

shook her head and went back for a two-handed saw. From that moment till a way had been hacked, sawed, and sheared through the bushes, she only left Oleg's side to fetch a wheelbarrow, which she heaped with spiny branches and trundled away somewhere behind the house. Seven times she took it away full, seven times brought it back for reloading. The audience dwindled away—Lili to see to the dinner, the children to carry on their endless converse through the gate. But when there was nothing but roots between the hatchet and the fence, all assembled for the final collapse. The atmosphere of anticlimax that had hung over the proceedings prevailed to the end, the palings, too soft to be chopped, having to be plucked out of the earth one by one, with ignominious effort. As soon as they lay flat on the ground, the children moved up to the ugly gap and stood staring at one another across it. Paulina Efimovna puffed out the loops of the white nylon bow atop Milochka's round skull, and gave her a tiny, involuntary push; Lili half restrained Valya and Fedya with a no less involuntary

pull at their clothing. Then the children freed themselves and rushed with hoarse strangled cries toward one another.

A NEW life began at the dacha. Milochka came every day. A silent, staring presence, she haunted the place, whether Lili was giving her children their meals, feeding them vitamins, or striving to teach them French fairy tales and nursery rhymes. Milochka resolutely refused all offers of food and could not be persuaded to listen to or learn contes and chansons. Her blue stare antagonized Lili, who didn't get any fonder of Milochka as the summer wore on; if anything, she disliked the child, resenting her ascendancy over Valya. She read derision into Milochka's innocent Russification of French words. Thus "Mon fils" became "Mawfisoehka," "Ma fille" "Mafiyochka"—names that completely replaced Fedya and Valya, so that soon even their parents never called the children by any other. Héloïse inevitably became Elochka, and the little whisk was always known as Venichka,

a tender adaptation of "venik," the Russian word for a besom made of twigs or reeds.

Milochka did not seem impressed by the belongings of her grandmother's lodgers. Lili expected her friends to ignore a cracked mirror, a gap-toothed comb, a regiment of worn, shapeless footwear—anything would do for just one more summer at the dacha—but Milochka's appraising glance exposed them in all their squalor. Lili once caught her pinching the felty blanket on Valya's bed, for all the world like an old woman prizing goods at a flea market. Valya came to the supper table that night looking sulky and discontented. "Milochka says they had silk eiderdowns in Magadan," she muttered when her mother told her to drink up her milk.

"In Magadan," echoed Fedya.

The parents exchanged startled glances over their children's heads.

When they were sure the children were fast asleep, Lili waited for Oleg to say something, but she had to begin on the subject herself. "Magadan! Could that mean Paulina Efimovna was in the labor camp there?"

"Magadan's a big town," Oleg said, not lowering his newspaper. "There must be a permanent population, you know."

"You know very well I'm not talking about the town. But what on earth can Paulina Efimovna have done? Perhaps her daughter was in the camp and she went out to fetch Milochka."

"Perhaps," Oleg said.

"But Milochka must have been a little baby, and what does she mean about silk eiderdowns and the gilt furniture she's always chattering about?"

"Tales of a grandmother," Oleg said and went on reading.

Valya's playthings were gradually exchanged for Milochka's miserable possessions. The smaller ball replaced the bigger one. "Milochka says it's easier to catch," Valya explained. This was true, but where had the bigger one disappeared to? Two of Valya's best picture books vanished from the playbox, in which Lili was disgusted to find an artificial poppy, an imitation-leather belt minus the buckle, the benevolent severed head of a Teddy bear.

"And what is this?" Lili cried, holding up a strip of sapphire-colored plush embroidered in gilt beads.

"Milochka said it would make a nice skirt for Elochka," Valya said defiantly.

And one day even Elochka vanished, and in her cradle, solicitously wrapped

in the sapphire-colored strip, lay Venichka. Lili had to admit that the black buttons sewn on Venichka's chubby face were very expressive. She understood how it was that Valya found her so sympathetic. "But Elochka has very nice eyes, too," she expostulated.

"Yes, but they're always the same. When I'm sad, Venichka looks sad, and when I smile at her she smiles back."

"Oh, Mafiyochka, and isn't Mama sorry when you're sad?"

"You don't always notice. Venichka never doesn't."

The taboo against leaving their own territory without permission still held, and for some time Valya and Fedya did not invade the back yard. But when Polkan, the yard dog, stopped snarling at them and wagged his tail instead, the taboo weakened and Lili had the mortification of seeing her children prefer the back yard to the lawned and bedded garden. One morning she couldn't bear it, especially since she saw almost the last of their toys being carried away under the arms of Valya and Fedya; she called to them to come back this minute, and then, bethinking herself of Paulina Efimovna's sensitive pride, added in coaxing tones, "You'll be in Babushka's way."

The nights were beginning to get chilly, and Lili set up a portable cot in the children's room, leaving Oleg to sleep alone on the porch. But tonight, tortured by the remembrance of her tactlessness, she crept into his bed and told him what she had done. Confession, even the sharp scolding it brought upon her (perhaps because of it), lightened the burden, and they were falling asleep in perfect amity when a curious intermittent squeaking rent the silence of the night. A faint light showed from the back of the house and Oleg, sitting up to look out of the window, could see a figure moving away in the darkness; a few seconds later, movement and sound grew more distinct. "Babushka shoving the wheelbarrow backwards and forwards," Oleg said. "Now she's gone in and put out the light. Sleep, darling."

Daylight showed what the squeaking in the night had meant. The gap in the fence was loosely filled in by an amorphous mass of branches, lifeless but still thorny. The children, as if not noticing anything out of the ordinary, made straight for the gate, and all morning Lili could hear Milochka's monologue: "In Magadan we had chicken every day. . . . In Magadan we had cream with our kasha . . ."

—IVY LITVINOV

LOCAL FAMILY KEEPS SON HAPPY

WHAT happens when parents buy a woman for their sixteen-year-old son? Even in this "swinging" age, such an arrangement would seem to violate most commonly held moral standards. Not so, say Mr. and Mrs. Robert Shepard, of 1417 Swallow Lane.

Two months ago, the Shepards obtained the parole of a twenty-four-year-old prostitute from the County Detention Farm. The woman came to work for the Shepards as a live-in companion for their son, Robert, Jr.

"Robbie had seemed restless and unhappy all last summer," says Mrs. Shepard, a short, neat woman. "He was too young to get a job, and we were afraid he would take up drugs or smoking and drinking. We didn't want him staying out late with the car and taking part in reckless activities. We thought it would be safer to give him what all boys want."

The woman, whose name is Dorothy, is a shapely brunette who could easily pass for eighteen.

"Our boy has matured greatly in the few short weeks since Dorothy came to work for us," says Mr. Shepard, 48,

who is an electronics engineer. "He is more poised and more relaxed."

"We see more of him this way, since he stays home evenings and weekends," adds Mrs. Shepard.

Despite the Shepards' success with Dorothy, none of their neighbors have bought women for their sons. For one thing, the cost is prohibitive for many families; Dorothy's wages come to \$75 per week, plus room and board.

How does Robbie feel about his new friend?

"At first, I was nervous and keyed-up," he says. "I didn't know what to expect. Gradually, I got used to it and settled down."

In addition to her other duties, Dorothy also cooks breakfast. One of her specialties is fancy eggs.

FANCY EGGS

- 6 eggs
- 1 cup chopped onion
- ½ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 cup tomato sauce

Fry the eggs over easy. Before the eggs become firm, add onion and green pepper. Pour tomato sauce over the eggs and season to taste. Serve hot with corn bread and coffee.

—GARRISON KEILLOR



"Och, MacLeod. Are you sure, man?"

* * P R O F I L E S * *

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

FAMILY

I CANNOT tell whether my first memories go back to the eastern or to the western bank of the muddy, slow-moving Río de la Plata—to Montevideo, where we spent long, lazy holidays in the villa of my uncle Francisco Haedo, or to Buenos Aires. I was born there, in the very heart of that city, in 1899, on Tucumán Street, between Suipacha and Esmeralda, in a small, unassuming house belonging to my maternal grandparents. Like most of the houses of that day, it had a flat roof; a long, arched entranceway, called a *zaguán*; a cistern, where we got our water; and two patios. We must have moved out to the suburb of Palermo quite soon, because there I have my first memories of another house with two patios, a garden with a tall windmill pump, and, on the other side of the garden, an empty lot. Palermo at that time—the Palermo where we lived, at Serrano and Guatemala streets—was on the shabby northern outskirts of town, and many people, ashamed of saying they lived there, spoke in a dim way of living on the Northside. We lived in one of the few two-story homes on our street; the rest of the neighborhood was made up of low houses and vacant lots. I have often spoken of this area as a slum, but I do not quite mean that in the American sense of the word. In Palermo lived shabby-genteel people as well as more undesirable sorts. There was also a Palermo of hoodlums, called *compadritos*, famed for their knife fights, but this Palermo was only later to capture my imagination, since we did our best—our successful best—to ignore it. Unlike our neighbor Evaristo Carriego, however, who was the first Argentine poet to explore the literary possibilities that lay there at hand. As for myself, I was hardly aware of the existence of *compadritos*, since I lived essentially indoors.

My father, Jorge Guillermo Borges, worked as a lawyer. He was a philosophical anarchist—a disciple of Spencer—and also a teacher of psychology at the Normal School for Modern Languages, where he gave his course in English, using as his text William James's shorter book of psychology.



Jorge Luis Borges

My father's English came from the fact that his mother, Frances Haslam, was born in Staffordshire of Northumbrian stock. A rather unlikely set of circumstances brought her to South America. Fanny Haslam's elder sister married an Italian-Jewish engineer named Jorge Suárez, who brought the first horse-drawn tramcars to Argentina, where he and his wife settled and sent for Fanny. I remember an anecdote concerning this venture. Suárez was a guest at General Urquiza's "palace" in Entre Ríos, and very providently won his first game of cards with the General, who was the stern dictator of that province and not above throat-cutting. When the game was over, Suárez was told by alarmed fellow-guests that if he wanted the license to run his tramcars in the province, it was expected of him to lose a certain amount of gold coins each night. Urquiza was such a poor player that Suárez had a great deal of trouble losing the appointed sums.

It was in Paraná, the capital city of Entre Ríos, that Fanny Haslam met Colonel Francisco Borges. This was in 1870 or 1871, during the siege of the city by the *montoneros*, or gaucho militia, of Ricardo López Jordán. Borges, riding at the head of his regiment, commanded the troops defending the city. Fanny Haslam saw him from the flat roof of her house; that very night a ball was given to celebrate the arrival

of the government relief forces. Fanny and the Colonel met, danced, fell in love, and eventually married.

My father was the younger of two sons. He had been born in Entre Ríos and used to explain to my grandmother, a respectable English lady, that he wasn't really an Entrerriano, since "I was begotten on the pampa." My grandmother would say, with English reserve, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean." My father's words, of course, were true, since my grandfather was, in the early eighteen-seventies, Commander-in-Chief of the northern and western frontiers of the Province of Buenos Aires. As a child, I heard many stories from Fanny Haslam about frontier life in those days. One of these I set down in my "Story of the Warrior and the

Captive." My grandmother had spoken with a number of Indian chieftains, whose rather uncouth names were, I think, Simón Coliqueo, Catriel, Pincén, and Namuncurá. In 1874, during one of our civil wars, my grandfather, Colonel Borges, met his death. He was forty-one at the time. In the complicated circumstances surrounding his defeat at the battle of La Verde, he rode out slowly on horseback, wearing a white poncho and followed by ten or twelve of his men, toward the enemy lines, where he was struck by two Remington bullets. This was the first time Remington rifles were used in the Argentine, and it tickles my fancy to think that the firm that shaves me every morning bears the same name as the one that killed my grandfather.

Fanny Haslam was a great reader. When she was over eighty, people used to say, in order to be nice to her, that nowadays there were no writers who could vie with Dickens and Thackeray. My grandmother would answer, "On the whole, I rather prefer Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, and Wells." When she died, at the age of ninety, in 1935, she called us to her side and said, in English (her Spanish was fluent but poor), in her thin voice, "I am only an old woman dying very, very slowly. There is nothing remarkable or interesting about this." She could see no reason whatever why the whole household should be upset,

and she apologized for taking so long to die.

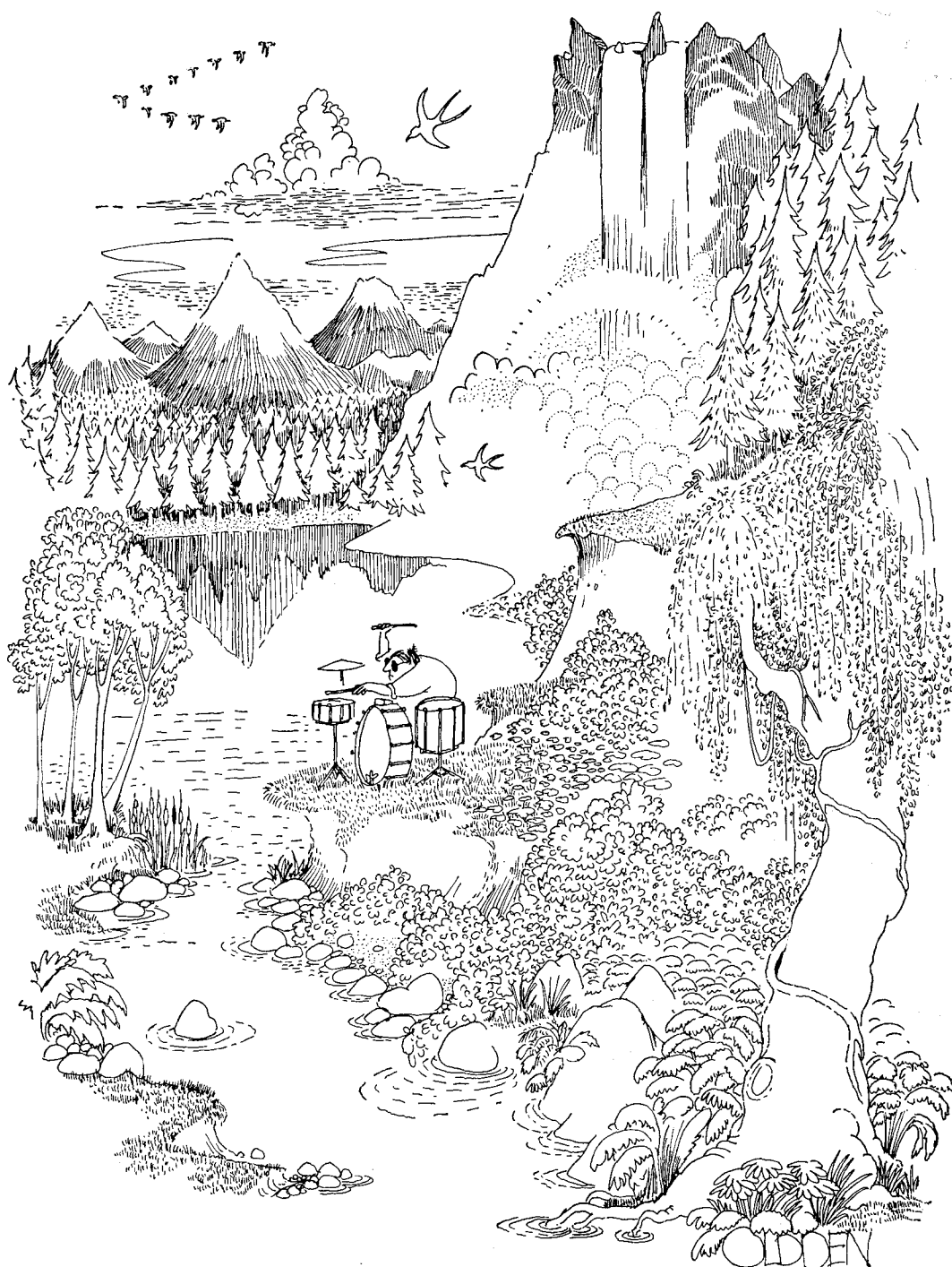
MY father was very intelligent and, like all intelligent men, very kind. Once, he told me that I should take a good look at soldiers, uniforms, barracks, flags, churches, priests, and butcher shops, since all these things were about to disappear, and I could tell my children that I had actually seen them. The prophecy has not yet come true, unfortunately. My father was such a modest man that he would have liked being invisible. Though he was very proud of his English ancestry, he used to joke about it, saying with feigned perplexity, "After all, what are the English? Just a pack of German agricultural laborers." His idols were Shelley, Keats, and Swinburne. As a reader, he had two interests. First, books on metaphysics and psychology (Berkeley, Hume, Royce, and William James). Second, literature and books about the East (Lane, Burton, and Payne). It was he who revealed the power of poetry to me—the fact that words are not only a means of communication but also magic symbols and music. When I recite poetry in English now, my mother tells me, I take on his very voice. He also, without my being aware of it, gave me my first lessons in philosophy. When I was still quite young, he showed me, with the aid of a chessboard, the paradoxes of Zeno—Achilles and the tortoise, the unmoving flight of the arrow, the impossibility of motion. Later, without mentioning Berkeley's name, he did his best to teach me the rudiments of idealism.

My mother, Leonor Acevedo de Borges, comes of old Argentine and Uruguayan stock, and at ninety-four is still hale and hearty and a good Catholic. When I was growing up, religion belonged to women and children; most men in Buenos Aires were freethinkers—though, had they been asked, they might have called themselves Catholics. I think I inherited from my mother her quality of thinking the best of people and also her strong sense of friendship. My mother has always had a hospitable mind. From

the time she learned English, through my father, she has done most of her reading in that language. After my father's death, finding that she was unable to keep her mind on the printed page, she tried her hand at translating William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" in order to compel herself to concentrate. The translation found its way into print, and she was honored for this by a society of Buenos Aires Armenians. Later on, she translated some of Hawthorne's stories and one of Herbert Read's books on art, and she also produced some of the translations of Melville, Virginia Woolf, and Faulkner that are considered mine. She has always been a companion to me—especially in later years, when I went

blind—and an understanding and forgiving friend. For years, until recently, she handled all my secretarial work, answering letters, reading to me, taking down my dictation, and also traveling with me on many occasions both at home and abroad. It was she, though I never gave a thought to it at the time, who quietly and effectively fostered my literary career.

Her grandfather was Colonel Isidoro Suárez, who, in 1824, at the age of twenty-four, led a famous charge of Peruvian and Colombian cavalry, which turned the tide of the Battle of Junín, in Peru. This was the next to last battle of the South American War of Independence. Although Suárez was a second cousin to Juan Manuel de



Rosas, who ruled as dictator in Argentina from 1835 to 1852, he preferred exile and poverty in Montevideo to living under a tyranny in Buenos Aires. His lands were, of course, confiscated, and one of his brothers was executed. Another member of my mother's family was Francisco de Laprida, who, in 1816, in Tucumán, where he presided over the Congress, declared the independence of the Argentine Confederation, and was killed in 1829 in a civil war. My mother's father, Isidoro Acevedo, though a civilian, took part in the fighting of yet other civil wars in the eighteen-sixties and eighties. So, on both sides of my family, I have military forebears; this may account for my yearning after that epic destiny which my gods denied me, no doubt wisely.

I have already said that I spent a great deal of my boyhood indoors. Having no childhood friends, my sister and I invented two imaginary companions, named, for some reason or other, Quilos and The Windmill. (When they finally bored us, we told our mother that they had died.) I was always very nearsighted and wore glasses, and I was rather frail. As most of my people had been soldiers—even my father's brother had been a naval officer—and I knew I would never be, I felt ashamed, quite early, to be a bookish kind of person and not a man of action. Throughout my boyhood, I thought that to be loved would have amounted to an injustice. I did not feel I deserved any particular love, and I remember my birthdays filled me with shame, because everyone heaped gifts on me and I thought that I had done nothing to deserve them—that I was a kind of fake. After the age of thirty or so, I got over the feeling.

AT home, both English and Spanish were commonly used. If I were asked to name the chief event in my life, I should say my father's library. In fact, I sometimes think I have never strayed outside that library. I can still picture it. It was in a room of its own, with glass-fronted shelves, and must have contained several thousand volumes. Being so nearsighted, I have forgotten most of the faces of that time (perhaps even when I think of my Grandfather Acevedo I am thinking of his photograph), and yet I vividly remember so many of the steel engravings in Chambers's Encyclopædia and in the Britannica. The first novel I ever read through was "Huckleberry Finn." Next came "Roughing It" and "Flush Days in California." I also read

SEPTEMBER, THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

I

My child and I hold hands on the way to school,
And when I leave him at the first-grade door
He cries a little but is brave; he does
Let go. My selfish tears remember how
I cried before that door a life ago.
I may have had a hard time letting go.

Each fall the children must endure together
What each child also must endure alone:
Learning the alphabet, the integers,
Three dozen bits and pieces of a stuff
So arbitrary, so peremptory,
That worlds invisible and visible

Bow down before it, as in Joseph's dream
The sheaves bowed down and then the stars bowed down
Before the dreaming of a little boy.
That dream got him such hatred of his brothers
As cost the greater part of life to mend,
And yet great kindness came of it in the end.

II

A school is where they grind the grain of thought,
And grind the children who must mind the thought.
It may be those two grindings are but one,
As from the alphabet come Shakespeare's Plays,
As from the integers comes Euler's Law,
As from the whole, inseparably, the lives,

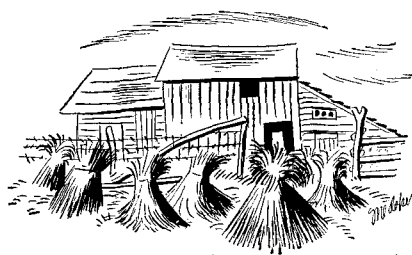
The shrunken lives that have not been set free
By law or by poetic fantasy.
But may they be. My child has disappeared
Behind the schoolroom door. And should I live
To see his coming forth, a life away,
I know my hope, but do not know its form

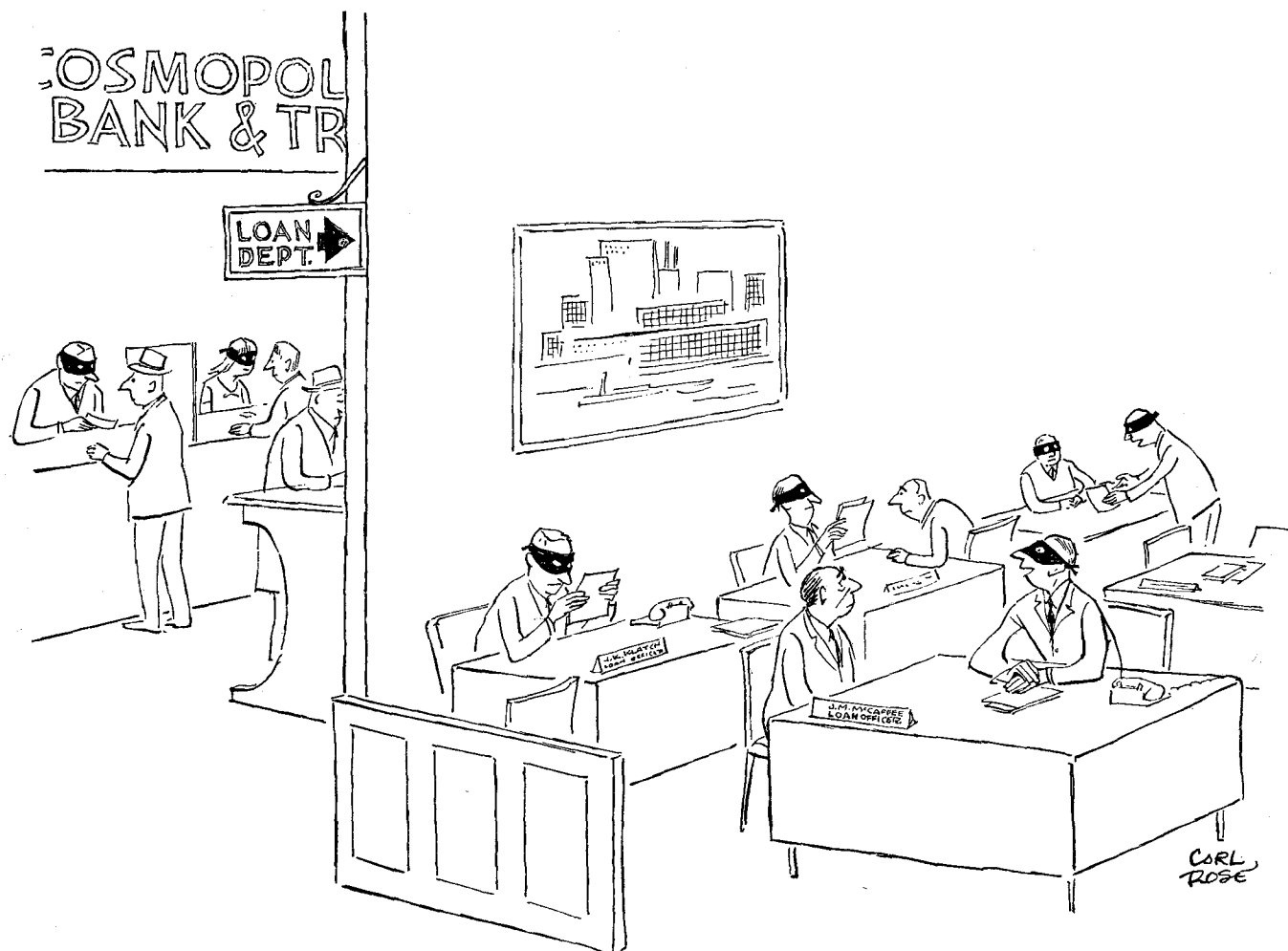
Nor hope to know it. May the fathers he finds
Among his teachers have a care of him
More than his father could. How that will look
I do not know, I do not need to know.
Even our tears belong to ritual.
But may great kindness come of it in the end.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

books by Captain Marryat, Wells' "First Men in the Moon," Poe, a one-volume edition of Longfellow, "Treasure Island," Dickens, "Don Quixote," "Tom Brown's School Days," Grimms' "Fairy Tales," Lewis Carroll, "The Adventures of Mr Verdant Green" (a now forgotten book), Burton's "A Thousand Nights and a Night." The Burton, filled with what

was then considered obscenity, was forbidden, and I had to read it in hiding up on the roof. But at the time, I was so carried away with the magic that I took no notice whatever of the objectionable parts, reading the tales unaware of any other significance. All the foregoing books I read in English. When later I read "Don Quixote" in the original, it sounded like a bad translation to me. I still remember those red volumes with the gold lettering of the Garnier edition. At some point, my father's library was broken up, and when I read the "Quijote" in another edition I had the feeling that it wasn't the real "Quijote." Later, I had a friend get me the Garnier, with the same steel engravings, the





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same footnotes, and also the same errata. All those things form part of the book for me; this I consider the real "Quijote."

In Spanish, I also read many of the books by Eduardo Gutiérrez about Argentine outlaws and desperadoes—"Juan Moreira" foremost among them—as well as his "Siluetas militares," which contains a forceful account of Colonel Borges' death. My mother forbade the reading of "Martín Fierro," since that was a book fit only for hoodlums and schoolboys and, besides, was not about real gauchos at all. This, too, I read on the sly. Her feelings were based on the fact that Hernández had been an upholder of Rosas and therefore an enemy to our Unitarian ancestors. I read also Sarmiento's "Facundo," many books on Greek mythology, and later Norse. Poetry came to me through English—Shelley, Keats, FitzGerald, and Swinburne, those great favorites of my father, who could quote them voluminously, and often did.

A tradition of literature ran through my father's family. His great-uncle

Juan Crisóstomo Lafinur was one of the first Argentine poets, and he wrote an ode on the death of his friend General Manuel Belgrano, in 1820. One of my father's cousins, Alvaro Melián Lafinur, whom I knew from childhood, was a leading minor poet and later found his way into the Argentine Academy of Letters. My father's maternal grandfather, Edward Young Haslam, edited one of the first English papers in Argentina, the *Southern Cross*, and was a Doctor of Philosophy or Letters, I'm not sure which, of the University of Heidelberg. Haslam could not afford Oxford or Cambridge, so he made his way to Germany, where he got his degree, going through the whole course in Latin. Eventually, he died in Paraná. My father wrote a novel, which he published in Majorca in 1921, about the history of Entre Ríos. It was called "The Caudillo." He also wrote (and destroyed) a book of essays, and published a translation of FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyám" in the same metre as the original. He destroyed a book of Oriental stories—in the manner of the

Arabian Nights—and a drama, "Hacia la nada" ("Toward Nothingness"), about a man's disappointment in his son. He published some fine sonnets after the style of the Argentine poet Enrique Banchs. From the time I was a boy, when blindness came to him, it was tacitly understood that I had to fulfill the literary destiny that circumstances had denied my father. This was something that was taken for granted (and such things are far more important than things that are merely said). I was expected to be a writer.

I FIRST started writing when I was six or seven. I tried to imitate classic writers of Spanish—Miguel de Cervantes, for example. I had set down in quite bad English a kind of handbook on Greek mythology, no doubt cribbed from Lemprière. This may have been my first literary venture. My first story was a rather nonsensical piece after the manner of Cervantes, an old-fashioned romance called "La visera fatal" ("The Fatal Helmet"). I very neatly wrote these things into copybooks. My father never interfered. He wanted me



"You and Mother will be pleased to know I've decided to do what you've done—work within the system."

to commit all my own mistakes, and once said, "Children educate their parents, not the other way around." When I was nine or so, I translated Oscar Wilde's "The Happy Prince" into Spanish, and it was published in one of the Buenos Aires dailies, *El País*. Since it was signed merely "Jorge Borges," people naturally assumed that the translation was my father's.

I take no pleasure whatever in recalling my early school days. To begin with, I did not start school until I was nine. This was because my father, as an anarchist, distrusted all enterprises run by the state. As I wore spectacles and dressed in an Eton collar and tie, I was jeered at and bullied by most of my schoolmates, who were amateur hooligans. I cannot remember the name of the school but recall that it was on Thames Street. My father used to say that Argentine history had taken the place of the catechism, so we were expected to worship all things Argentine. We were taught Argentine history, for example, before we were allowed any knowledge of the many

lands and many centuries that went into its making. As far as Spanish composition goes, I was taught to write in a flowery way: "*Aquellos que lucharon por una patria libre, independiente, gloriosa...*" ("Those who struggled for a free, independent, and glorious nation..."). Later on, in Geneva, I was to be told that such writing was meaningless and that I must see things through my own eyes. My sister Norah, who was born in 1901, of course attended a girls' school.

During all these years, we usually spent our summers out in Adrogué, some ten or fifteen miles to the south of Buenos Aires, where we had a place of our own—a large one-story house with grounds, two summerhouses, a windmill, and a shaggy brown sheep-dog. Adrogué then was a lost and undisturbed maze of summer homes surrounded by iron fences with masonry planters on the gateposts, of parks, of streets that radiated out of the many plazas, and of the ubiquitous smell of eucalyptus trees. We continued to visit Adrogué for decades.

My first real experience of the pampa came around 1909, on a trip we took to a place belonging to relatives near San Nicolás, to the northwest of Buenos Aires. I remember that the nearest house was a kind of blur on the horizon. This endless distance, I found out, was called the pampa, and when I learned that the farmhands were gauchos, like the characters in Eduardo Gutiérrez, that gave them a certain glamour. I have always come to things after coming to books. Once, I was allowed to accompany them on horseback, taking cattle to the river early one morning. The men were small and darkish and wore *bombachas*, a kind of wide, baggy trousers. When I asked them if they knew how to swim, they replied, "Water is meant for cattle." My mother gave a doll, in a large cardboard box, to the foreman's daughter. The next year, we went back and asked after the little girl. "What a delight the doll has been to her!" they told us. And we were shown it, still in its box, nailed to the wall like an image. Of course, the girl was allowed only



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to look at it, not to touch it, for it might have been soiled or broken. There it was, high up out of harm's way, worshipped from afar. Lugones has written that in Córdoba, before magazines came in, he had many times seen a playing card used as a picture and nailed to the wall in gauchos' shacks. The four of *copas*, with its small lion and two towers, was particularly coveted. I think I began writing a poem about gauchos, probably under the influence of the poet Ascasubi, before I went to Geneva. I recall trying to work in as many gaucho words as I could, but the technical difficulties were beyond me. I never got past a few stanzas.

EUROPE

IN 1914, we moved to Europe. My father's eyesight had begun to fail and I remember his saying, "How on earth can I sign my name to legal papers when I am unable to read them?" Forced into early retirement, he planned our trip in exactly ten days. The world was unsuspecting then; there were no passports or other red tape. We first spent some weeks in Paris, a city that neither then nor since has particularly charmed me, as it does every other good Argentine. Perhaps, without knowing it, I was always a bit of a Britisher; in fact, I always think of Waterloo as a victory. The idea of the trip was for my sister and me to go to school in Geneva; we were to live with my maternal grandmother, who travelled with us and eventually died there, while my parents toured the Continent. At the same time, my father was to be treated by a famous Genevan eye doctor. Europe in those days was cheaper than Buenos Aires, and Argentine money then stood for something. We were so ignorant of history, however, that we had no idea that the First World War would break out in August. My mother and father were in Germany when it happened, but managed to get back to us in Geneva. A year or so later, despite the war, we were able to journey across the Alps into northern Italy. I have vivid memories of Verona and Venice. In the vast and empty amphitheatre of Verona I recited, loud and bold, several gaucho verses from Ascasubi.

That first fall—1914—I started school at the College of Geneva, founded by John Calvin. It was a day school. In my class there were some forty of us; a good half were foreigners. The chief subject was Latin, and I soon found out that one could let oth-

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er studies slide a bit as long as one's Latin was good. All these other courses, however—algebra, chemistry, physics, mineralogy, botany, zoology—were studied in French. That year, I passed all my exams successfully, except for French itself. Without a word to me, my fellow-schoolmates sent a petition around to the headmaster, which they had all signed. They pointed out that I had had to study all of the different subjects in French, a language I also had to learn. They asked the headmaster to take this into account, and he very kindly did so. At first, I had not even understood when a teacher was calling on me, because my name was pronounced in the French manner, in a single syllable (rhyming roughly with "forge"), while we pronounce it with two syllables, the "g" sounding like a strong Scottish "h." Every time I had to answer, my schoolmates would nudge me.

We lived in a flat on the southern, or old, side of town. I still know Geneva far better than I know Buenos Aires, which is easily explained by the fact that in Geneva no two street corners are alike, and one quickly learns the differences. Every day, I walked along that green and icy river, the Rhone, which runs through the very heart of the city, spanned by seven quite different-looking bridges. The Swiss are rather proud and standoffish. My two bosom friends were of Polish-Jewish origin—Simon Jichlinski and Maurice Abramowicz. One became a lawyer and the other a physician. I taught them to play *truco*, and they learned so well and fast that at the end of our first game they left me without a cent. I became a good Latin scholar, while I did most of my private reading in English. At home, we spoke Spanish, but my sister's French soon became so good that she even dreamed in it. I remember my mother's coming home one day and finding Norah hidden behind a red plush curtain, crying out in fear, "*Une mouche, une mouche!*" It seems she had adopted the French notion that flies are dangerous. "You come out of there," my mother told her, somewhat unpatriotically. "You were born and bred among flies!" As a result of the war—apart from the Italian trip and journeys inside Switzerland—we did no travelling. Later on, braving German submarines and in the company of

only four or five other passengers, my English grandmother joined us.

On my own, outside of school, I took up the study of German. I was sent on this adventure by Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" ("The Tailor Retailored"), which dazzled and also bewildered me. The hero, Diogenes Devil'sdung, is a German professor of idealism. In German literature I was looking for something Germanic, akin to Tacitus, but I was only later to find this in Old English and in Old Norse. German literature turned out to be romantic and sickly. At first I tried Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," but was defeated by it, as most people—including most Germans—are. Then I thought verse would be easier, because of its brevity. So I got hold of a copy of Heine's early poems, the "Lyrisches Intermezzo," and a German-English dictionary. Little by little, owing to Heine's simple vocabulary, I found I could do without the dictionary. Soon I had worked my way into the loveliness of the language. I also managed to read Meyrink's novel "Der Golem." (In 1969, when I was in Israel, I talked over the Bohemian legend of the Golem with Gershom Scholem, a leading scholar of Jewish mysticism, whose name I had twice used as the only possible rhyming word in a poem of my own on the Golem.) I tried to be interested in Jean Paul Richter, for Carlyle's and De Quincey's sake—this was around 1917—but I soon discovered that I was very bored by him. Richter, in spite of his two British champions, seemed to me very long-winded and perhaps a passionless writer. I became, however, very interested in German Expressionism and still think of it as beyond other contemporary schools, such as Imagism, Cubism, Futurism, Surrealism, and so on. A few years later, in Madrid, I was to attempt

some of the first, and perhaps the only, translations of a number of Expressionist poets into Spanish.

At some point while in Switzerland, I began reading Schopenhauer. Today, were I to choose a single philosopher, I would choose him. If the riddle of the universe can be stated in words, I think these words would be in his writings. I have read him many times over, both in German and, with my father and his close friend Macedonio Fernández, in translation. I still think of German as being a beautiful



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language—perhaps more beautiful than the literature it has produced. French, rather paradoxically, has a fine literature despite its fondness for schools and movements, but the language itself is, I think, rather ugly. Things tend to sound trivial when they are said in French. In fact, I even think of Spanish as being the better of the two languages, though Spanish words are far too long and cumbersome. As an Argentine writer, I have to cope with Spanish and so am only too aware of its shortcomings. I remember that Goethe wrote that he had to deal with the worst language in the world—German. I suppose most writers think along these lines concerning the language they have to struggle with. As for Italian, I have read and reread “The Divine Comedy” in more than a dozen different editions. I’ve also read Ariosto, Tasso, Croce, and Gentile, but I am quite unable to speak Italian or to follow an Italian play or film.

It was also in Geneva that I first met Walt Whitman, through a German translation by Johannes Schlaf (“*Als ich in Alabama meinen Morgen-gang machte*”—“As I have walk’d in Alabama my morning walk”). Of course, I was struck by the absurdity of reading an American poet in German, so I ordered a copy of “Leaves of Grass” from London. I remember it still—bound in green. For a time, I thought of Whitman not only as a great poet but as the *only* poet. In fact, I thought that all poets the world over had been merely leading up to Whitman until 1855, and that not to imitate him was a proof of ignorance. This feeling had already come over me with Carlyle’s prose, which is now unbearable to me, and with the poetry of Swinburne. These were phases I went through. Later on, I was to go through similar experiences of being overwhelmed by some particular writer.

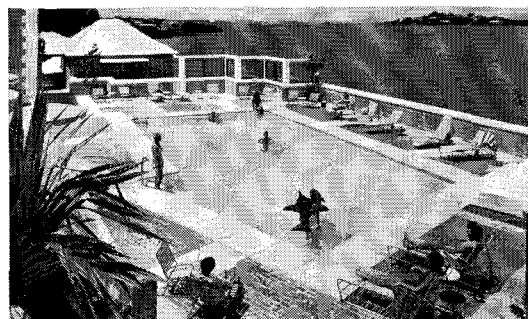
We remained in Switzerland until 1919. After three or four years in Geneva, we spent a year in Lugano. I had my bachelor’s degree by then, and it was now understood that I should devote myself to writing. I wanted to show my manuscripts to my father, but he told me that he didn’t believe in advice and that I must work my way all by myself through trial and error. I had been writing sonnets in English and in French. The English sonnets were poor imitations of Wordsworth, and the French, in their own watery way, were imitative of symbolist poetry. I still recall one line of my French experiments: “*Petite boîte noire pour le violon cassé.*” The whole

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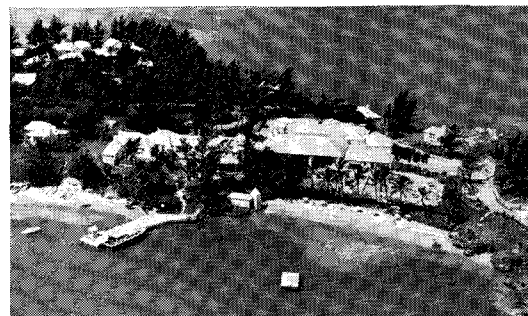
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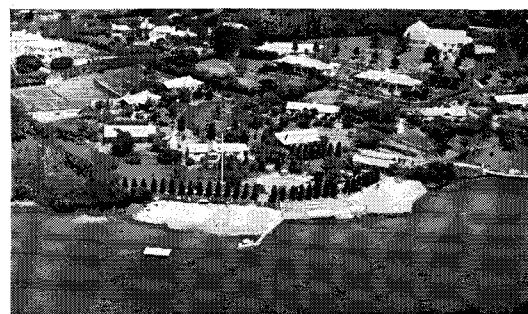
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piece was titled "Poème pour être récité avec un accent russe." As I knew I wrote a foreigner's French, I thought a Russian accent better than an Argentine one. In my English experiments, I affected some eighteenth-century mannerisms, such as "o'er" instead of "over" and, for the sake of metrical ease, "doth sing" instead of "sings." I knew, however, that Spanish would be my unavoidable destiny.

WE decided to go home, but to spend a year or so in Spain first. Spain at that time was slowly being discovered by Argentines. Until then, even eminent writers like Leopoldo Lugones and Ricardo Güiraldes deliberately left Spain out of their European travels. This was no whim. In Buenos Aires, Spaniards always held menial jobs—as domestic servants, waiters, and laborers—or were small tradesmen, and we Argentines never thought of ourselves as Spanish. We had, in fact, left off being Spaniards in 1816, when we declared our independence from Spain. When, as a boy, I read Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," it amazed me to find that he portrayed the conquistadores in a romantic way. To me, descended from certain of these officials, they were an uninteresting lot. Through French eyes, however, Latin Americans saw the Spaniards as picturesque, thinking of them in terms of the stock in trade of García Lorca—gypsies, bullfights, and Moorish architecture. But though Spanish was our language and we came mostly of Spanish and Portuguese blood, my own family never thought of our trip in terms of going back to Spain after an absence of some three centuries.

We went to Majorca because it was cheap, beautiful, and had hardly any tourists but ourselves. We lived there nearly a whole year, in Palma and in Valldemosa, a village high up in the hills. I went on studying Latin, this time under the tutelage of a priest, who told me that since the innate was sufficient to his needs, he had never attempted reading a novel. We went over Vergil, of whom I still think highly. I remember I astonished the natives by my fine swimming, for I had learned in swift rivers, such as the Uruguay and the Rhone, while Majorcans were used only to a quiet, tideless sea. My father was writing his novel, which harked back to old times during the civil war of the eighteen-seventies in his native Entre Ríos. I recall giving him some quite bad metaphors, borrowed from the German Expressionists, which he accepted out of resigna-

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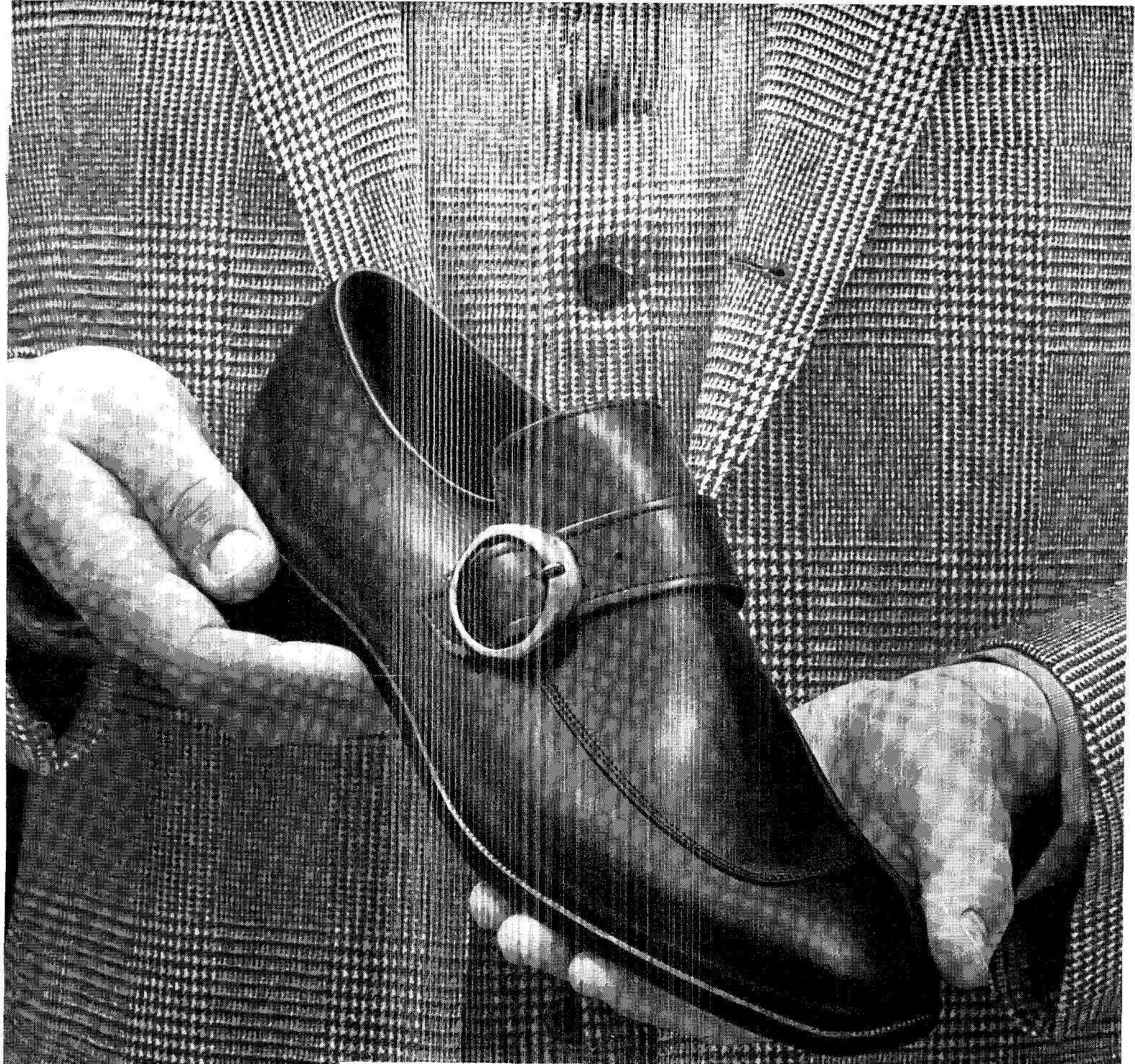
tion. He had some five hundred copies of the book printed, and brought them back to Buenos Aires, where he gave them away to friends. Every time the word "Paraná"—his home town—came up in the manuscript, the printers had changed it to "Panamá," thinking they were correcting a mistake. Not to give them trouble, and also seeing that it was funnier that way, my father let this pass. Now I repent my youthful intrusions into his book. Seventeen years later, before he died, he told me that he would very much like me to rewrite the novel in a straightforward way, with all the fine writing and purple patches left out. I myself in those days wrote a story about a werewolf and sent it to a popular magazine in Madrid, *La Esfera*, whose editors very wisely turned it down.

The winter of 1919-20 we spent in Seville, where I saw my first poem into print. It was titled "Hymn to the Sea" and appeared in the magazine *Grecia*, in its issue of December 31, 1919. In the poem, I tried my hardest to be Walt Whitman:

O sea! O myth! O sun! O wide
resting place!
I know why I love you. I know
that we are both very old,
that we have known each other for
centuries....
O Protean, I have been born of
you—
both of us chained and wandering,
both of us hungering for stars,
both of us with hopes and disap-
pointments....!

Today, I hardly think of the sea, or even of myself, as hungering for stars. Years after, when I came across Arnold Bennett's phrase "the third-rate grandiose," I understood at once what he meant. And yet when I arrived in Madrid a few months later, as this was the only poem I had ever printed, people there thought of me as a singer of the sea.

In Seville, I fell in with the literary group formed around *Grecia*. This group, who called themselves Ultraists, had set out to renew literature, a branch of the arts of which they knew nothing whatever. One of them once told me his whole reading had been the Bible, Cervantes, Darío, and one or two of the books of the Master, Rafael Cansinos-Asséns. It baffled my Argentine mind to learn that they had no French and no inkling at all that such a thing as English literature existed. I was even introduced to a local worthy popularly known as "the Humanist" and was not long in discovering that his Latin was far smaller than mine. As for *Grecia* itself, the editor, Isaac



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del Vando Villar, had the whole corpus of his poetry written for him by one or another of his assistants. I remember one of them telling me one day, "I'm very busy—Isaac is writing a poem."

Next, we went to Madrid, and there the great event to me was my friendship with Rafael Cansinos-Asséns. I still like to think of myself as his disciple. He had come from Seville, where he studied for the priesthood, but, having found the name Cansinos in the archives of the Inquisition, he decided he was a Jew. This led him to the study of Hebrew, and later on he even had himself circumcised. Literary friends from Andalusia took me to meet him. I timidly congratulated him on a poem *he* had written about the sea. "Yes," he said, "and how I'd like to see it before I die." He was a tall man, with the Andalusian contempt for all things Castilian. The most remarkable fact about Cansinos was that he lived completely for literature, without regard for money or fame. He was a fine poet and wrote a book of psalms—chiefly erotic—called "El candelabro de los siete brazos," which was published in 1915. He also wrote novels, stories, and essays, and, when I knew him, presided over a literary circle.

Every Saturday I would go to the Café Colonial, where we met at midnight, and the conversation lasted until daybreak. Sometimes there were as many as twenty or thirty of us. The group despised all Spanish local color—*cante jondo* and bullfights. They admired American jazz, and were more interested in being Europeans than Spaniards. Cansinos would propose a subject—the Metaphor, Free Verse, the Traditional Forms of Poetry, Narrative Poetry, the Adjective, the Verb. In his own quiet way, he was a dictator, allowing no unfriendly allusions to contemporary writers and trying to keep the talk on a high plane.

Cansinos was a wide reader. He had translated De Quincey's "Opium-Eater," the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" from the Greek, novels of Barbusse, and Schwob's "Vies imaginaires." Later, he was to undertake complete translations of Goethe and Dostoevski. He also made the first Spanish version of the Arabian Nights, which is very free compared to Burton's or Lane's, but which makes, I think, for more pleasurable reading.

Once, I went to see him and he took me into his library. Or, rather, I should say his whole house was a library. It was like making your way through woods. He was too poor to have shelves, and the books were piled one on top of the other from floor to ceiling, forcing you to thread your way among the vertical columns. Cansinos seemed to me as if he were all the past of that Europe I was leaving behind—something like the symbol of all culture, Western and Eastern. But he had a perversity that made him fail to get on with his leading contemporaries. It lay in writing books that lavishly praised second- or third-rate writers. At the time, Ortega y Gasset was at the height of his fame, but Cansinos thought of him as a bad philosopher and a bad writer. What I got from him, chiefly, was the pleasure of literary conversation. Also, I was stimulated by him to far-flung reading. In writing, I began aping him. He wrote long and flowing sentences with an un-Spanish and strongly Hebrew flavor to them.

Oddly, it was Cansinos who, in 1919, invented the term "Ultraism." He thought Spanish literature had always been behind the times. Under the pen name of Juan Las, he wrote some short, laconic Ultraist pieces. The whole thing—I see now—was done in a spirit of mockery. But we youngsters took it very seriously. Another of the earnest followers was Guillermo de Torre, whom I met in Madrid that spring and who married my sister Norah nine years later.

In Madrid at this time, there was another group gathered around Gómez de la Serna. I went there once and didn't like the way they behaved. They had a buffoon who wore a bracelet with a rattle attached. He would be made to shake hands with people and the rattle would rattle and Gómez de la Serna would invariably say, "Where's the snake?" That was supposed to be funny. Once, he turned to me proudly and remarked, "You've never seen this kind of thing in Buenos Aires, have you?" I owned, thank God, that I hadn't.

In Spain, I wrote two books. One was a series of essays called, I now wonder why, "Los naipes del tahir" ("The Sharper's Cards"). They were literary and political essays (I was still an anarchist and a freethinker and in favor of pacifism), written under the



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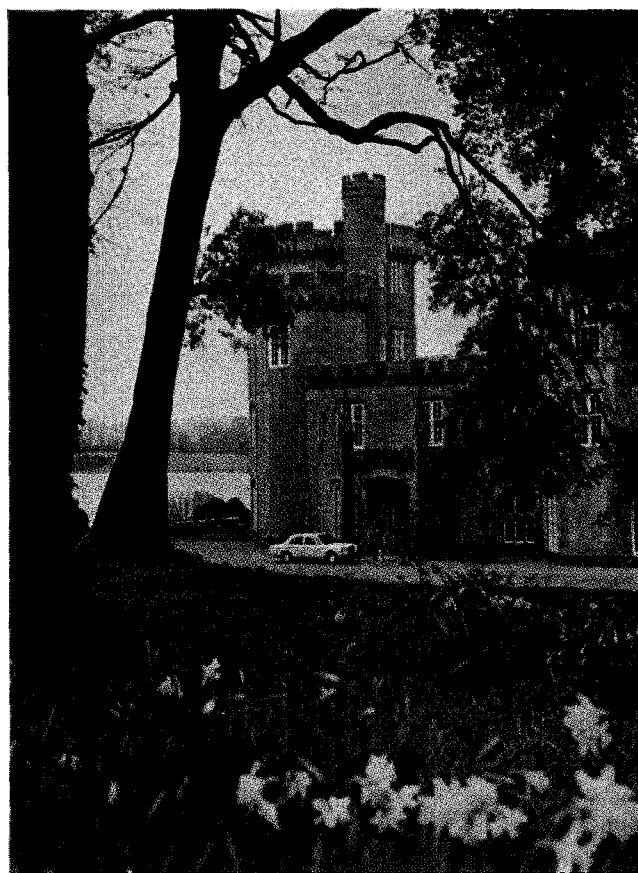
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influence of Pío Baroja. Their aim was to be bitter and relentless, but they were, as a matter of fact, quite tame. I went in for using such words as "fools," "harlots," "liars." Failing to find a publisher, I destroyed the manuscript on my return to Buenos Aires. The second book was titled either "The Red Psalms" or "The Red Rhythms." It was a collection of poems—perhaps some twenty in all—in free verse and in praise of the Russian Revolution, the brotherhood of man, and pacifism. Three or four of them found their way into magazines—"Bolshevik Epic," "Trenches," "Russia." This book I destroyed in Spain on the eve of our departure. I was then ready to go home.

BUENOS AIRES

WE returned to Buenos Aires on the Reina Victoria Eugenia toward the end of March, 1921. It came to me as a surprise, after living in so many European cities—after so many memories of Geneva, Zurich, Nîmes, Córdoba, and Lisbon—to find that my native town had grown, and that it was now a very large, sprawling, and almost endless city of low buildings with flat roofs, stretching west toward the pampa. It was more than a homecoming; it was a rediscovery. I was able to see Buenos Aires keenly and eagerly because I had been away from it for a long time. Had I never gone abroad, I wonder whether I would ever have seen it with the peculiar shock and glow that it now gave me. The city—not the whole city, of course, but a few places in it that became emotionally significant to me—inspired the poems of my first published book, "Fervor de Buenos Aires."

I wrote these poems in 1921 and 1922, and the volume came out early in 1923. The book was actually printed in five days; the printing had to be rushed, because it was necessary for us to return to Europe. (My father wanted to consult his Genevan doctor about his sight.) I had bargained for sixty-four pages, but the manuscript ran too long and at the last minute five poems had to be left out—mercifully. I can't remember a single thing about them. The book was produced in a somewhat boyish spirit. No proof-reading was done, no table of contents was provided, and the pages were unnumbered. My sister made a woodcut for the cover, and three hundred copies were printed. In those days, publishing a book was something of a private venture. I never thought of sending copies

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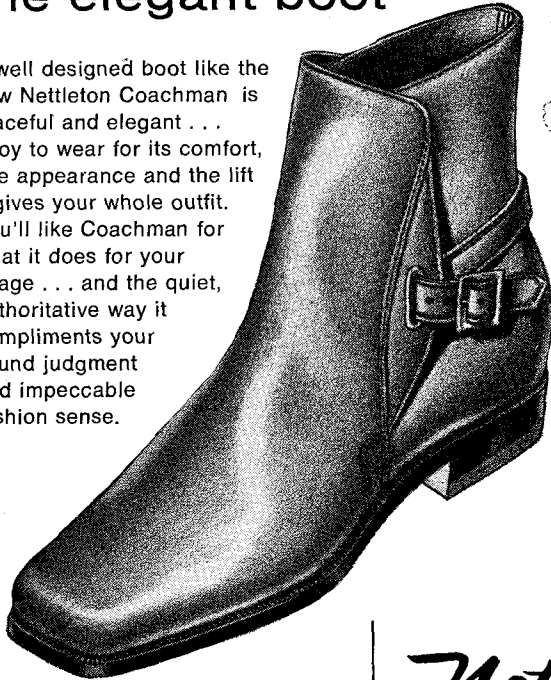
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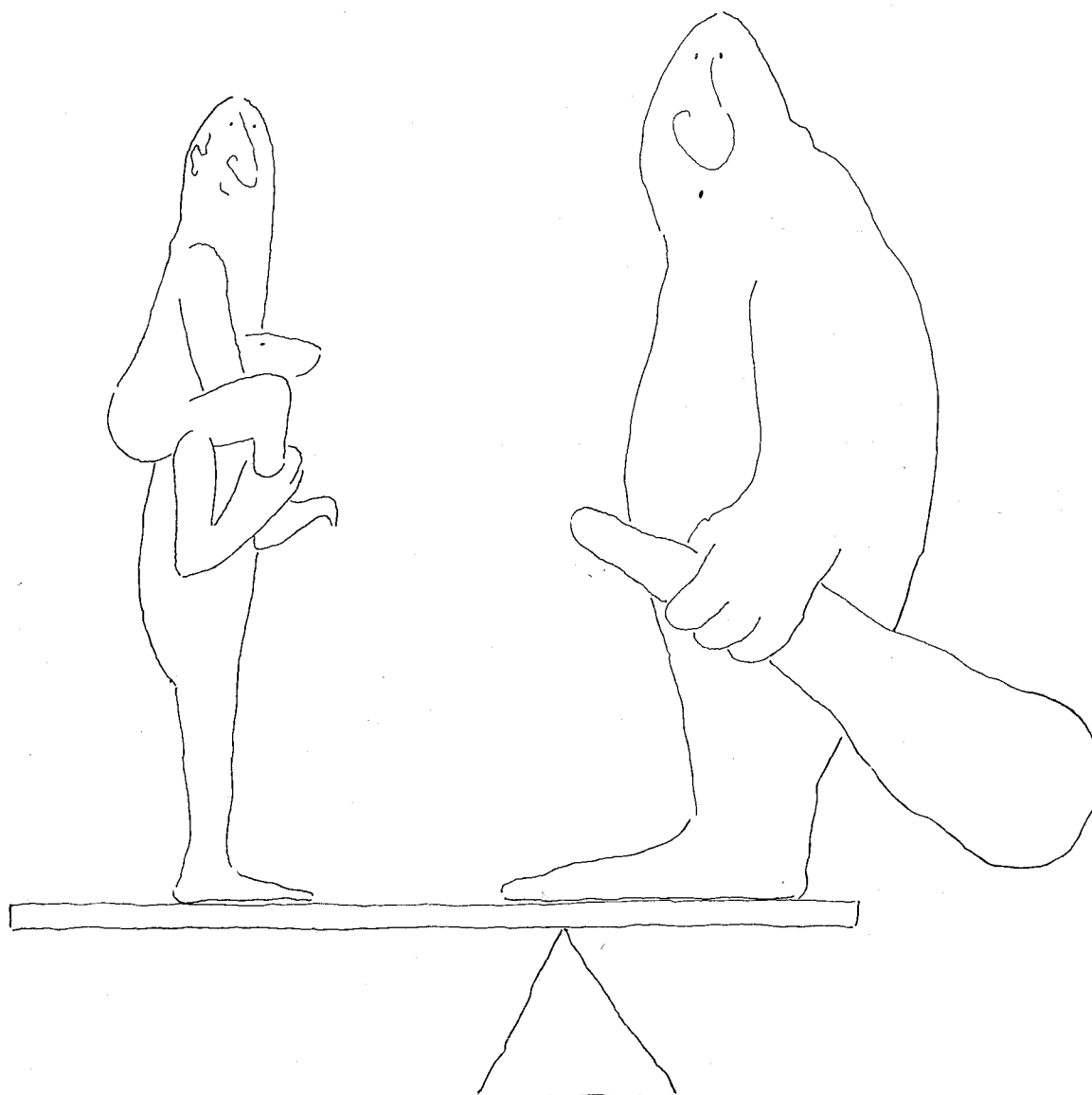


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to the booksellers or out for review. Most of them I just gave away. I recall one of my methods of distribution. Having noticed that many people who went to the offices of *Nosotros*—one of the older, more solid literary magazines of the time—left their overcoats hanging in the cloak room, I brought fifty or a hundred copies to Alfredo Bianchi, one of the editors. Bianchi stared at me in amazement and said, "Do you expect me to sell these books for you?" "No," I answered. "Although I've written them, I'm not altogether a lunatic. I thought I might ask you to slip some of these books into the pockets of those coats hanging out there." He generously did so. When I came back after a year's absence, I found that some of the inhabitants of the overcoats had read my poems, and a few had even written about them. As a matter of fact, in this way I got myself a small reputation as a poet.

The book was essentially romantic, though it was written in a rather lean style and abounded in laconic metaphors. It celebrated sunsets, solitary places, and unfamiliar corners; it ventured into Berkeleian metaphysics and family history; it recorded early loves. At the same time, I also mimicked the Spanish seventeenth century and cited Sir Thomas Browne's "Urne-Buriall" in my preface. I'm afraid the book was a plum pudding—there was just too much in it. And yet, looking back on it now, I think I have never strayed beyond that book. I feel that all my subsequent writing has only developed themes first taken up there; I feel that all during my lifetime I have been re-writing that one book.

Were the poems in "Fervor de Buenos Aires" Ultraist poetry? When I came back from Europe in 1921, I came bearing the banners of Ultraism. I am still known to literary historians as "the father of Argentine Ultraism." When I talked things over at the time with fellow-poets Eduardo González Lanuza, Norah Lange, Francisco Piñero, my cousin Guillermo Juan (Borges), and Roberto Ortell, we came to the conclusion that Spanish Ultraism was overburdened—after the manner of Futurism—with modernity and gadgets. We were unimpressed by railway trains, by propellers, by airplanes, and by electric fans. While in our manifestos we still upheld the primacy of the metaphor and the elimination of transitions and decorative adjectives, what we wanted to write was essential poetry—poems beyond the here and now, free of local color and contemporary circumstances. I think



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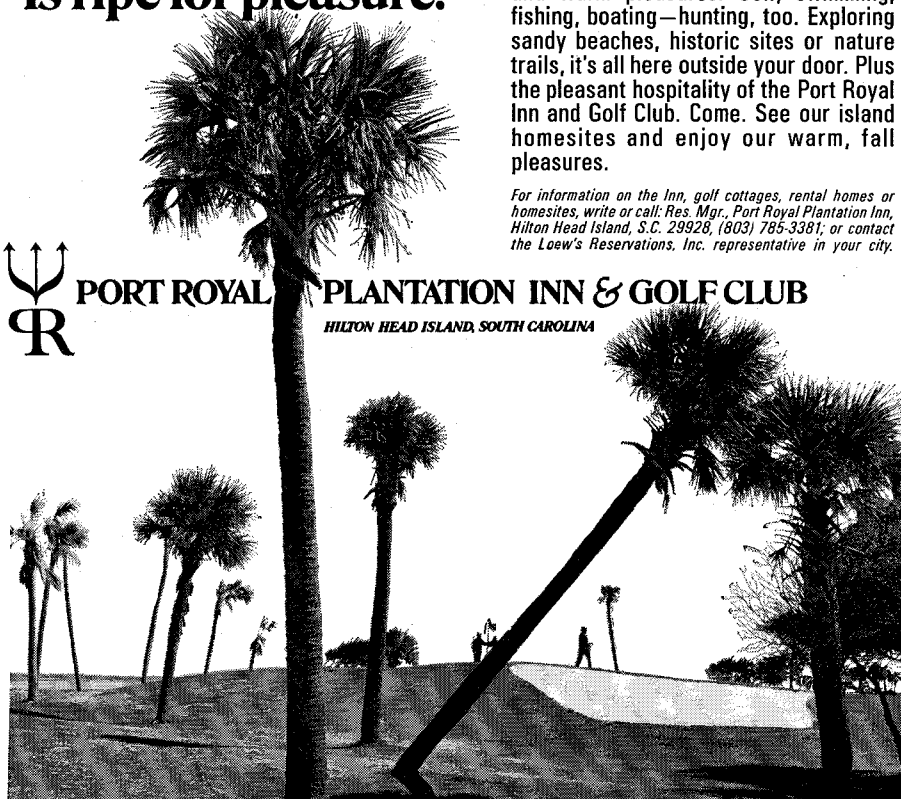
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the poem "Plainness" sufficiently illustrates what I personally was after:

The garden's grillwork gate
opens with the ease of a page
in a much thumbed book,
and, once inside, our eyes
have no need to dwell on objects
already fixed and exact in memory.
Here habits and minds and the private language
all families invent
are everyday things to me.
What necessity is there to speak
or pretend to be someone else?
The whole house knows me,
they're aware of my worries and weakness.

This is the best that can happen—
what Heaven perhaps will grant us:
not to be wondered at or required
to succeed
but simply to be let in
as part of an undeniable Reality,
like stones of the road, like trees.

I think this is a far cry from the timid extravagances of my earlier Spanish Ultraist exercises, when I saw a trolley car as a man shouldering a gun, or the sunrise as a shout, or the setting sun as being crucified in the west. A sane friend to whom I later recited such absurdities remarked, "Ah, I see you held the view that poetry's chief aim is to startle." As to whether the poems in "Fervor" are Ultraist or not, the answer—for me—was given by my friend and French translator Néstor Ibarra, who said, "Borges left off being an Ultraist poet with the first Ultraist poem he wrote." I can now only regret my early Ultraist excesses. After nearly a half century, I find myself still striving to live down that awkward period of my life.

PERHAPS the major event of my return was Macedonio Fernández. Of all the people I have met in my life—and I have met some quite remarkable men—no one has ever made so deep and so lasting an impression on me as Macedonio. A tiny figure in a black bowler hat, he was waiting for us on the Dársena Norte when we landed, and I came to inherit his friendship from my father. Both men had been born in 1874. Paradoxically, Macedonio was an outstanding conversationalist and at the same time a man of long silences and few words. We met on Saturday evenings at a café—the Perla, in the Plaza del Once. There we would talk till daybreak, Macedonio presiding. As in Madrid Cansinos had stood for all learning, Macedonio now stood for pure thinking. At the time, I was a great reader and went out very seldom (almost every night after dinner, I used to go to

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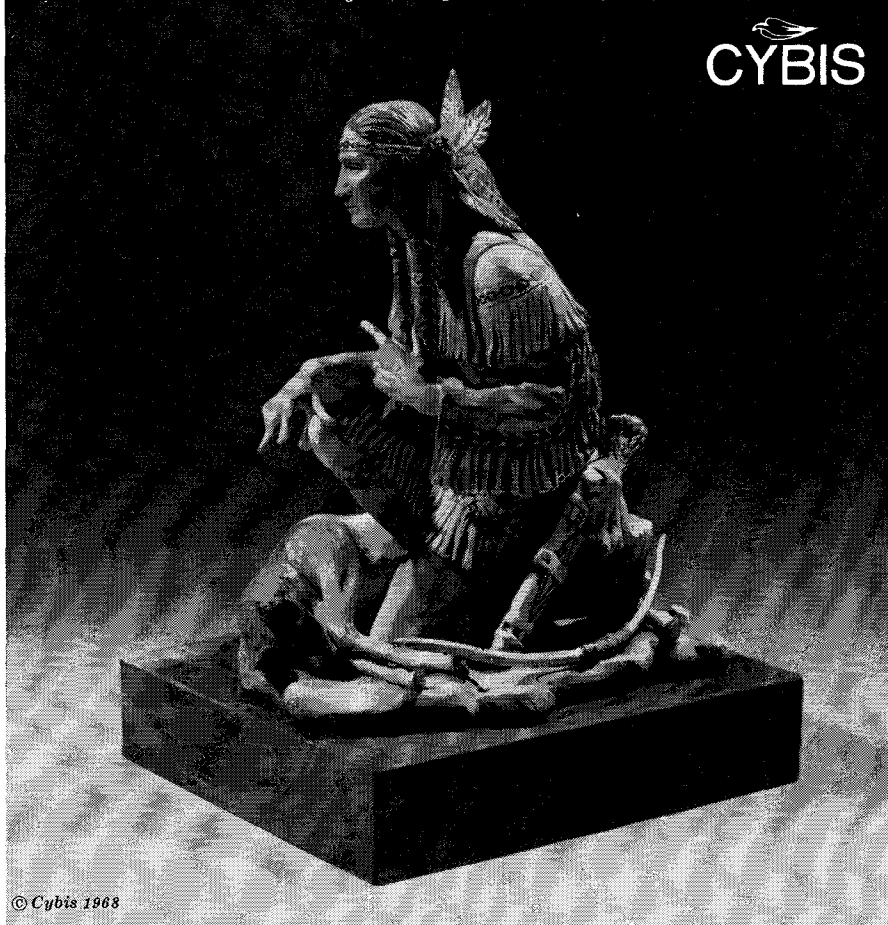
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bed and read), but my whole week was lit up with the expectation that on Saturday I'd be seeing and hearing Macedonio. He lived quite near us and I could have seen him whenever I wanted, but I somehow felt that I had no right to that privilege and that in order to give Macedonio's Saturday its full value I had to forgo him throughout the week. At these meetings, Macedonio would speak perhaps three or four times, risking only a few quiet observations, which were addressed—seemingly—to his neighbor alone. These remarks were never affirmative. Macedonio was very courteous and soft-spoken and would say, for example, "Well, I suppose you've noticed..." And thereupon he would let loose some striking, highly original thought. But, invariably, he attributed his remark to the hearer.

He was a frail, gray man with a kind of ash-colored hair and mustache that made him look like Mark Twain. The resemblance pleased him, but when he was reminded that he also looked like Paul Valéry, he resented it, since he had little use for Frenchmen. He always wore that black bowler, and for all I know may even have slept in it. He never undressed to go to bed, and at night, to fend off drafts that he thought might cause him toothache, he draped a towel around his head. This made him look like an Arab. Among his other eccentricities were his nationalism (he admired one Argentine president after another for the sufficient reason that the Argentine electorate could not be wrong), his fear of dentistry (this led him to tugging at his teeth, in public, behind a hand, so as to stave off the dentist's pliers), and a habit of falling sentimentally in love with streetwalkers.

As a writer, Macedonio published several rather unusual volumes, and papers of his are still being collected close to twenty years after his death. His first book, published in 1928, was called "No toda es vigilia la de los ojos abiertos" ("We're Not Always Awake When Our Eyes Are Open"). It was an extended essay on idealism, written in a deliberately tangled and crabbed style, in order, I suppose, to match the tangledness of reality. The next year, a miscellany of his writings appeared—"Papeles de reciénvenido" ("Newcomer's Papers")—in which I myself took a hand, collecting and ordering the chapters. This was a sort of miscellany of jokes within jokes. Macedonio also wrote novels and poems, all of them startling but hardly readable. One novel of twenty chapters is pref-

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aced by fifty-six different forewords. For all his brilliance, I don't think Macedonio is to be found in his writings at all. The real Macedonio was in his conversation.

Macedonio lived modestly in boarding houses, which he seemed to change with frequency. This was because he was always skipping out on the rent. Every time he would move, he'd leave behind piles and piles of manuscripts. Once, his friends scolded him about this, telling him it was a shame all that work should be lost. He said to us, "Do you really think I'm rich enough to lose anything?"

Readers of Hume and Schopenhauer may find little that is new in Macedonio, but the remarkable thing about him is that he arrived at his conclusions by himself. Later on, he actually read Hume, Schopenhauer, Berkeley, and William James, but I suspect he had not done much other reading, and he always quoted the same authors. He considered Sir Walter Scott the greatest of novelists, maybe just out of loyalty to a boyhood enthusiasm. He had once exchanged letters with William James, whom he had written in a medley of English, German, and French, explaining that it was because "I knew so little in any one of these languages that I had constantly to shift tongues." I think of Macedonio as reading a page or so and then being spurred into thought. He not only argued that we are such stuff as dreams are made on but he really believed that we are all living in a dream world. Macedonio doubted whether truth was communicable. He thought that certain philosophers had discovered it but that they had failed to communicate it completely. However, he also believed that the discovery of truth was quite easy. He once told me that if he could lie out on the pampa, forgetting the world, himself, and his quest, truth might suddenly reveal itself to him. He added that, of course, it might be impossible to put that sudden wisdom into words.

Macedonio was fond of compiling small oral catalogues of people of genius, and in one of them I was amazed to find the name of a very lovable lady of our acquaintance, Quica González Acha de Tomkinson Alvear. I stared at him openmouthed. I somehow did not think Quica ranked with Hume and Schopenhauer. But Macedonio said, "Philosophers have had to try and explain the universe, while Quica simply feels and understands it." He would

turn to her and ask, "Quica, what is Being?" Quica would answer, "I don't know what you mean, Macedonio." "You see," he would say to me, "she understands so perfectly that she cannot even grasp the fact that we are puzzled." This was his proof of Quica's being a woman of genius. When I later told him he might say the same of a child or a cat, Macedonio took it angrily.

Before Macedonio, I had always been a credulous reader. His chief gift to me was to make me read skeptically. At the outset, I plagiarized him devotedly, picking up certain stylistic mannerisms of his that I later came to regret. I look back on him now, however, as an Adam bewildered by the Garden of Eden. His genius survives in but a few of his pages; his influence was of a Socratic nature. I truly loved the man, on this side idolatry, as much as any.

THIS period, from 1921 to 1930, was one of great activity, but much of it was perhaps reckless and even pointless. I wrote and published no less than seven books—four of them essays and three of them verse. I also founded three magazines and contributed with fair frequency to nearly a dozen other periodicals, among them *La Prensa*, *Nosotros*, *Inicial*, *Criterio*, and *Síntesis*. This productivity now amazes me as much as the fact that I feel only the remotest kinship with the work of these years. Three of the four essay collections—whose names are



best forgotten—I have never allowed to be reprinted. In fact, when, in 1953, my present publisher, Emecé, proposed to bring out my "complete writings," the only reason I accepted was that it would allow me to keep those preposterous volumes suppressed. This reminds me of Mark Twain's suggestion

that a fine library could be started by leaving out the works of Jane Austen, and that even if that library contained no other books it would still be a fine library, since her books were left out.

In the first of these reckless compilations, there was a quite bad essay on Sir Thomas Browne, which may have been the first ever attempted on him in the Spanish language. There was another essay that set out to classify metaphors as though other poetic elements, such as rhythm and music, could be safely ignored. There was a longish essay on the nonexistence of the ego, cribbed from Bradley



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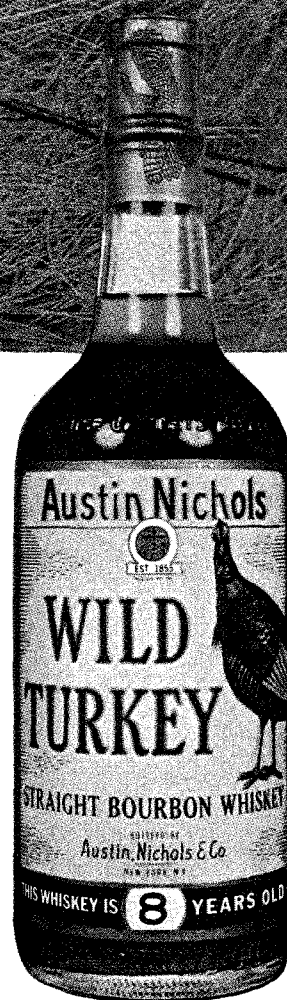
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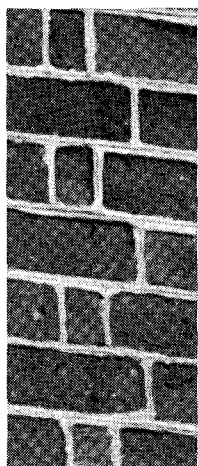
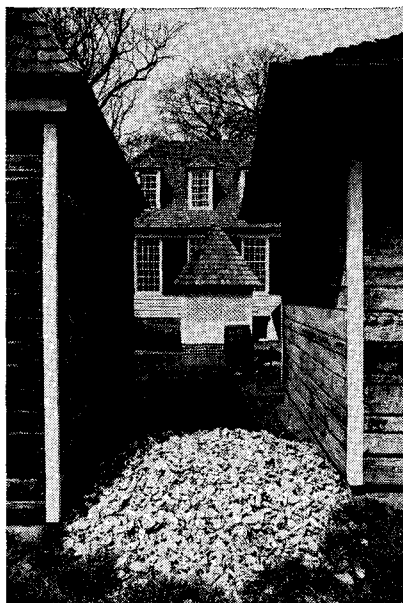
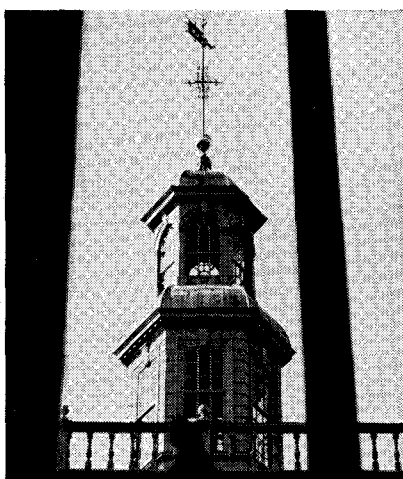
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or the Buddha or Macedonio Fernández. When I wrote these pieces, I was trying to play the sedulous ape to two Spanish-baroque seventeenth-century writers, Quevedo and Saavedra Fajardo, who stood in their own stiff, arid, Spanish way for the same kind of writing as Sir Thomas Browne in "Urne-Buriall." I was doing my best to write Latin in Spanish, and the book collapses under the sheer weight of its involutions and sententious judgments. The next of these failures was a kind of reaction. I went to the other extreme—I tried to be as Argentine as I could. I got hold of Segovia's dictionary of Argentinisms and worked in so many local words that many of my countrymen could hardly understand it. Since I have mislaid the dictionary, I'm not sure I would any longer understand the book myself, and so have given it up as utterly hopeless. The third of these unmentionables stands for a kind of partial redemption. I was creeping out of the second book's style and slowly going back to sanity, to writing with some attempt at logic and at making things easy for the reader rather than dazzling him with purple passages. One such experiment, of dubious value, was "Hombres pelearon" ("Men Fought"), my first venture into the mythology of the old Northside of Buenos Aires. In it, I was trying to tell a purely Argentine story in an Argentine way. This story is one I have been retelling, with small variations, ever since. It is the tale of the motiveless, or disinterested, duel—of courage for its own sake. I insisted when I wrote it that in our sense of the language we Argentines were different from the Spaniards. Now, instead, I think we should try to stress our linguistic affinities. I was still writing, but in a milder way, so that Spaniards would not understand me—writing, it might be said, to be understood. The Gnostics claimed that the only way to avoid a sin was to commit it and be rid of it. In my books of these years, I seem to have committed most of the major literary sins, some of them under the influence of a great writer, Leopoldo Lugones, whom I still cannot help admiring. These sins were fine writing, local color, a quest for the unexpected, and a seventeenth-century style. Today, I no longer feel guilty over these excesses; those books were written by somebody else. Until a few years ago, if the price were not too stiff, I would buy up copies and burn them.

Of the poems of this time, I should perhaps have also suppressed my sec-



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ond collection, "Luna de enfrente" ("Moon Across the Way"). It was published in 1925 and is a kind of riot of sham local color. Among its tomfooleries were the spelling of my first name in the nineteenth-century Chilean fashion as "Jorje" (it was a halfhearted attempt at phonetic spelling); the spelling of the Spanish for "and" as "i" instead of "y" (our greatest writer, Sarmiento, had done the same, trying to be as un-Spanish as he could); and the omission of the final "d" in words like "autoridá" and "ciudad." In later editions, I dropped the worst poems, pruned the eccentricities, and, successively—through several reprintings—revised and toned down the verses. The third collection of the time, "Cuaderno San Martín" (the title has nothing to do with the national hero; it was merely the brand name of the out-of-fashion copybook into which I wrote the poems), includes some quite legitimate pieces, such as "La noche que en el Sur lo velaron," whose title has been strikingly translated by Robert Fitzgerald as "Deathwatch on the Southside," and "Muertes de Buenos Aires" ("Deaths of Buenos Aires"), about the two chief graveyards of the Argentine capital. One poem in the book (no favorite of mine) has somehow become a minor Argentine classic: "The Mythical Founding of Buenos Aires." This book, too, has been improved, or purified, by cuts and revisions down through the years.

In 1929, that third book of essays won the Second Municipal Prize of three thousand pesos, which in those days was a lordly sum of money. I was, for one thing, to acquire with it a second-hand set of the Eleventh Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. For another, I was insured a year's leisure and decided I would write a longish book on a wholly Argentine subject. My mother wanted me to write about any of three really worthwhile poets—Ascasubi, Almafuerte, or Lugones. I now wish I had. Instead, I chose to write about a popular but minor poet, Evaristo Carriego. My mother and father pointed out that his poems were not good. "But he was a friend and neighbor of ours," I said. "Well, if you think that qualifies him as the subject for a book, go ahead," they said. Carriego was the man who discovered the literary possibilities of the run-down and ragged outskirts of the city—the Palermo of my boyhood. His career followed the same evolution as the tango—rollicking, daring, courageous at first, then turning sentimental.

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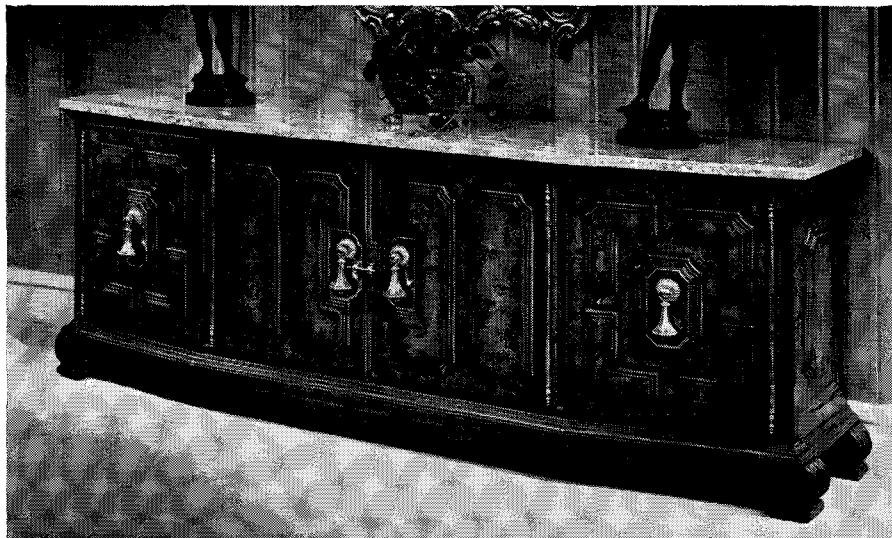
In 1912, at the age of twenty-nine, he died of tuberculosis, leaving behind a single volume of his work. I remember that a copy of it, inscribed to my father, was one of several Argentine books that we had taken to Geneva and that I read and reread there. Around 1909, Carriego had dedicated a poem to my mother. Actually, he had written it in her album. In it, he spoke of me: "And may your son . . . go forth, led by the trusting wing of inspiration, to carry out the vintage of a new annunciation, which from lofty grapes will yield the wine of Song." But when I began writing my book the same thing happened to me that happened to Carlyle as he wrote his "Frederick the Great." The more I wrote, the less I cared about my hero. I had started out to do a straight biography, but on the way I became more and more interested in old-time Buenos Aires. Readers, of course, were not slow in finding out that the book hardly lived up to its title, "Evaristo Carriego," and so it fell flat. When the second edition appeared twenty-five years later, in 1955, as the fourth volume of my "complete" works, I enlarged the book with several new chapters, one a "History of the Tango." As a consequence of these additions, I feel "Evaristo Carriego" has been rounded out for the better.

Prisma, founded in 1921 and lasting two numbers, was the earliest of the magazines I edited. Our small Ultraist group was eager to have a magazine of its own, but a real magazine was beyond our means. I had noticed billboard ads, and the thought came to me that we might similarly print a "mural magazine" and paste it up ourselves on the walls of buildings in different parts of town. Each issue was a large single sheet and contained a manifesto and some six or eight short, laconic poems, printed with plenty of white space around them, and a woodcut by my sister. We sallied forth at night—González Lanuza, Piñero, my cousin, and I—armed with pastepots and brushes provided by my mother, and, walking miles on end, slapped them up along Santa Fe, Callao, Entre Ríos, and Mexico Streets. Most of our handiwork was torn down by baffled readers almost at once, but, luckily for us, Alfredo Bianchi, of *Nosotros*, saw one of them and invited us to publish an Ultraist anthology among the pages of his solid magazine. After *Prisma*, we went in for a six-page magazine, which was really just a single sheet printed on both sides and folded twice. This was the first *Proa* (*Prow*), and three numbers of it were

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published. Two years later, in 1924, came the second *Proa*. One afternoon, Brandán Caraffa, a young poet from Córdoba, came to see me at the Garden Hotel, where we were living upon return from our second European trip. He told me that Ricardo Güiraldes and Pablo Rojas Paz had decided to found a magazine that would represent the new literary generation, and that everyone had said that if that were its goal I could not possibly be left out. Naturally, I was flattered. That night, I went around to the Phoenix Hotel, where Güiraldes was staying. He greeted me with these words: "Brandán told me that the night before last all of you got together to found a magazine of young writers, and everyone said I couldn't be left out." At that moment, Rojas Paz came in and told us excitedly, "I'm quite flattered." I broke in and said, "The night before last, the three of us got together and decided that in a magazine of new writers you couldn't be left out." Thanks to this innocent stratagem, *Proa* was born. Each one of us put in fifty pesos, which paid for an edition of three to five hundred copies with no misprints and on fine paper. But a year and a half and fifteen issues later, for lack of subscriptions and ads, we had to give it up.

THESE years were quite happy ones because they stood for many friendships. There were those of Norah Lange, Macedonio, Piñero, and my father. Behind our work was a sincerity; we felt we were renewing both prose and poetry. Of course, like all young men, I tried to be as unhappy as I could—a kind of Hamlet and Raskolnikov rolled into one. What we achieved was quite bad, but our comradeships endured.

In 1924, I found my way into two different literary sets. One, whose memory I still enjoy, was that of Güiraldes, who was yet to write "Don Segundo Sombra." Güiraldes was very generous to me. I would give him a quite clumsy poem and he would read between the lines and divine what I had been trying to say but what my literary incapacity had prevented me from saying. He would then speak of the poem to other people, who were baffled not to find these things in the text. The other set, which I rather regret, was that of the magazine *Martín Fierro*. I disliked what *Martín Fierro* stood for, which was the French idea that literature is being continually renewed—that Adam is reborn every morning—and also for the idea that since Paris had literary cliques that

wallowed in publicity and bickering, we should be up to date and do the same. One result of this was that a sham literary feud was cooked up in Buenos Aires—that between Florida and Boedo. Florida represented downtown and Boedo the proletariat. I'd have preferred to be in the Boedo group, since I was writing about the old Northside and slums, sadness, and sunsets. But I was informed by one of the two conspirators—they were Ernesto Palacio, of Florida, and Roberto Mariani, of Boedo—that I was already one of the Florida warriors and it was too late for me to change. The whole thing was just a put-up job. Some writers belonged to both groups—Roberto Arlt and Nicolás Olivari, for example. This sham is now taken into serious consideration by “credulous universities.” But it was partly publicity, partly a boyish prank.

Linked to this time are the names of Silvina and Victoria Ocampo, of the poet Carlos Mastronardi, of Eduardo Mallea, and, not least, of Alejandro Xul-Solar. In a rough-and-ready way, it may be said that Xul, who was a mystic, a poet, and a painter, is our William Blake. I remember asking him on one particularly sultry afternoon about what he had done that stifling day. His answer was “Nothing whatever, except for founding twelve religions after lunch.” Xul was also a philologist and the inventor of two languages. One was a philosophical language after the manner of John Wilkins and the other a reformation of Spanish with many English, German, and Greek words thrown in. He came of Baltic and Italian stock. “Xul” was his version of “Schulz” and “Solar” of “Solari.” At this time, I also met Alfonso Reyes. He was the Mexican Ambassador to Argentina, and used to invite me to dinner every Sunday at the Embassy. I think of Reyes as the finest Spanish prose stylist of this century, and in my writing I learned a great deal about simplicity and directness from him.

Summing up this span of my life, I find myself completely out of sympathy with the priggish and rather dogmatic young man I then was. Those friends, however, are still very living and very close to me. In fact, they form a precious part of me. Friendship is, I think, the one redeeming Argentine passion.

MATURITY

IN the course of a lifetime devoted chiefly to books, I have read but few novels, and, in most cases, only a



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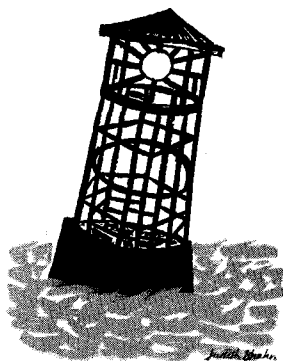
sense of duty has enabled me to find my way to their last page. At the same time, I have always been a reader and rereader of short stories. Stevenson, Kipling, James, Conrad, Poe, Chesterton, the tales of Lane's "Arabian Nights," and certain stories by Hawthorne have been habits of mine since I can remember. The feeling that great novels like "Don Quixote" and "Huckleberry Finn" are virtually shapeless served to reinforce my taste for the short-story form, whose indispensable elements are economy and a clearly stated beginning, middle, and end. As a writer, however, I thought for years that the short story was beyond my powers, and it was only after a long and roundabout series of timid experiments in narration that I sat down to write real stories.

It took me some six years, from 1927 to 1933, to go from that all too self-conscious sketch "Hombres pelearon" to my first outright short story, "Hombre de la esquina rosada" ("Streetcorner Man"). A friend of mine, don Nicolás Paredes, a former political boss and professional gambler of the Northside, had died, and I wanted to record something of his voice, his anecdotes, and his particular way of telling them. I slaved over my every page, sounding out each sentence and striving to phrase it in his exact tones. We were living out in Adrogué at the time and, because I knew my mother would heartily disapprove of the subject matter, I composed in secret over a period of several months. Originally titled "Hombres de las orillas" ("Men from the Edge of Town"), the story appeared in the Saturday supplement, which I was editing, of a yellow-press daily called *Crítica*. But out of shyness, and perhaps a feeling that the story was a bit beneath me, I signed it with a pen name—the name of one of my great-grandfathers, Francisco Bustos. Although the story became popular to the point of embarrassment (today, I only find it stogy and mannered and the characters bogus), I never regarded it as a starting point. It simply stands there as a kind of freak.

The real beginning of my career as a story writer starts with the series of sketches entitled "Historia universal de la infamia" ("A Universal History of Infamy"), which I contributed to the columns of *Crítica* in 1933 and 1934.

The irony of this is that "Streetcorner Man" really was a story but that these sketches and several of the fictional pieces which followed them, and which very slowly led me to legitimate stories, were in the nature of hoaxes and pseudo-essays. In my "Universal History," I did not want to repeat what Marcel Schwob had done in his "Imaginary Lives." He had invented biographies of real men about whom little or nothing is recorded. I, instead, read up on the lives of known persons and then deliberately varied and distorted them according to my own whims. For example, after reading Herbert Asbury's "The Gangs of New York," I set down my free version of Monk Eastman, the Jewish gunman, in flagrant contradiction of my chosen authority. I did the same for Billy the Kid, for John Murrel (whom I rechristened Lazarus Morell), for the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, for the Tichborne Claimant, and for several others. I never thought of book publication. The pieces were meant for popular consumption in *Crítica* and were pointedly picturesque. I suppose now the secret value of those sketches—apart from the sheer pleasure the writing gave me—lay in the fact that they were narrative exercises. Since the general plots or circumstances were all given me, I had only to embroider sets of vivid variations.

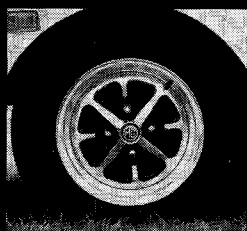
My next story, "The Approach to al-Mu'tasim," written in 1935, is both a hoax and a pseudo-essay. It purports to be a review of a book published originally in Bombay three years earlier. I endowed its fake second edition with a real publisher, Victor Gollancz, and a preface by a real writer, Dorothy L. Sayers. But the author and the book are entirely my own invention. I gave



the plot and details of some chapters—borrowing from Kipling and working in the twelfth-century Persian mystic Farid ud-Din Attar—and then carefully pointed out its shortcomings. The story appeared the next year in a volume of my essays, "Historia de la eternidad" ("A History of Eternity"), buried at the back of the book together with an article on the "Art of Insult." Those who read "The Approach to al-Mu'tasim" took it at face value, and one of my friends even ordered a copy from London. It was not until 1942 that I openly published it as a short story in my first story collection, "El

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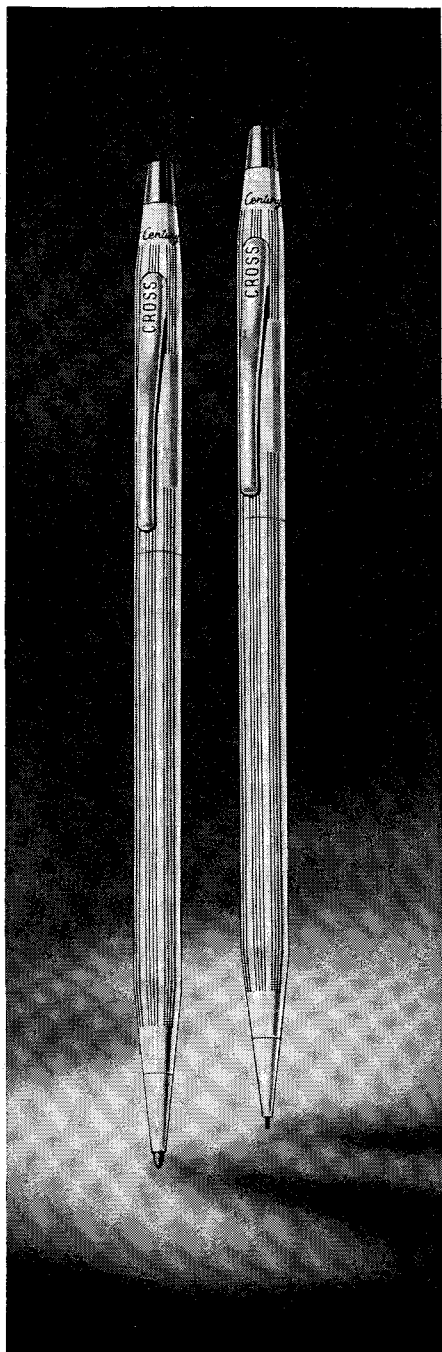


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jardín de senderos que se bifurcan” (“The Garden of Branching Paths”). Perhaps I have been unfair to this story; it now seems to me to foreshadow and even to set the pattern for those tales that were somehow awaiting me, and upon which my reputation as a storyteller was to be based.

ALONG about 1937, I took my first regular full-time job. I had previously worked at small editing tasks. There was the *Crítica* supplement, which was a heavily and even gaudily illustrated entertainment sheet. There was *El Hogar*, a popular society weekly, to which, twice a month, I contributed a couple of literary pages on foreign books and authors. I had also written newsreel texts and had been editor of a pseudo-scientific magazine called *Urbe*, which was really a promotional organ of a privately owned Buenos Aires subway system. These had all been small-paying jobs, and I was long past the age when I should have begun contributing to our household upkeep. Now, through friends, I was given a very minor position as First Assistant in the Miguel Cané branch of the Municipal Library, out in a drab and dreary part of town to the southwest. While there were Second and Third Assistants below me, there were also a Director and First, Second, and Third Officials above me. I was paid two hundred and ten pesos a month and later went up to two hundred and forty. These were sums roughly equivalent to seventy or eighty American dollars.

At the library, we did very little work. There were some fifty of us doing what fifteen could easily have done. My particular job, shared with fifteen or twenty colleagues, was classifying and cataloguing the library's holdings, which until that time were uncatalogued. The collection, however, was so small that we knew where to find the books without the system, so the system, though laboriously carried out, was never needed or used. The first day, I worked honestly. On the next, some of my fellows took me aside to say that I couldn't do this sort of thing because it showed them up. “Besides,” they argued, “as this cataloguing has been planned to give us some semblance of work, you'll put us out of our jobs.” I told them I had classified four hundred titles instead of their one hundred. “Well, if you keep that up,” they said, “the boss will be angry and won't know what to do with us.” For the sake of realism, I was told that from then on I should do eighty-three books one day,

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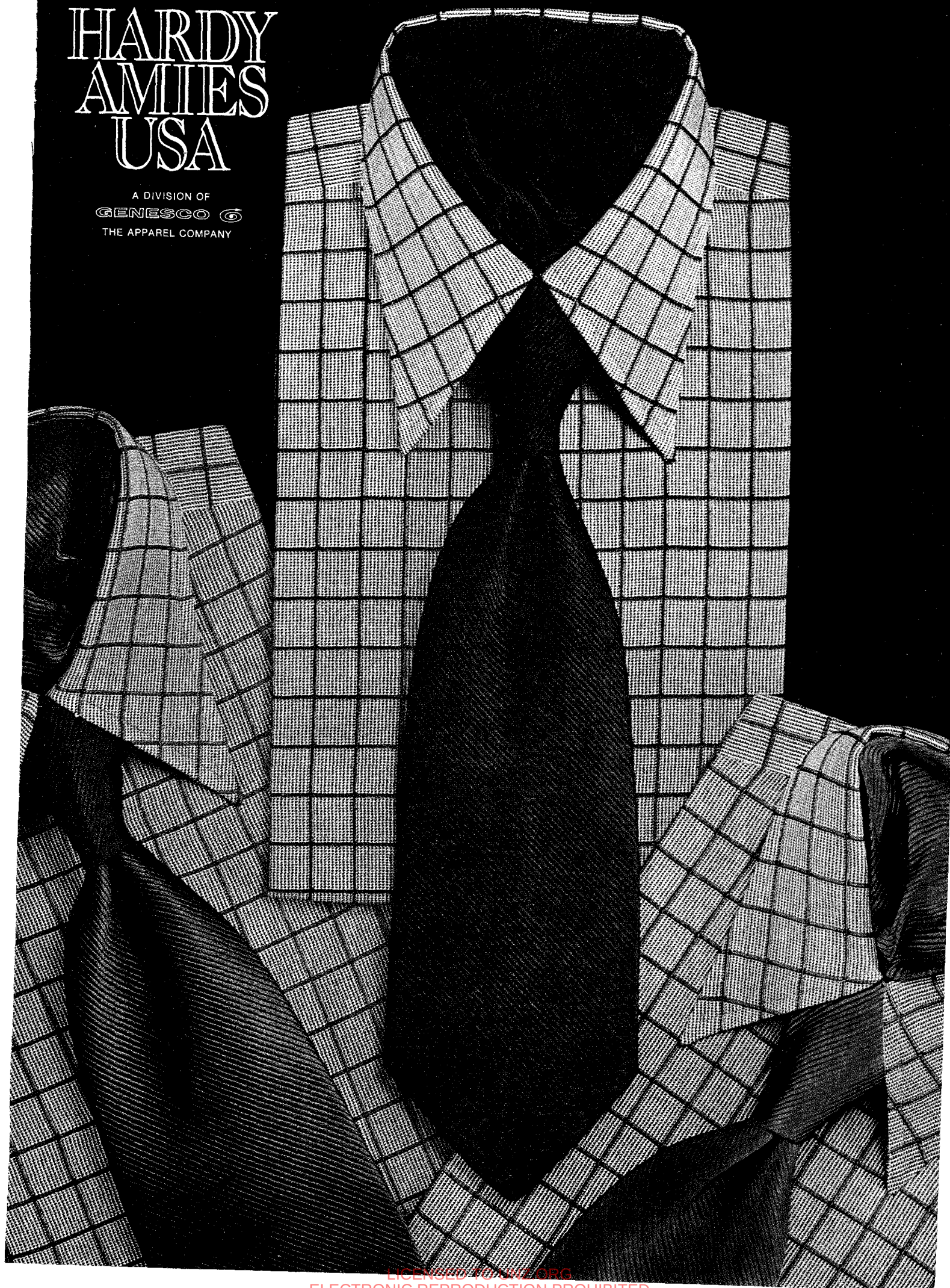
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ninety another, and one hundred and four the third.

I stuck out the library for about nine years. They were nine years of solid unhappiness. At work, the other men were interested in nothing but horse racing, soccer matches, and smutty stories. Once, a woman, one of the readers, was raped on her way to the ladies' room. Everybody said such things were bound to happen, since the men's and ladies' rooms were adjoining. One day, two rather posh and well-meaning friends—society ladies—came to see me at work. They phoned me a day or two later to say, "You may think it amusing to work in a place like that, but promise us you will find at least a nine-hundred-peso job before the month is out." I gave them my word that I would. Ironically, at the time I was a fairly well-known writer—except at the library. I remember a fellow-employee's once noting in an encyclopedia the name of a certain Jorge Luis Borges—a fact that set him wondering at the coincidence of our identical names and birth dates. Now and then during these years, we municipal workers were rewarded with gifts of a two-pound package of maté to take home. Sometimes in the evening, as I walked the ten blocks to the tramline, my eyes would be filled with tears. These small gifts from above always underlined my menial and dismal existence.

A couple of hours each day, riding back and forth on the tram, I made my way through "The Divine Comedy," helped as far as "Purgatory" by John Aitken Carlyle's prose translation and then ascending the rest of the way on my own. I would do all my library work in the first hour and then steal away to the basement and pass the other five hours in reading or writing. I remember in this way rereading the six volumes of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" and the many volumes of Vicente Fidel López' "History of the Argentine Republic." I read Léon Bloy, Claudel, Groussac, and Bernard Shaw. On holidays, I translated Faulkner and Virginia Woolf. At some point, I was moved up to the dizzying height of Third Official. One morning, my mother rang me up and I asked for leave to go home, arriving just in time to see my father die. He had undergone a long agony and was very impatient for his death.

It was on Christmas Eve of 1938—the same year my father died—that I had a severe accident. I was running up a stairway and suddenly felt something brush my scalp. I had grazed a

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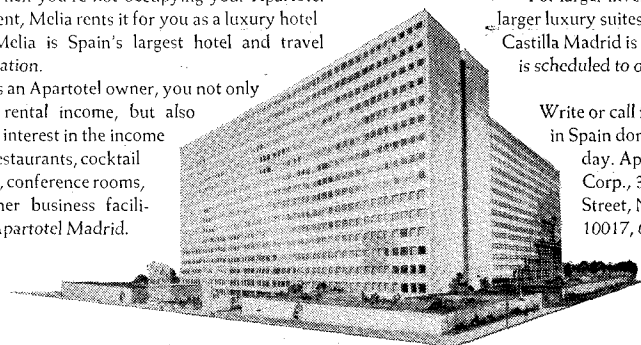
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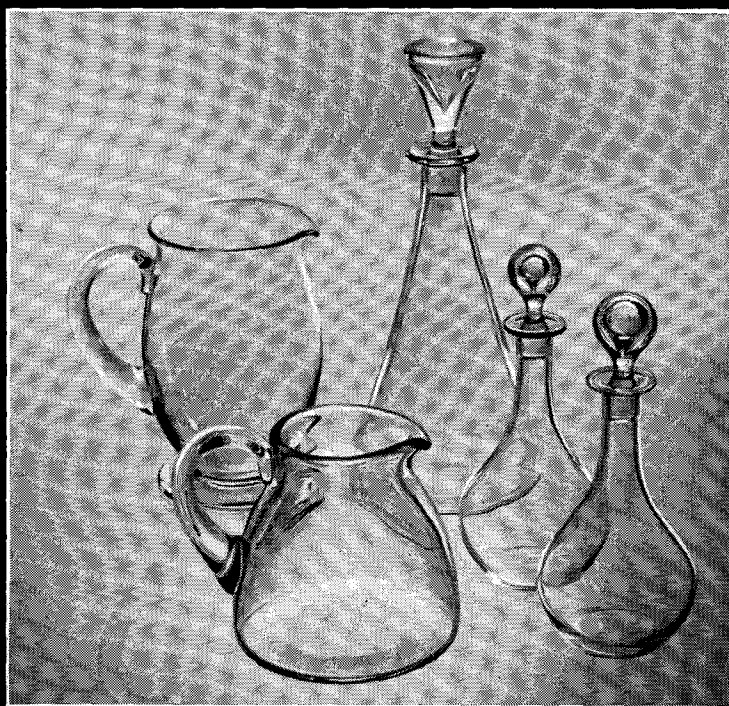
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freshly painted open casement window. In spite of first-aid treatment, the wound became poisoned, and for a period of a week or so I lay sleepless every night and had hallucinations and high fever. One evening, I lost the power of speech and had to be rushed to the hospital for an immediate operation. Septicemia had set in, and for a month I hovered, all unknowingly, between life and death. (Much later, I was to write about this in my story "The South.") When I began to recover, I feared for my mental integrity. I remember that my mother wanted to read to me from a book I had just ordered, C. S. Lewis's "Out of the Silent Planet," but for two or three nights I kept putting her off. At last, she prevailed, and after hearing a page or two I fell to crying. My mother asked me why the tears. "I'm crying because I understand," I said. A bit later, I wondered whether I could ever write again. I had previously written quite a few poems and dozens of short reviews. I thought that if I tried to write a review now and failed, I'd be all through intellectually but that if I tried something I had never really done before and failed at that it wouldn't be so bad and might even prepare me for the final revelation. I decided I would try to write a story. The result was "Pierre Menard, Author of 'Don Quixote.'"

"Pierre Menard," like its forerunner "The Approach to al-Mu'tasim," was still a halfway house between the essay and the true tale. But the achievement spurred me on. I next tried something more ambitious—"Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius," about the discovery of a new world that finally replaces our present world. Both were published in Victoria Ocampo's magazine *Sur*. I kept up my writing at the library. Though my colleagues thought of me as a traitor for not sharing their boisterous fun, I went on with work of my own in the basement, or, when the weather was warm, up on the flat roof. My Kafkian story "The Library of Babel" was meant as a nightmare version or magnification of that municipal library, and certain details in the text have no particular meaning. The numbers of books and shelves that I recorded in the story were literally what I had at my elbow. Clever critics have worried over those ciphers, and generously endowed them with mystic significance. "The Lottery in Babylon," "Death and the Compass," and "The Circular Ruins" were also written, in whole or part, while I played truant. These tales and others were to become

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"The Garden of Branching Paths," a book expanded and retitled "Ficciones" in 1944. "Ficciones" and "El Aleph" (1949 and 1952), my second story collection, are, I suppose, my two major books.

In 1946, a president whose name I do not want to remember came into power. One day soon after, I was honored with the news that I had been "promoted" out of the library to the inspectorship of poultry and rabbits in the public markets. I went to the City Hall to find out what it was all about. "Look here," I said. "It's rather strange that among so many others at the library I should be singled out as worthy of this new position." "Well," the clerk answered, "you were on the side of the Allies—what do you expect?" His statement was unanswerable; the next day, I sent in my resignation. My friends rallied round me at once and offered me a public dinner. I prepared a speech for the occasion but, knowing I was too shy to read it myself, I asked my friend Pedro Henriquez Ureña to read it for me.

I WAS now out of a job. Several months before, an old English lady had read my tea leaves and had foretold that I was soon to travel, to lecture, and to make vast sums of money thereby. When I told my mother about it, we both laughed, for public speaking was far beyond me. At this juncture, a friend came to the rescue, and I was made a teacher of English literature at the Asociación Argentina de Cultura Inglesa. I was also asked at the same time to lecture on classic American literature at the Colegio Libre de Estudios Superiores. Since this pair of offers was made three months before classes opened, I accepted, feeling quite safe. As the time grew near, however, I grew sicker and sicker. My series of nine lectures was to be on Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau, Emerson, Melville, Whitman, Twain, Henry James, and Veblen. I wrote the first one down. But I had no time to write out the second one. Besides, thinking of the first lecture as Doomsday, I felt that only eternity could come after. The first one went off well enough—miraculously. Two nights before the second lecture, I took my mother for a long walk around Adrogué and had her time me as I rehearsed my talk. She said she thought it was overlong. "In that case," I said, "I'm safe." My fear had been of running dry. So, at forty-seven, I found a new and exciting life opening up for me. I travelled up and down Argentina and Uruguay,



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lecturing on Swedenborg, Blake, the Persian and Chinese mystics, Buddhism, gauchesco poetry, Martin Buber, the Kabbalah, the Arabian Nights, T. E. Lawrence, medieval Germanic poetry, the Icelandic sagas, Heine, Dante, Expressionism, and Cervantes. I went from town to town, staying overnight in hotels I'd never see again. Sometimes my mother or a friend accompanied me. Not only did I end up making far more money than at the library but I enjoyed the work and felt that it justified me.

One of the chief events of these years—and of my life—was the beginning of my friendship with Adolfo Bioy-Casares. We met in 1930 or 1931, when he was about seventeen and I was just past thirty. It is always taken for granted in these cases that the older man is the master and the younger his disciple. This may have been true at the outset, but several years later, when we began to work together, Bioy was really and secretly the master. He and I attempted many different literary ventures. We compiled anthologies of Argentine poetry, tales of the fantastic, and detective stories; we wrote articles and forewords; we annotated Sir Thomas Browne and Gracián; we translated short stories by writers like Beerbohm, Kipling, Wells, and Lord Dunsany; we founded a magazine, *Destiempo*, which lasted three issues; we wrote film scripts, which were invariably rejected. Opposing my taste for the pathetic, the sententious, and the baroque, Bioy made me feel that quietness and restraint are more desirable. If I may be allowed a sweeping statement, Bioy led me gradually toward classicism.

It was at some point in the early forties that we began writing in collaboration—a feat that up to that time I had thought impossible. I had invented what we thought was a quite good plot for a detective story. One rainy morning, he told me we ought to give it a try. I reluctantly agreed, and a little later that same morning the thing happened. A third man, Honorio Bustos Domecq, emerged and took over. In the long run, he ruled us with a rod of iron and to our amusement, and later to our dismay, he became utterly unlike ourselves, with his own whims, his own puns, and his own very elaborate style of writing. Domecq was the name of a great-grandfather of Bioy's and Bustos of a great-grandfather of mine from Córdoba. Bustos Domecq's first book was "Six Problems for don Isidro Parodi" (1942), and during the writing of that



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volume he never got out of hand. Max Carrados had attempted a blind detective; Bioy and I went one step further and confined our detective to a jail cell. The book was at the same time a satire on the Argentine. For many years, the dual identity of Bustos Domecq was never revealed. When finally it was, people thought that, as Bustos was a joke, his writing could hardly be taken seriously.

Our next collaboration was another detective novel, "A Model for Death." This one was so personal and so full of private jokes that we published it only in an edition that was not for sale. The author of this book we named B. Suárez Lynch. The "B." stood, I think, for Bioy and Borges, "Suárez" for another great-grandfather of mine, and "Lynch" for another great-grandfather of Bioy's. Bustos Domecq reappeared in 1946 in another private edition, this time of two stories, entitled "Two Memorable Fantasies." After a long eclipse, Bustos took up his pen again, and in 1967 brought out his "Chronicles." These are articles written on imaginary, extravagantly modern artists—architects, sculptors, painters, chefs, poets, novelists, couturiers—by a devotedly modern critic. But both the author and his subjects are fools, and it is hard to tell who is taking in whom. The book is inscribed, "To those three forgotten greats—Picasso, Joyce, Le Corbusier." The style is itself a parody. Bustos writes a literary journalese, abounding in neologisms, a Latinate vocabulary, clichés, mixed metaphors, non sequiturs, and bombast.

I have often been asked how collaboration is possible. I think it requires a joint abandoning of the ego, of vanity, and maybe of common politeness. The collaborators should forget themselves and think only in terms of the work. In fact, when somebody wants to know whether such-and-such a joke or epithet came from my side of the table or Bioy's, I honestly cannot tell him. I have tried to collaborate with other friends—some of them very close ones—but their inability to be blunt on the one hand or thick-skinned on the other has made the scheme impossible. As to the "Chronicles of Bustos Domecq," I think they are better than anything I have published under my own name and nearly as good as anything Bioy has written on his own.

IN 1950, I was elected President of the Sociedad Argentina de Escritores (Argentine Society of Writers). The Argentine Republic, then as now, is a soft country, and the S.A.D.E. was

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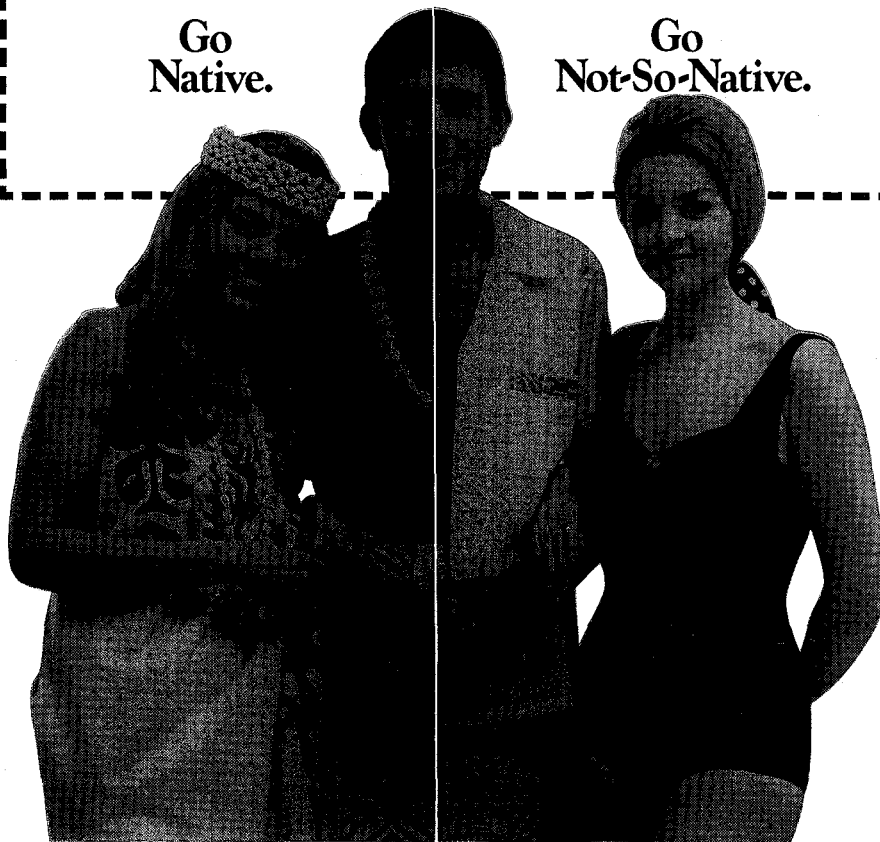
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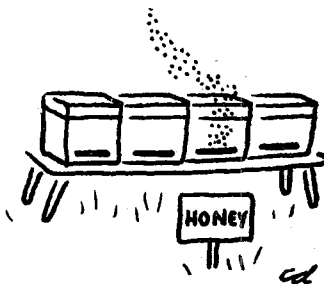


one of the few strongholds against the dictatorship. This was so evident that many distinguished men of letters did not dare set foot inside its doors until after the revolution. One curious trait of the dictatorship was that even its professed upholders made it clear that they did not really take the government seriously but were acting out of self-interest. This was understood and forgiven, since most of my countrymen have an intellectual, if not a moral, conscience. Nearly all the smutty jokes made up about Perón and his wife were the invention of Peronistas themselves, trying to save face. The S.A.D.E. was eventually closed. I remember the last lecture I was allowed to give there. The audience, quite a small one, included a very puzzled policeman who did his clumsy best to set down a few of my remarks on Persian Sufism. During this drab and hopeless period, my mother—then in her seventies—was under house arrest. My sister and one of my nephews spent a month in jail. I myself had a detective on my heels, whom I first took on long, aimless walks and at last made friends with. He admitted that he, too, hated Perón, but said that he was obeying orders. Ernesto Palacio once offered to introduce me to the Unspeakable, but I did not want to meet him. How could I be introduced to a man whose hand I would not shake?

The long-hoped-for revolution came in September, 1955. After a sleepless, anxious night, nearly the whole population came out into the streets, cheering the revolution and shouting the name of Córdoba, where most of the fighting had taken place. We were so carried away that for some time we were quite unaware of the rain that was soaking us to the bone. We were so happy that not a single word was even uttered against the fallen dictator. Perón went into hiding, and was later allowed to leave the country. No one knows how much money he got away with.

Two very dear friends of mine, Esther Zemborain de Torres and Victoria Ocampo, dreamed up the possibility of my being appointed Director of the National Library. I thought the scheme a wild one, and hoped at most to be given the directorship of some small-town library, preferably to the south of the city. Within the space of a day, a petition was signed by the magazine *Sur* (read Victoria Ocam-

po), by the reopened S.A.D.E. (read Carlos Alberto Erro), by the Sociedad Argentina de Cultura Inglesa (read Carlos del Campillo), and by the Colegio Libre de Estudios Superiores (read Luis Reissig). This was placed on the desk of the Minister of Education, and eventually I was appointed to the directorship by General Eduardo Lonardi, who was Acting President. A few days earlier, my mother and I had walked to the library at night to take a look at the building, but, feeling superstitious, I refused to go in. "Not until I get the job," I said. That same week, I was called to come to the library to take over. My family was present, and I made a speech to the employees, telling them I was actually the Director—the incredible Director.



At the same time, José

Edmundo Clemente, who a few years before had managed to persuade Emecé to bring out an edition of my works, became the Assistant Director. Of course, I felt very important, but we got no pay for the next three months. I don't think my predecessor, who was a Peronista, was ever officially fired. He just never came around to the library again. They named me to the job but did not take the trouble to unseat him.

Another pleasure came to me the very next year, when I was named to the professorship of English and American Literature at the University of Buenos Aires. Other candidates had sent in painstaking lists of their translations, papers, lectures, and other achievements. I limited myself to the following statement: "Quite unwittingly, I have been qualifying myself for this position throughout my life." My plain approach gained the day. I was hired, and spent ten or twelve happy years at the university.

MY blindness had been coming on gradually since childhood. It was a slow, summer twilight. There was nothing particularly pathetic or dramatic about it. Beginning in 1927, I underwent eight eye operations, but since the late nineteen-fifties, when I wrote my "Poem of the Gifts," for reading and writing purposes I have been blind. Blindness ran in my family; a description of the operation performed on the eyes of my great-grandfather, Edward Young Haslam, appeared in the pages of the London medical journal the *Lancet*. Blindness also seems

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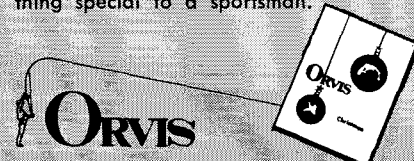
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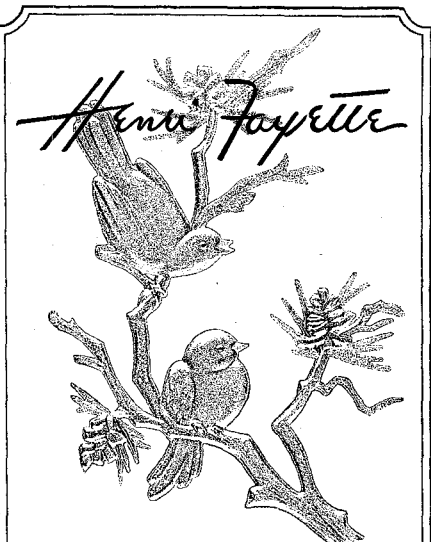
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to run among the Directors of the National Library. Two of my eminent forerunners, José Mármol and Paul Groussac, suffered the same fate. In my poem, I speak of God's splendid irony in granting me at one time eight hundred thousand books and darkness.

One salient consequence of my blindness was my gradual abandonment of free verse in favor of classical metrics. In fact, blindness made me take up the writing of poetry again. Since rough drafts were denied me, I had to fall back on memory. It is obviously easier to remember verse than prose, and to remember regular verse forms rather than free ones. Regular verse is, so to speak, portable. One can walk down the street or be riding the subway while composing and polishing a sonnet, for rhyme and metre have mnemonic virtues. In these years, I wrote dozens of sonnets and longer poems consisting of eleven-syllable quatrains. I thought I had taken Lugones as my master, but when the verses were written my friends told me that, regrettably, they were quite unlike him. In my later poetry, a narrative thread is always to be found. As a matter of fact, I even think of plots for poems. Perhaps the main difference between Lugones and me is that he held French literature as his model and lived intellectually in a French world, whereas I look to English literature. In this new poetic activity, I never thought of building a sequence of poems, as I always formerly did, but was chiefly interested in each piece for its own sake. In this way, I wrote poems on such different subjects as Emerson and wine, Snorri Sturluson and the hourglass, my grandfather's death and the beheading of Charles I. I also went in for summing up my literary heroes: Poe, Swedenborg, Whitman, Heine, Camões, Jonathan Edwards, and Cervantes. Due tribute, of course, was also paid to mirrors, the Minotaur, and knives.

I had always been attracted to the metaphor, and this leaning led me to the study of the simple Saxon kennings and overelaborate Norse ones. As far back as 1932, I had even written an essay about them. The quaint notion of using, as far as it could be done, metaphors instead of straightforward nouns, and of these metaphors' being at once traditional and arbitrary, puzzled and appealed to me. I was later to surmise that the purpose of these figures lay not only in the pleasure given by the pomp and circumstance of compounding words but also in the demands of alliteration. Taken



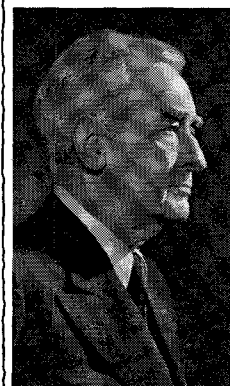
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by themselves, the kennings are not especially witty, and calling a ship "a sea-stallion" and the open sea "the whale's-road" is no great feat. The Norse skalds went a step further, calling the sea "the sea-stallion's-road," so that what originally was an image became a laborious equation. In turn, my investigation of kennings led me to the study of Old English and Old Norse. Another factor that impelled me in this direction was my ancestry. It may be no more than a romantic superstition of mine, but the fact that the Haslams lived in Northumbria and Mercia—or, as they are today called, Northumberland and the Midlands—links me with a Saxon and perhaps a Danish past. (My fondness for such a northern past has been resented by some of my more nationalistic countrymen, who dub me an Englishman, but I hardly need point out that many things English are utterly alien to me: tea, the Royal Family, "manly" sports, the worship of every line written by the uncaring Shakespeare.)

At the end of one of my university courses, several of my students came to see me at the library. We had just polished off all English literature from Beowulf to Bernard Shaw in the span of four months, and I thought we might now do something in earnest. I proposed that we begin at the beginning, and they agreed. I knew that at home, on a certain top shelf, I had copies of Sweet's "Anglo-Saxon Reader" and the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." When the students came the next Saturday morning, we began reading these two books. We skipped grammar as much as we could and pronounced the words like German. All at once, we fell in love with a sentence in which Rome (Romeburh) was mentioned. We got drunk on these words and rushed down Peru Street shouting them at the top of our voices. And so we had set out on a long adventure. I had always thought of English literature as the richest in the world; the discovery now of a secret chamber at the very threshold of that literature came to me as an additional gift. Personally, I knew that the adventure would be an endless one, and that I could go on studying Old English for the rest of my days. The pleasure of studying, not the vanity of mastering, has been my chief aim, and I have not been disappointed these past twelve years. As for my recent interest in Old Norse, this is only a logical step, since the two languages are closely linked and since of all medieval Germanic literature Old Norse is the crown. My excursions into Old Eng-

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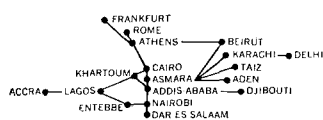
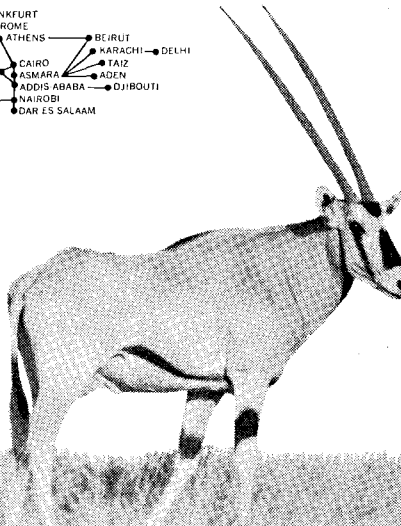
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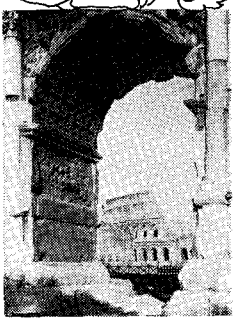


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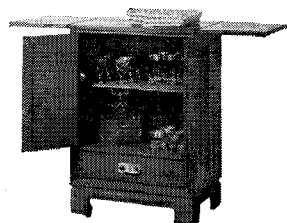
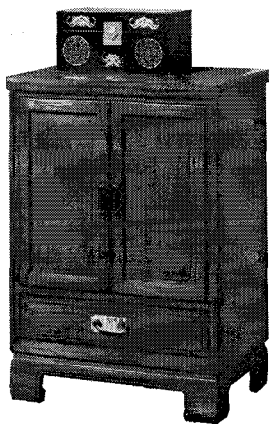


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lish have been wholly personal and, therefore, have made their way into a number of my poems. A fellow-academician once took me aside and said in alarm, "What do you mean by publishing a poem entitled 'Embarking on the Study of Anglo-Saxon Grammar'?" I tried to make him understand that Anglo-Saxon was as intimate an experience to me as looking at a sunset or falling in love.

Around 1954, I began writing short prose pieces—sketches and parables. One day, my friend Carlos Frías, of Emecé, told me he needed a new book for the series of my so-called complete works. I said I had none to give him, but Frías persisted, saying, "Every writer has a book if he only looks for it." Going through drawers at home one idle Sunday, I began ferreting out uncollected poems and prose pieces, some of the latter going back to my days on *Critica*. These odds and ends, sorted out and ordered and published in 1960, became "El hacedor" ("The Maker"). Remarkably, this book, which I accumulated rather than wrote, seems to me my most personal work and, to my taste, maybe my best. The explanation is only too easy: the pages of "El hacedor" contain no padding. Each piece was written for its own sake and out of an inner necessity. By the time it was undertaken, I had come to realize that fine writing is a mistake, and a mistake born out of vanity. Good writing, I firmly believe, should be done in an unobtrusive way.

On the closing page of that book, I told of a man who sets out to make a picture of the universe. After many years, he has covered a blank wall with images of ships, towers, horses, weapons, and men, only to find out at the moment of his death that he has drawn a likeness of his own face. This may be the case of all books; it is certainly the case of this particular book.

CROWDED YEARS

FAME, like my blindness, had been coming gradually to me. I had never expected it, I had never sought it. Néstor Ibarra and Roger Caillois, who in the early nineteen-fifties daringly translated me into French, were my first benefactors. I suspect that their pioneer work paved the way for my sharing with Samuel Beckett the Formentor Prize in 1961, for until I appeared in French I was practically invisible—not only abroad but at home in Buenos Aires. As a consequence of that prize, my books mushroomed overnight throughout the Western world.

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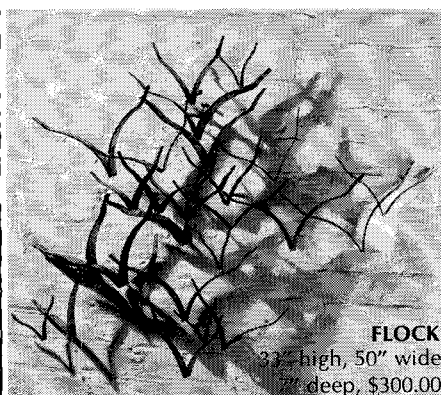
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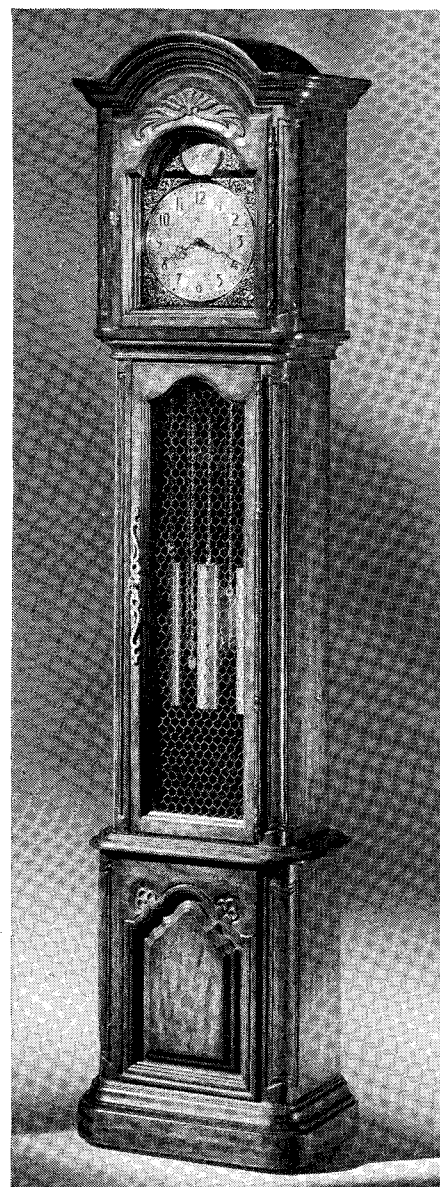
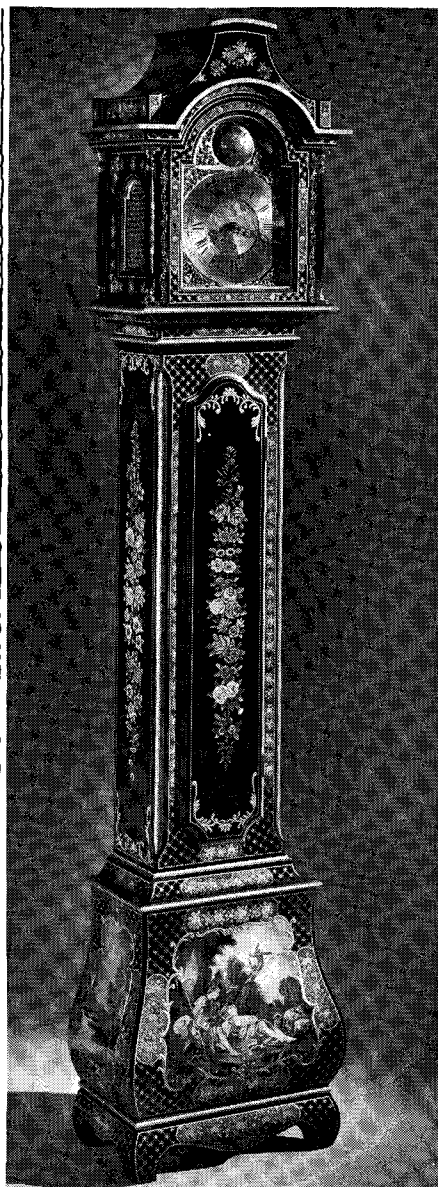
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of Edward Larocque Tinker, I was invited as Visiting Professor to the University of Texas. It was my first physical encounter with America. In a sense, because of my reading, I had always been there, and yet how strange it seemed when, in Austin, I heard ditch-diggers on the campus speaking in English, a language I had until then always thought of as being denied that class of people. America, in fact, had taken on such mythic proportions in my mind that I was sincerely amazed to find there such commonplace things as weeds, mud, puddles, dirt roads, flies, and stray dogs. Though at times we fell into homesickness, I know now that my mother—who accompanied me—and I grew to love Texas. She, who always loathed football, even rejoiced over *our* victory when the Longhorns defeated the neighboring Bears. At the university, when I finished one class I was giving in Argentine literature, I would sit in on another as a student of Saxon verse under Dr. Rudolph Willard. My days were full. I found American students, unlike the run of students in the Argentine, far more interested in their subjects than in their grades. I tried to interest people in Ascasubi and Lugones, but they stubbornly questioned and interviewed me about my own output. I spent as much time as I could with Ramón Martínez López, who, as a philologist, shared my passion for etymologies and taught me many things. During those six months in the States, we travelled widely, and I lectured at universities from coast to coast. I saw New Mexico, San Francisco, New York, New England, Washington. I found America the friendliest, most forgiving, and most generous nation I had ever visited. We South Americans tend to think in terms of convenience, whereas people in the United States approach things ethically. This—amateur Protestant that I am—I admired above all. It even helped me overlook skyscrapers, paper bags, television, plastics, and the unholy jungle of gadgets.

My second American trip came in 1967, when I held the Charles Eliot Norton Chair of Poetry at Harvard, and lectured to well-wishing audiences on "This Craft of Verse." I spent seven months in Cambridge, also teaching a course on Argentine writers and travelling all over New England, where most things American, including the West, seem to have been invented. I made numerous literary pilgrimages—to Hawthorne's haunts in Salem, to Emerson's in Concord, to



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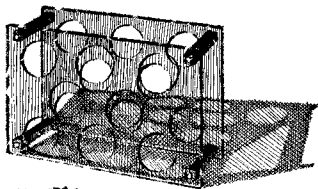
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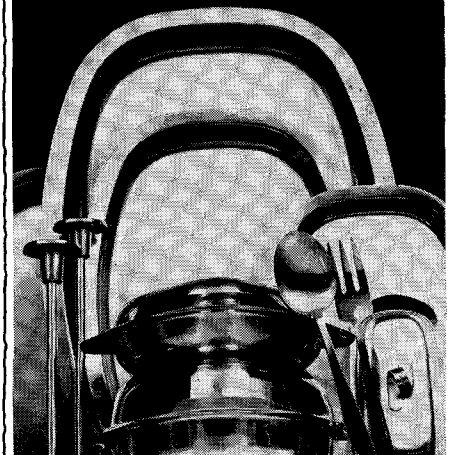
Melville's in New Bedford, to Emily Dickinson's in Amherst, and to Longfellow's around the corner from where I lived. Friends seemed to multiply in Cambridge: Jorge Guillén, John Murchison, Juan Marichal, Raimundo Lida, Héctor Ingrao, and a Persian physicist who had worked out a theory of spherical time that I do not quite understand but hope someday to plagiarize—Farid Hushfar. I also met writers like Robert Fitzgerald, John Updike, and the late Dudley Fitts. I availed myself of chances to see new parts of the continent: Iowa, where I found my native pampa awaiting me; Chicago, recalling Carl Sandburg; Missouri; Maryland; Virginia. At the end of my stay, I was greatly honored to have my poems read at the Y.M.H.A. Poetry Center in New York, with several of my translators reading and a number of poets in the audience. I owe a third trip to the United States, in November of 1969, to my two benefactors at the University of Oklahoma, Lowell Dunham and Ivar Ivask, who invited me to give talks there and called together a group of scholars to comment on, and enrich, my work. Ivask made me a gift of a fish-shaped Finnish dagger—rather alien to the tradition of the old Palermo of my boyhood.

Looking back on this past decade, I seem to have been quite a wanderer. In 1963, thanks to Neil MacKay of the British Council in Buenos Aires, I was able to visit England and Scotland. There, too, again in my mother's company, I made my pilgrimages: to London, so teeming with literary memories; to Lichfield and Dr. Johnson; to Manchester and De Quincey; to Rye and Henry James; to the Lake Country; to Edinburgh. I visited my grandmother's birthplace in Hanley, one of the Five Towns—Arnold Bennett country. Scotland and Yorkshire I think of as among the loveliest places on earth. Somewhere in the Scottish hills and glens I recaptured a strange sense of loneliness and bleakness that I had known before; it took me some time to trace this feeling back to the far-flung wastes of Patagonia. A few years later, this time in the company of María Esther Vázquez, I made another European trip. In England, we stayed with the late Herbert Read in his fine rambling house out on the moors. He took us to Yorkminster, where he showed us some ancient Danish swords in the Viking Yorkshire room of the museum. I later wrote a sonnet to one of the swords, and just before his death Sir Herbert corrected

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and bettered my original title, suggesting, instead of "To a Sword in York," "To a Sword in Yorkminster." We later went to Stockholm, invited by my Swedish publisher, Bonnier, and by the Argentine Ambassador. Stockholm and Copenhagen I count among the most unforgettable cities I have seen, like San Francisco, New York, Edinburgh, Santiago de Compostela, and Geneva.

Early in 1969, invited by the Israeli government, I spent ten very exciting days in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. I brought home with me the conviction of having been in the oldest and the youngest of nations, of having come from a very living, vigilant land back to a half-asleep nook of the world. Since my Genevan days, I had always been interested in Jewish culture, thinking of it as an integral element of our so-called Western civilization, and during the Israeli-Arab war of a few years back I found myself taking immediate sides. While the outcome was still uncertain, I wrote a poem on the battle. A week after, I wrote another on the victory. Israel was, of course, still an armed camp at the time of my visit. There, along the shores of Galilee, I kept recalling these lines from Shakespeare:

Over whose acres walk'd those
blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago,
were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter
cross.

NOW, despite my years, I still think of the many stones I have left unturned, and of others I would like to turn again. I hope yet to see Mormon Utah, to which I was introduced as a boy by Mark Twain's "Roughing It" and by the first book of the Sherlock Holmes saga, "A Study in Scarlet." Another daydream of mine is a pilgrimage to Iceland, and another still to return again to Texas and to Scotland.

At seventy-one, I am still hard at work and brimming with plans. Last year I wrote a new book of poems, "Elogio de la sombra" ("In Praise of Darkness"). It was my first entirely new volume since 1960, and these were also my first poems since 1929 written with a book in mind. My main concern in this work, running through several of its pieces, is of an ethical nature, irrespective of any religious or anti-religious bias. "Darkness" in the title stands for both blindness and death. To finish "Elogio," I worked every morning, dictating at the National Library. By the time I ended, I had set

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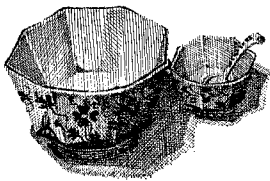
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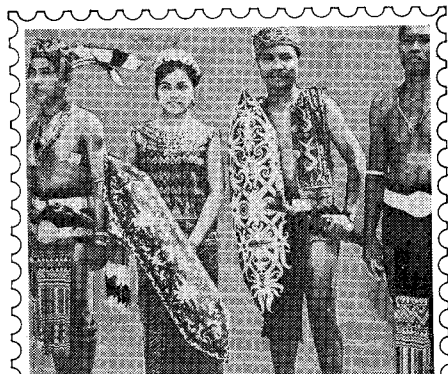
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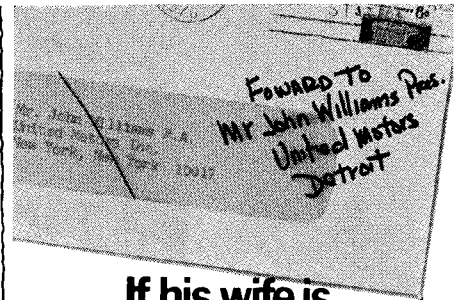
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up a comfortable routine—so comfort-
able that I kept it up and began writ-
ing tales. These, my first stories since
1953, I published this year. The col-
lection is called "El informe de Bro-
die" ("Doctor Brodie's Report"). It is
a set of modest experiments in straight-
forward storytelling, and is the book I
have often spoken about in the past five
years. Recently, I completed the script
of a film to be called "Los otros"
("The Others"). Its plot is my own;
the writing was done together with
Adolfo Bioy-Casares and the young
Argentine director Hugo Santiago. My
afternoons now are usually given over
to a long-range and cherished project:
for nearly the past three years, I have
been lucky to have my own translator
at my side, and together we are bring-
ing out some ten or twelve volumes of
my work in English, a language I am
unworthy to handle, a language I
often wish had been my birthright.

I intend now to begin a new book,
a series of personal—not scholarly—
essays on Dante, Ariosto, and medieval
northern subjects. I want also to set
down a book of informal, outspoken
opinions, whims, reflections, and pri-
vate heresies. After that, who knows?
I still have a number of stories, heard
or invented, that I want to tell. At
present, I am finishing a long tale
called "The Congress." Despite its
Kafkaian title, I hope it will turn out
more in the line of Chesterton. The
setting is Argentine and Uruguayan.
For twenty years, I have been boring
my friends with the raw plot. Finally,
I came to see that no further elab-
oration was needed. I have another pro-
ject that has been pending for an even
longer period of time—that of revising
and perhaps rewriting my father's
novel "The Caudillo," as he asked me
to years ago. We had gone as far as dis-
cussing many of the problems; I like to
think of the undertaking as a continued
dialogue and a very real collaboration.

People have been unaccountably
good to me. I have no enemies, and if
certain persons have masqueraded as
such, they've been far too good-natured
to have ever pained me. Anytime I
read something written against me, I
not only share the sentiment but feel
I could do the job far better myself.
Perhaps I should advise would-be en-
emies to send me their grievances be-
forehand, with full assurance that they
will receive my every aid and support.
I have even secretly longed to write,
under a pen name, a merciless tirade
against myself. Ah, the unvarnished
truths I harbor!

At my age, one should be aware of



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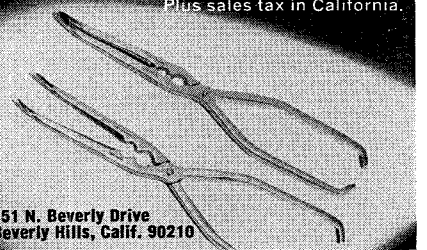
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one's limits, and this knowledge may make for happiness. When I was young, I thought of literature as a game of skillful and surprising variations; now that I have found my own voice, I feel that tinkering and tampering neither greatly improve nor greatly spoil my drafts. This, of course, is a sin against one of the main tendencies of letters in this century—the vanity of overwriting—which led a man like Joyce into publishing expensive fragments, showily entitled "Work in Progress." I suppose my best work is over. This gives me a certain quiet satisfaction and ease. And yet I do not feel I have written myself out. In a way, youthfulness seems closer to me today than when I was a young man. I no longer regard happiness as unattainable; once, long ago, I did. Now I know that it may occur at any moment but that it should never be sought after. As to failure or fame, they are quite irrelevant and I never bother about them. What I'm out for now is peace, the enjoyment of thinking and of friendship, and, though it may be too ambitious, a sense of loving and of being loved. —JORGE LUIS BORGES, WITH NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

CLEAR DAYS ON THE BUSINESS SCENE

[Report of 1970 annual meeting of General Telephone & Electronics Corporation]

In conclusion, I [President Leslie H. Warner] want to emphasize very strongly that we are not discouraged by the problems that are currently confronting us. We are confident that the inflationary trend in this country will eventually be slowed down, and that when this objective has been accomplished, our economy will again demonstrate its great strength and vitality. Meanwhile, we are aggressively pursuing the rate increases which are so necessary in our telephone operations, and we are developing many new activities which hold great promise for the future.

PARIS, JULY 17

Fifty-seven per cent of the French do not go away for the summer holidays. It is difficult to believe this in the calm that has descended here, now that the last of the Bastille Day rockets has hissed and flared into the silence and dark; but it makes sense when you study the statistics more closely and learn that the national average is made up of 82.6 per cent of country dwellers who stay at home, as well as 79.7 per cent of country dwellers who leave it.—*Manchester Guardian*.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Study of an American Black Sheep



HE moves around a lot. Not because he's really looking for anything in particular but because he's quitting things that will get bad if he stays. Auspicious beginnings—you know what he means? Not to be wrecked, he prays silently; not to be monkeyed around with. He has wild hopes, but not for himself. Girl friends tell him helpfully that he has inner feelings. He says that there's nothing there, with a harshness that leaves them floundering. He comes from a family of musicians, and he was once a good musician himself, but he prefers now to be an oil-well rigger and sometimes to perform junk on piano in a Las Vegas revue. He has mastered to perfection the modern style of behaving negligently about what he furtively cares for. His name is Bobby, and Jack Nicholson plays him with a bitter gaiety in a New York Film Festival choice called "Five Easy Pieces." It is a striking movie—eloquent, important, written and improvised in a clear-hearted American that derives from no other civilization, and describing as if for the first time the nature of the familiar American man who feels he has to keep running because the only good is momentum. It is part of Bobby's habit to destroy the ground under his feet while the going's O.K. It amounts to an ethic. The willful, lonely self-destructiveness that in life always so puzzles society begins to seem in this picture a perfectly lucid system of personal honor—that surprisingly modern idea which, as Shaw once said, the Bible nowhere mentions. The man's wit is part of it, and so is his sarcastic self-scrutiny. You can see him watching himself sometimes as if he were looking at a conflagration and scorching his eyeballs with it. He is no masochist; in any fight, he would rather win, and does. The fact that he never wins anything he wants is something that others don't notice. When he jokes, it is usually jarringly. People trying to love him recoil because he has no love for himself whatever, and because his behavior throws their own lives into question. It has a bass note of mortality. If my life

is going to be called to account, it says, and since it is going to end, then here it is now for you to judge: a mess, probably, but as good as any of you lot have managed, and without funeral furnishings. The director of the film, Bob Rafelson, who wrote it with Adrien Joyce, has given us that character who seems perpetually elusive and confusing to any solid culture when he occurs in reality, perpetually vivid and prophetic to writers from Lope de Vega and Shakespeare to Strindberg, and contemporarily the bane of the United States government and of the United States complex of recruitment to industry, though the film has the wit to depict the figure not as a generalized dropout saying no but as a particular and cultivated man of thirty-odd. This is the blithe nihilist who so fidgets the conscience of constructive, go-ahead America—a gay, uncomfortable, rancorous waster of himself who pursues a style of putting down the accepted social energies but botheringly seems to have more genuine vivacity and more moral sense than most.

Bobby is one of the road generation. He picks up sweet-natured dumb clucks as if he were taking on petrol. At the beginning of the film, he is with a girl who likes country music that sends him crackers. "You play that thing one more time and I'm going to melt it down into hair spray," he says about one of her records. We are very much in this world, in a modern land of honking cars and merchandise and irritability, but not as it is generally seen, which is by automated comedy. The people in this movie possess serious and private worlds in the backs of their heads, and the film lets them talk from there, even in the flying moments of

solemn half farce that are rather typical of it. Rafelson seems to be very good at using American actors' special gift for improvisation. There is an endearing sequence when he lets a dimish-looking bird rip on the subject of dimples. She has one, in her chin, and it looks so gorgeous to us that one would think her likely to be pleased with it, but she seems to think that it's a mark of the Almighty's having shoved her in the jaw on the assembly line when she was born. Rafelson can make beautiful girls talk as earnestly about their troubles as Marilyn Monroe did. Another girl, a hitchhiker in the back of Bobby's car, says she is on her way to Alaska, "because it's cleaner." She has seen photographs: "Alaska appeared to look very white to me." Bobby says, unable to resist spoiling it (he never can), "That was before the big thaw." "What?" says the girl, inattentively. She has been driven into a humorless blur of neurosis by Americana. "People are filthy, that's what's wrong with people," she keeps muttering. "I think they wouldn't be so violent if they were clean."

Bobby's sister is a pianist. We see her first in a recording studio. Where her brother wrecks his love affairs by seeming not to mind a thing and by telling his girls that if only they wouldn't open their mouths everything would be just fine, she does the opposite, and concentrates on what she cares for with a sweet ferocity that makes her face blotchy. At the moment, she is in the middle of ruining her recording by humming without knowing it, like Glenn Gould and Gieseking. It drives the sound engineers mad. "Is she going to cry again?" they say, wondering about the effect of stopping her, and thinking haplessly to quench the flood with the offer of a cup of coffee.

The sister has to tell Bobby that their father has had a stroke, and he



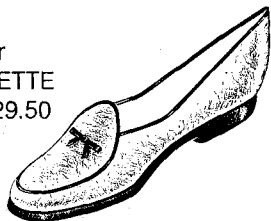
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drives a long way home to his old haunts. The household is a very convincing picture of a talented family with a rather religious attitude to talent. Everyone in the place—apart from Bobby, called Robert by his relatives in a doomed subconscious effort to pull the feckless one into shape—sets sacred store by using his gifts; Robert squanders his on purpose, which is blasphemous. The house is full of the sound of practicing. Doors constantly open and close on relatives playing two pianos. Bobby has been away for a few years, and he had forgotten the reigning sobriety. Carl, his sedate older brother, who has his neck in a brace, turns around at a family meal and says overexplanatorily, as he would, "I'm not sure if you know of my accident. If I want to look at Catherine, I have to turn around like this, on the base of my body." He demonstrates again, overexplaining even more. Catherine is his fiancée, beautiful. Bobby shifts about, and feels suffocated, and desperately minds the sight of his paralyzed father at the head of the table, and buries that in lusting after Catherine. His father's straits are hard to bear, so Bobby takes Catherine to bed. Dealt an appalling wound, he would always do the unforgivable. In extremity, strike. We see him using gamesmanship on Carl at ping-pong—funny stuff, mischievous, unfair, but taking the minds of all of them off the old man, who sits in his wheelchair and watches. "He has ways of communicating, through his eyes," says Bobby's less anarchic sister, hopefully. "Yuh," Bobby says back, imitating that meagre language with a terrible quiver of his eyelids. It's not enough. Cut it out. Don't pretend that any of this is enough. His own affair with Catherine isn't enough—his fault, mostly, because he doesn't expect enough. There is a scene between them, full of longing quarter-stated, when they talk to each other too briefly out of the driving windows of their two passing cars. They have kept making such mistakes, like everyone else in the picture. She once handed him out sweet talk about his musicianship, for instance, and he obliged himself to mock her for it. The film gives as much time as a Chekhov play does to the grotesque, fatal, benignly meant nature of its characters' blunders. It also possesses a rich and Russian periphery of figures who drift in and out for a single scene. There is a waitress who has got herself into a corner where she is hellbent on winning a fight about not serving whole-wheat toast, and a

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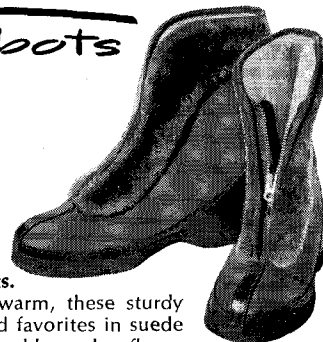
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glimpse of the conversation of an alarming woman intellectual, who smiles docilely after shooting a poisoned barb, grinning as if her teeth had just closed around some succulent bit of human infant. The family quails from her. "You pompous celibate," says Bobby.

The father in the wheelchair is the relative most like him. (Laszlo Kovacs, the director of photography, includes a shot panning across the living-room wall that tells us as much as a novelist could in pages: family snapshots, ancestors, great composers, and finally pictures of the father and of Bobby with exactly the same droll eyebrows.) There is a wonderful scene between them near the end of the film when Bobby, for once weeping, tries to explain himself to the speechless old man—tries to explain why he isn't doing as well as the rest of the family. In a cutaway shot so placed that it pierces your heart, the old man's eyes glitter in reply to that. Finally, at a gas station, Bobby runs again. He laconically leaves his car and the whole chaos, which he could pull into shape and goodness if he wanted, to the discontented, chattering, puzzled girl who can't admit to herself the idea now drilling a hole in his head, which is that this auspicious beginning has gone its limit. He hitches a drive in a lorry, shivering with the weather, which is awful, of course. "Haven't you got a jacket?" says the driver. No. Everything he had in the car got all burned up.

THE sorry thing about Alain Resnais's "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime"—also shown at the New York Film Festival—is that it has nothing much but gall. Raising most of the big issues of twentieth-century philosophy and then dropping them with a clang, it comes on with heavy self-deprecation in the form of a science-fiction story. The achievements of S.F. are not here, though, to put it mildly. This is not the sort of film that, if you had to leave before the end, would send you rushing back to ask someone how the plot came out.

A man who has tried to commit suicide agrees to go through an experiment that will take him back in time. The poor blighter who plays him has some lousy lines, but he is hampered by being an appalling actor and also by looking what the English call wet—meaning spineless—which matters more than it usually would, because we have to watch him going through the same simple physical actions over and over again. There is a bit of business when he comes out of the sea to his girl

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friend, for instance, lifting off his goggles and clumping around in frogman flippers, which is repeated umpteen times, with tiny variations, to emphasize something or other about memory; it would help if he had good legs. The character seems to have trouble distinguishing between dreams and reality. This often happens in films, especially French films, but not in life, except in mental wards. In the history of high-flown cinema, heavy weather about reality has been a great dignifier of drivel.

Before the hero's time experiment, a team of rather embarrassed-looking scientists, muttering rhubarbish things and trying to look busy, have put him into an electronic brain that is supposed to be a time machine. This machine must have been a set designer's night out. Lacking S.F.'s usual given of a set of far-out rules, Resnais's waffling film invents no scientific scheme of things, unlike the superior "Star Trek" on television; the designer's brief can have been only to make up something extraordinary. From the outside, the time machine seems to be a large sweetbread with a cluster of drinking straws at the top. The inside is full of lapping folds and looks rather as one fears one's own throat may to anyone who gets beyond the tonsils. The hero lies back uneasily in the pharynx and is gripped by a far from infectious panic. His companion on the time trip is a mouse that has already made the journey—a nice-looking mouse, kept under a glass cloche, like *haute cuisine*. Mice and cats seem to be a theme. The hero and his girl have a teleological conversation in which she wonders what the world would have been like if it had been cats that had been created in the image and likeness of God. This leads nowhere, but it sounds deep and humble. The closing image of the picture is of the mouse's snout emerging from the top of its cloche. It looks like an emblem of heraldry: dexter, a man, couchant; sinister, a mouse's snout, aspirant. The mock modesty of the film is ill-mated with its dopey intellectual arrogance. Max Beerbohm once said to a dunning tailor who had irritated him by the same combination of cringing and cheek, "Sir, kindly cease from crawling on your knees and shaking your fist."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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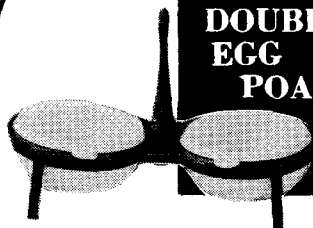


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MUSICAL EVENTS

Curtain Going Up

THE New York City Opera opened its fall season last Wednesday evening in the New York State Theatre with its magnificent production of Boïto's "Mefistofele"—magnificent, that is, with the exception of one rather important detail. The man (Norman Treigle) whom the audience sees at the beginning of the opera cowering like a frightened chipmunk and getting whistled at (by whom is a complete mystery) should be a monumental character—Satan or Mephistopheles, a fallen angel, the Prince of Darkness—and it is he who should be doing the whistling, in derision at no less a personage than God. It is necessary, therefore, in witnessing this production, to make a mental and visual adjustment in order to imagine Mr. Treigle as he should be rather than as he is made to be. The complete reversal of Boïto's intention in this matter is entirely the whim of Tito Capobianco, the director, who has done so well by the rest of what one sees on the stage—the whirling galaxies of the prologue, and so on. Mr. Treigle is one of our greatest basses, and it is shameful to see him treated in this manner. The Faust this time was Nicholas DiVirgilio, a not very artistic tenor but one who has a strong voice. A promising newcomer named Bernard Fitch did the fairly large minor role of Wagner quite well. The remainder of the cast was familiar—Carol Neblett (who impressed me much more than she had last time around, as Margherita and Elena), Beverly Evans (who makes a superb Marta), Mary Cross Lueders as Pantalis, and Joaquin Romaguera as Nereo.

Boïto, the great librettist (of Verdi's "Otello" and "Falstaff" as well as of "La Gioconda"), was not really a very skilled composer. As a man of profound intellect, he managed to create a stunning stage spectacle with this opera, and there are some moments of marvellous musical inspiration in it, too—e.g., the opening choruses of the prologue. But there are also some rather bare stretches in the music, and some evidences here and there of a conspicuous poverty of invention. To pull it all together, and make it sound the way Boïto intended it to sound, is a feat that inevitably falls to the conductor.

Julius Rudel, whose stature as an opera conductor I have frequently commented on, managed this feat with uncanny intuition and, obviously, a great deal of forethought.

THURSDAY night brought Beverly Sills in "Lucia"—a familiar interpretation and, to my mind, the finest one of that role to be heard anywhere nowadays. Its qualities depend on Miss Sills' visual acting ability, plus an ability to act with the voice which is altogether out of the ordinary. One is reminded now and then of Claudia Muzio where the emotional power and versatility of this voice are concerned. The Mad Scene contained one or

two trills that were a shade too wide, but this is a small matter in view of the scarcity of trills of any kind today. The supporting cast was the one we have heard repeatedly—Michele Molese as Edgardo, Nico Castel as Normanno, Dominic Cossa as Enrico, Robert Hale as Raimondo, and Gary Glaze as the luckless Lord Arturo Bucklaw—and it sang, on the whole, very well indeed. The elasticity, intelligence, and ardor of Charles Wilson's conducting deserve special mention.

"LA BOHÈME," on Friday night, was not quite up to the standard of the other evenings, though Richard Fredricks, William Ledbetter, Spiro Malas, and Enrico DiGiuseppe made an engaging foursome of bohemians, and Mr. DiGiuseppe, in particular, sang with beautiful quality, hitting all his high C's accurately and with adequate tone. The Mimi was Milena Dal Piva, a buxom lady whose singing was loud but not good. (Her "Mi chiamano Mimi" was sung with all the forcefulness Bonaparte might have used in saying "Mi chiamano Napoleon.") A surprise occurred, though, when Johanna Meier appeared in the role of Musetta. Hers is a well-worked-out characterization, sung with warmth and humor—one of the best Musettas I have recently encountered. The conductor, Giuseppe Morelli, was making his City Opera début. He had not gauged the acoustics of the theatre very well, and during the first part of the opera the orchestra was much too loud. He is, however, clearly an experienced mae-



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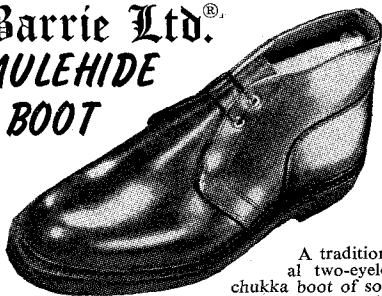
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stro, with all the details of this sort of opera securely in his head.

DURING the summer, a great many books have been accumulating on my desk, and among them is something called "Conductor's World" (Praeger; ten dollars), by David Wooldridge, an Englishman who had the honor of association as a conductor with the famous Erich Kleiber. There is a great deal of information in this book about conductors since the time of Françoise Antoine Habeneck (1781-1849), who practically initiated the profession with his violin bow, and there are some interesting observations and impressions concerning more contemporary figures. The tone of the book, however, is breezy and discursive, and Mr. Wooldridge is often mistaken on points of fact (e.g., "Bernstein was [the New York Philharmonic's] first American-born musical director since Theodore Thomas"—Thomas happens to have been born in Hanover, Germany). And he is entirely wrong about why Furtwängler did not succeed Toscanini as head of the New York Philharmonic in 1936. The author gives as an explanation the fact that the orchestra was predominantly Jewish, and thus opposed Furtwängler, whereas actually Furtwängler was a hero to many Jewish refugees from Germany. The decision in this matter was entirely in the hands of the Philharmonic's board of directors, which was badly and emotionally split over the issue.

But what is particularly annoying about Mr. Wooldridge's book is its consistent hostility to Toscanini. Toscanini is accused of "monstrous vulgarity;" the astonishing statement is made that he never allowed outsiders into his rehearsals (during his term with the N.B.C. Symphony, lots of people from outside visited his rehearsals), and Mr. Wooldridge seems to take the attitude that since Toscanini had an Italian temper, he could not possibly have been the greatest conductor in the world, and was only "perhaps" a great conductor. Mr. Wooldridge's idols appear to be Kleiber and Furtwängler. Now, I should not dream of trying to diminish the stature of either of these conductors, under the latter of whom I was a violinist long ago. But it so happens that I played violin for several years under Toscanini himself in the Philharmonic, and I must say that my impressions of the man are very different from Mr. Wooldridge's. Certainly, Toscanini had a fiery Italian temper and threw tan-

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trums from time to time. But all these tantrums had a very clear purpose and got incredible results. I have never played under another conductor who had a knowledge of the psychology of orchestra musicians comparable to Toscanini's. I never saw him roused to real fury except by stupidity on the part of some musician or other. I have never encountered in the work of any other conductor (including Kleiber and Furtwängler) a comparable clarity of performance, a comparable degree of musical taste, or a comparable gift for producing excitement in an audience. Mr. Wooldridge remarks, "But where is that music now?" Probably his only experience of Toscanini is through phonograph records—and it is unfortunately true that the Toscanini recordings do not reproduce a tenth of the dedication, musicianship, taste, tone, attention to detail, or excitement that live Toscanini performances had.

Among the other books is a new edition (Taplinger) of Ernest Newman's bad-tempered "The Man Liszt," a biography that makes one marvel at the lack of objectivity that even celebrated music critics can be capable of. Newman's objections to Liszt are very much like Sainte-Beuve's objections to Stendhal. He had a bad moral character, he was a frightful exhibitionist, he had a lot of mistresses; therefore he could not possibly have been an important artist. But in these days of impoverishment in the art of musical composition Liszt is being considerably revalued. Fortunately, another book about him, "Franz Liszt: The Man and his Music," edited by Alan Walker (Taplinger again; twelve dollars), has appeared at almost the same time. This is a collection of essays by Sacheverell Sitwell, David Wilde, John Ogdon, Humphrey Searle, Robert Collet, Louis Kentner, Mr. Walker himself, and several other well-informed people. Mr. Sitwell's essay points out, interestingly, that Liszt was not Hungarian at all, and that his parentage was German and Austrian. The Messrs. Ogdon, Wilde, Collet, and Searle comment upon the Promethean talent for musical invention that produced nearly the whole chromatic musical language of Wagner before Wagner did. And then there was the prodigious piano virtuoso, whose like has probably never been heard since. Liszt may not have been a composer of the stature of Beethoven. But his enormous output contains a great deal that is well worth preserving and vastly exciting to hear.

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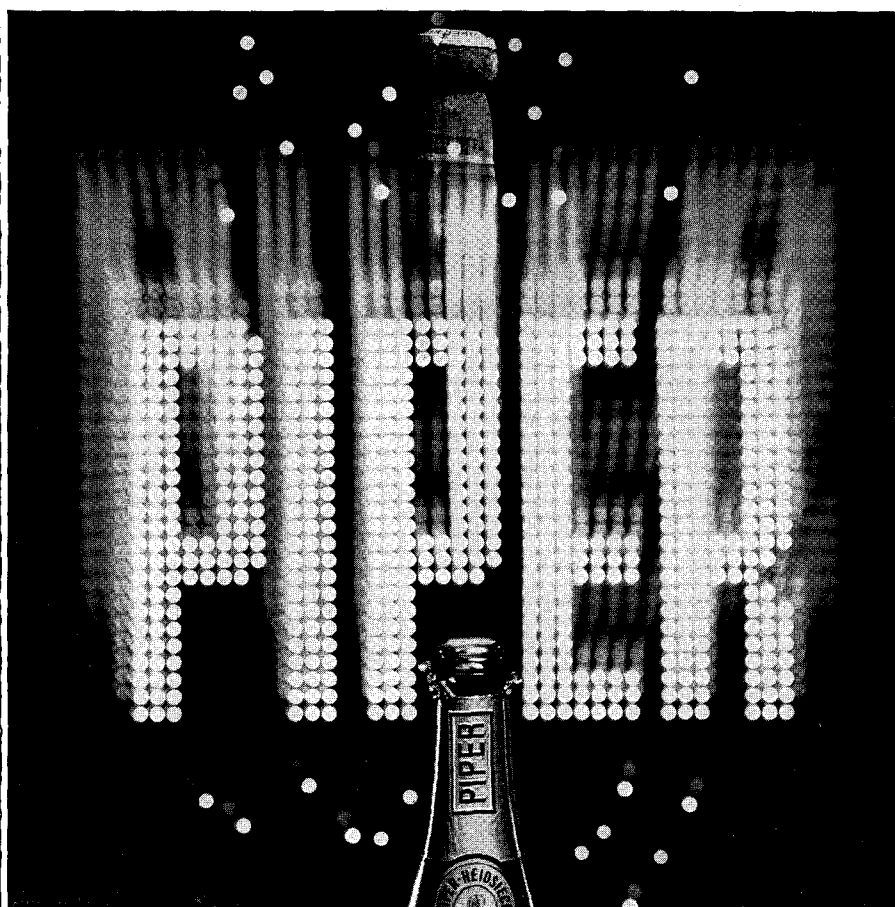
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U.S. JOURNAL: GROSVENOR SQUARE

PROTECTION AND WELFARE

AMERICANISM

MOST Americans who go to their London embassy, on Grosvenor Square, for advice or assistance are seen by one of the British employees of an office called Protection and Welfare. Some of the callers—people who are particularly upset, perhaps, or people who have just about given up on trying to communicate with foreigners—demand to talk to another American. They are ordinarily taken to the United States consul in charge of the office—a voluble Easterner who wears button-down shirts and smokes a pipe and decorates his office walls with awards for consular service in Vietnam and is likely to address a visitor as “my friend” when the conversation begins to get unpleasant. The consul’s name is Ralph Cadeaux. Occasionally, a fellow-citizen will stare at the nameplate on the desk for a while and then demand to see an American.

SHOE DELIVERY

THE reaction of some Americans to not receiving a pair of shoes they ordered in England is to write the shoe store. The reaction of some other Americans is to write the American Embassy in London. If the Embassy’s response is not satisfactory, they may write their congressman—or they may write their congressman in the first place, in which case the congressman writes the American Embassy in London. Sophisticated people would probably smile at this approach. They know that the Embassy is not in London to act as a personal secretary for the entire citizenry. They know that writing a congressman about the non-delivery of English shoes results only in someone from the congressman’s office writing a form letter with the congressman’s signature, the purpose of which is to make possible another form letter assuring the complainant that the congressman takes his constituent’s problem seriously enough to be looking into the matter. Sophisticated people realize that the foreign-service officers who work in the London Embassy do not take a form letter from a congressman about some delayed shoes to mean that the congressman is committing himself to an all-out campaign to assure rapid delivery of ordered goods.

As it happens, though, when a let-

ter is received from some citizen irate over the absence of his shoes, the consular section does phone the store to ask where the shoes might be, and then writes the offended citizen to pass on whatever information is available. Otherwise, the State Department would let itself in for a lot of irritating complaints about lack of interest in American citizens abroad. If a congressman writes, the call will be made with more dispatch; in an agency that has to ask Congress for an appropriation every year, “congressional interest” automatically bestows priority, even if the interest is in a pair of shoes. The proprietor of the shoe store—not realizing that one telephone call is about all the Embassy will do except to send the injured party a list of British lawyers—may even be sufficiently concerned about the indication of diplomatic interest in his delivery operation to make certain the package is out in the next mail.

It’s possible that sophistication is a

handicap in getting delivery on a pair of English shoes.

BLACK POWER

A YOUNG black man—a writer—came into Cadeaux’s office one day demanding money for a flight to New York. He was dressed carefully, with the kind of buckskin chic that is sometimes affected by people who think of themselves as both fashionable and artistic. He was scornful of Cadeaux’s talk about rules and regulations. “You haven’t been incarcerated,” he said, jabbing a finger at Cadeaux. “You haven’t been beaten.”

“My friend, you’ve got a chip on your shoulder,” Cadeaux said.

The black man had been arrested and eventually fined for carrying a small amount of marijuana and for threatening an airline employee with a knife during an argument about a charter flight. He claimed in court that London police had beaten him and had called him a “black coon” and a “Black



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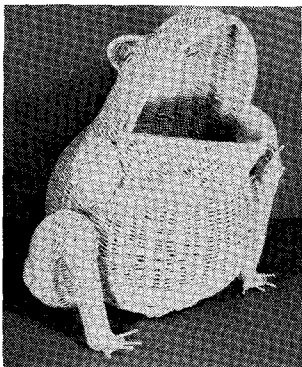
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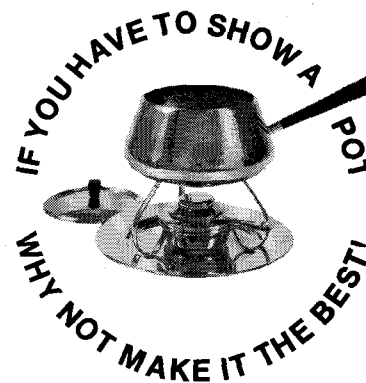
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Power advocate." When racial difficulties crop up in London, "Black Power advocates" are often held to blame by white people—including white people who happen to be American foreign-service officers. The previous day, Cadeaux had received a letter from a lawyer in Bridgeport asking the Embassy to investigate the possibility that racial prejudice had figured in the refusal of British immigration officials to admit one of his black clients. Cadeaux's first reaction to the letter was the same as his first reaction to a similar complaint not long before by a black member of a touring college chorus—that someone was trying to make a racial incident out of a decision that probably had nothing at all to do with race. A deputy consul who happened to be in the office when the lawyer's letter arrived tapped his finger on the letterhead and, in a tone of explaining the entire matter, said to Cadeaux, "Bridgeport—that's right in the center of the Black Power syndicate type thing."

The black writer did not claim to be destitute; he said he had two Chinese figurines that would be worth several thousand dollars in a city that had the proper dealers. He said he also had contacts that could create an international incident if the money was not handed over immediately. After a few minutes' arguing with Cadeaux, he stomped out in disgust—a fast talker trying to bluff the Embassy out of some money or a disturbed man whose pride would not allow him to admit that he was broke and needed money to get home or a writer who had been called a "black coon" by the police or, maybe, all of those things. "Although he claimed he was not a Black Power advocate," Cadeaux later wrote, in a memo for the record, "[his behavior] strongly indicated racial-discrimination overtones."

ART

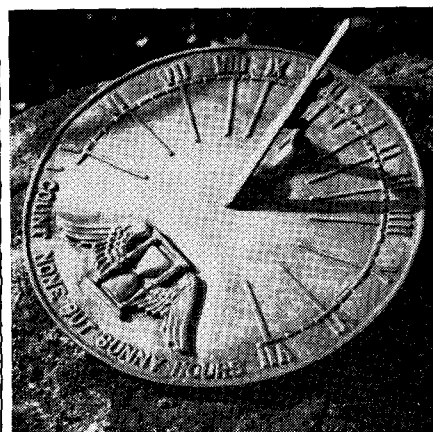
A WOMAN in Baltimore wrote asking the Embassy to send somebody over to an outdoor art exhibition in Hyde Park to buy her a picture she had been coveting—the purchase price to be reimbursed by check or money order, of course. Although the woman had come home from her own trip to London with some nice paintings purchased in Hyde Park, she wrote, her dentist had returned to Baltimore two weeks later with a Hyde Park purchase that she considered even nicer—"a picture of an antique automobile made entirely of watchworks." She didn't know the artist's name, but she



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included a description of approximately where he stood in the park. The artist in question, she said, also made butterflies entirely out of watchworks, but she would prefer an antique automobile.

DESTITUTION

"IF you don't help Americans, what do you do?" a young man asked one of the British employees one afternoon. The young man wanted money for an airline ticket home and had just been told that the Embassy had no money for loans. Cadeaux, who happened to be standing nearby, stepped into the conversation and began ticking off the consular section's accomplishments—how many federal checks were processed every month, how many papers were notarized. "So you see, my friend, we don't have to justify our existence to you," Cadeaux said at the end of the speech. "The American government does all kinds of things abroad."

"That's for damn sure," the young man said, and walked out.

The normal response of any bureaucrat to any special request is, of course, that he is not authorized to deal with such matters. The consular section in London can quote regulations forbidding it to do practically anything. Cadeaux tends to tell people who are having trouble with British authorities that he is not a lawyer and to tell people who are having trouble with airlines that he is not a travel agent. All of the people who work at Protection and Welfare ordinarily begin a discussion by saying that nothing can be done. Then, because of their mood or because of the attitude of the person asking or because they happen to have a few minutes free, they try to do something—to telephone someone they've dealt with before at the Home Office about a visa problem, perhaps, or to try pressuring a shady charter-flight operator into meeting his obligations to provide a return flight. The process is known to social scientists as "bureaucratic discretion."

Every day, a few Americans—almost always young people—show up at the Embassy to say they've run out of money. The situations often sound hopeless—assets of three and six, a ticket for a charter flight that doesn't leave for a week, a firm conviction that appealing for more money from home is out of the question—but most of them seem to be sorted out fairly quickly. Some of the young people apparently come in just to satisfy themselves that there really is no alternative to calling home, and their

special request is actually taken care of by the routine response that there is nothing the Embassy is authorized to do. Some people are referred to the American Aid Society, a private organization that keeps an office in the Embassy and gives small loans and grants. Only a couple of dozen Americans a year turn out to have financial problems that cannot be solved without a repatriation loan, which requires proof that no relative can provide the money and approval from the State Department in Washington and a passport stamp requiring repayment before the debtor can again leave the United States. Last year, one young man who was given the normal minimum subsistence allowance of two pounds a day over the weekend while his repatriation papers were being completed managed to go to the theatre seven times and eat adequately. One of the British employees remarks on his achievement occasionally with amazement and admiration—as if marvelling that American enterprise extends even to the paupers.

AMERICAN RIGHTS

THE assumptions that some Americans make about what the Embassy will do for them cause Cadeaux to go around in a constant state of mild exasperation, muttering about how ignorant the general public is concerning a diplomat's true duties. A lot of Americans, he has discovered, believe that the American Embassy has special powers precisely because it is the *American Embassy*—that the American consul can get them out of jail if they break a British law, that the American consul can tell the Home Office to extend their visas. He becomes particularly irritated when Americans assume they have a right to enter Great Britain. Cadeaux hasn't thought much about why, at this stage in history, Americans have a peculiar feeling of being above the laws of foreign countries. When asked about it, he said that many Americans may still have the notion that their taxes are supporting Europe through programs like the Marshall Plan.

CHARTERS

CHARTER flights are the used-car lot of the travel industry. The fact that more people connected with their operation are not threatened with knives is probably only an indication that most passengers don't have knives handy. A lot of charter-flight operations are run in routine violation of the regulations—that a charter flight must



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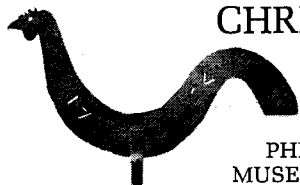
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be a round trip for passengers who have been members for six months of an organization formed for purposes other than hiring charter flights. Occasionally, the British civil-aviation authorities get a telephone call from someone who says innocently that he just bought a ticket on a charter flight leaving the next day. Since he has never heard of, say, Trans-Speed Airline, the caller remarks, or of, say, the American-English Friendship Club, whose membership card came along with the ticket, he has called to make certain that they are running a legitimate flight. The British authorities then threaten to cancel the flight, and the various agents and promoters and charter-line representatives gather in Cadeaux's office—all of them expressing great surprise at the news that none of the people scheduled to go on the American-English Friendship Club return flight from London to New York seem to be the same people who came on the American-English Friendship Club flight from New York to London. Cadeaux mediates desperately in an effort to avoid having two hundred and fifty passengers gather in his office. There is no injured citizen quite as outraged as the one who thought he had bought a cut-rate ticket home by instantly becoming a long-time member of the American-English Friendship Club and then finds that he has been held up by people breaking rules. His moral indignation is exceeded only by that of the regular airlines, which find themselves losing customers to charter outfits breaking the rules. The regular airlines are suspected of being behind the innocent telephone calls to British civil-aviation authorities.

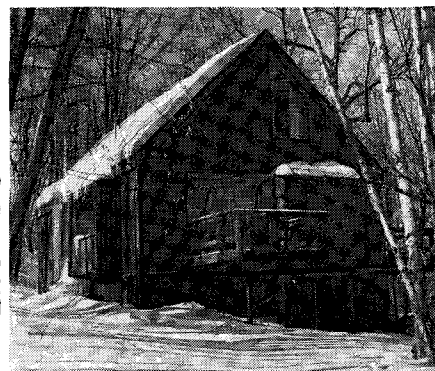
INVENTORY

THE Embassy deals with about one American death a day. When the next of kin is not present, the man who handles such matters, a calm Englishman named G. R. Gorrell, has to collect the personal effects and notify the family and take an inventory of the effects and arrange for burial or shipment of the body. Gorrell can point at various knapsacks and suitcases in an Embassy storeroom and say, "That's an overdose of drugs. He fell off a cliff in Cornwall. She gassed herself. That was a road accident in Oxford."

When an American who was found in a diabetic coma died without regaining consciousness, the Embassy was notified and Gorrell went to pick up the man's belongings. For a night before he died, the man had lived in a drab,

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tiny room in the basement of a seedy hotel in Paddington. Two cheap suitcases and an overnight bag were still almost completely packed. There were some half-eaten sweet rolls and three empty Coca-Cola bottles near the bed. In the inventory at the Embassy, Gorrell went through the man's papers carefully: only twenty-one dollars had been found on the body, and in such cases Gorrell looks for hidden money that might get lost among the effects or, perhaps, a receipt for traveller's checks that would have to be reported stolen. There was an old membership card in the Screen Actors Guild. There was an outdated passport, issued in the fifties, listing the man's occupation as car salesman. There was a letter, dated 1961, from an M-G-M executive in New York: the executive said he was sorry to hear about the man's having been under the weather and regretted that he couldn't provide the World Series tickets the man was looking for. There was another letter, dated 1968, from a Las Vegas men's store telling whomever it might concern that the man had been a courteous and responsible employee and had been let go only because of a business slowdown. There was a card indicating graduation from a bartenders' school in Los Angeles in 1968. There was a form letter from the governor of Louisiana expressing appreciation for the interest shown in investment opportunities in that state. There were a lot of disposable syringes and an insulin bottle. There were a couple of dozen boxes of false eyelashes and an invoice listing their wholesale and retail price and a couple of Commerce Department booklets on how to set up small export businesses. Gorrell had found an up-to-date passport in the hotel room, but he had to find the next of kin from a card in the man's wallet. Gorrell has found that almost no Americans take the possibility of mortality seriously enough to complete the page in their passports asking who should be informed in case of death or emergency—even diabetic Americans who end up in seedy hotels drinking a lot of Coca-Cola. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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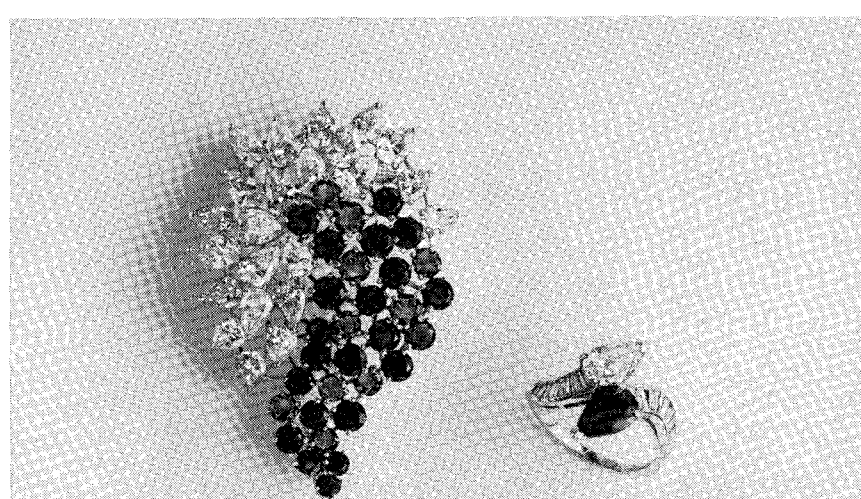
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THE DOCTOR'S DOCTORS

IT is not every day that a hypochondriac with an urge to communicate triggers off a massive piece of literary research. But here was this total stranger, a large man with a booming voice and the flush of apparent excellent health on his cheeks, sitting opposite me in a railway dining car and going on and on about his symptoms—a morning vertigo, a discomfort in the hip that shot simultaneous sympathetic pains into his heel and shoulder blades, a tinnabulation in his left ear, an excruciating tightening of the scalp under stress—and how this doctor advised that and that doctor recommended the other, and how little confidence he had in cortisone or the sulphonamides, though some third polysyllabic preparation (which up to that time I had always supposed to be made up into drip-dry shirts, with ten per cent cotton added) had for a brief period given relief, and there came into my head, as I pushed my chicken vol-au-vent about with decreasing enthusiasm, the notion that somewhere I had heard or read of an even more determined valetudinarian, a champion consultor of consultants beside whom this feeble complainant was no better than an apprentice. Who was it? The thing nagged at me all the way home.

It turned out, of course, to be Dr. Johnson. No one can so much as glance through Boswell's "Life" without becoming aware that the Doctor's health crops up pretty frequently in his letters, and that the opinion of more than one medical man was eagerly sought. But to get the full flavor of his hypochondria, properly to grasp the complexity of his medical relationships, one has to reread the volumes with no other object or interest in mind; there is a need to annotate, to collate, to make long, enthralling lists of drugs and dates and doctors' names. All this I did, and I may now perhaps claim to be among the half-dozen leading authorities on Johnson's medical circle. But there remains a deep dissatisfaction. On the Doctor's view of his doctors one is amply informed; what one now wants, and wants badly, are the doctors' views of the Doctor.

Where are the memoirs of Dr. Heberden? Where are those of Dr. Brocklesby? Where, for that matter, are the personal recollections or casebooks of Drs. Pepys, Mudge, Gillespie, Cullen, Hope, Munro, James, Warren, Butler, and Lawrence? Anybody who has an old coffer or ironbound chest

stowed away in the attic of his eighteenth-century house would oblige me by leafing through the contents. All these potential biographers were consulted by Dr. Johnson. There may be others. The closest study of Boswell leaves one a little uncertain, even after all the "Drs." who turn out to be scientists, divines, or mere *littérateurs* have been eliminated, about the precise professional relationship with Johnson of some dozen or more medical men who crossed his path. On the surgical side, Mr. Pott and Mr. Cruikshank were definitely called in. So was Sir Alexander Dick, the rhubarb man. For the rest, it is reasonable to assume that if Dr. Johnson was left alone for five minutes with a qualified practitioner, he consulted him.

He was never a well man, suffering at various times from a formidable burden of "importunate and oppressive disorders," and in his search for health he liked to cast his net wide. Johnson, with his curious mind and insatiable thirst for knowledge, was unlikely to be satisfied with a second opinion; he preferred a ninth or tenth, and he did not greatly care how much trouble he took or gave to get it. "Ask your physicians about my case," he wrote to Boswell (then in Scotland) early in 1784, "and desire Sir Alexander Dick to write me his opinion." Boswell obediently wrote to Sir Alexander, a "very amiable baronet" in his eighty-first year, and to Dr. Gillespie (who "had the advantage of having passed through the gradations of surgery and pharmacy"), with results made clear in Johnson's letter to Boswell of March 2nd:

Dr. Gillespie has sent me an excellent *consilium medicum*, all solid practical experimental knowledge. I am at present, in the opinion of my physicians (Dr. Heberden and Dr. Brocklesby), as well as my own, going on very hopefully. I have just begun to take vinegar of squills. . . .

Return Sir Alexander Dick my sincere thanks for his kind letter; and bring with you the rhubarb which he so tenderly offers me.

On March 7th, Boswell also applied to Drs. Cullen, Hope, and Munro, eminent physicians of the celebrated school of medicine at Edinburgh, giving them an account of Johnson's symptoms, noting that he was taking laudanum, syrup of poppies, and vinegar of squills, and adding that "Dr. Brocklesby trusts a good deal to the return of mild weather." Drs. Cullen and Munro wrote their opinions and prescriptions to Boswell, for onward transmission;

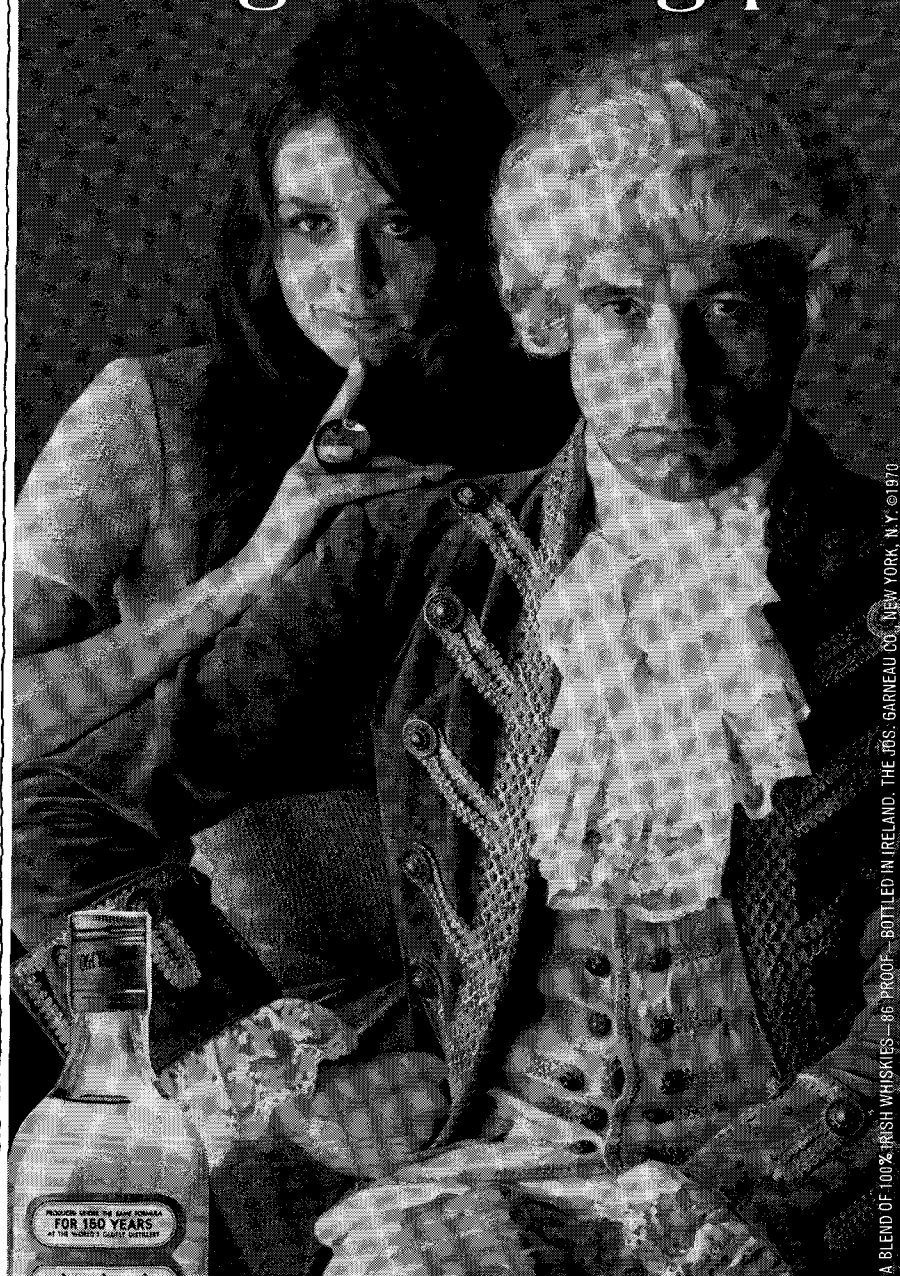


Dr. Hope (with a perhaps more modern feeling for etiquette) corresponded directly with Dr. Brocklesby. The patient now enjoyed the simultaneous advice and medicaments of Drs. Heberden, Brocklesby, Gillespie, Hope, Cullen, and Munro, and was in expectation of rhubarb from Sir Alexander.

It is inconceivable that none of these men should have taken the trouble to jot down some fairly frank and, I should guess, not altogether favorable notes about Johnson. The medical profession has never been easily reconciled to a patient so lacking in confidence in any one adviser as to prefer the majority verdict of about a dozen. Johnson broke all the canons, not scrupling even to analyze his doctors' prescriptions. "I never thought well of Dr. James's compounded medicines," he wrote to Dr. Brocklesby in August of 1784. "His ingredients appear to me sometimes inefficacious and trifling, and sometimes heterogeneous and destructive of each other. This prescription exhibits a composition of about three hundred and thirty grains, in which there are four grains of emetick tartar and six drops of thebaic tincture. He that writes thus surely writes for show." Here is a bold enough way to dismiss a prescription which, one must assume, had just been recommended by Brocklesby. And Johnson has more to add. "The basis of his medicine," he goes on, "is the gum ammoniacum, which dear Dr. Lawrence used to give, but of which I never saw any effect. We will, if you please, let this medicine alone. The squills have every suffrage, and in the squills we will rest for the present."

Dr. James himself had died in 1776 and was no longer able to defend himself, but a page or two of reflections from Dr. Brocklesby about that letter should make good reading. Dear Dr. Lawrence's memoirs must also be energetically sought. Johnson gave him a bustard in 1759, and one would like to know what he thought about that. Even more interesting would be his observations in August of 1782, when Lawrence was unwell and Johnson promptly attempted to reverse the old relationship by writing to one of the doctor's daughters, "I should not despair of helping the swelled hand by electricity, if it were frequently and diligently supplied." How did one supply electricity diligently in the pre-Faraday era of the seventeen-eighties? It was about 1773, so a history of physical science tells me, that "physicists became interested in the shocks produced by the so-called electric fishes, the *Tor-*

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pedo and the *Gymnotus*." And of course Franklin, some twenty years earlier, had painfully succeeded in bringing down lightning from a kite to a key held in his hand. But we have no evidence that Johnson tenderly offered his old friend an electric fish or even another bustard.

"We will, if you please," one seems to see Dr. Lawrence noting angrily in his diary with his swelled hand, "let electricity alone."

DR. PEPYS, whose very name should be a stimulus to research, is a somewhat shadowy figure. "I have been accustomed to bleed frequently for an asthmatic complaint; but have foreborne for some time by Dr. Pepys's persuasion..." So wrote Johnson in June of 1783, and it is just possible to deduce from this reference, and from the absence of any further mention of Pepys's name by Boswell, that his bold interference was resented by his innumerable colleagues and that he was squeezed out by some kind of Harley Street cabal. If so, his shorthand notes about the affair deserve to be brought to light.

But not too much should be made of the mere absence of a name. Even so painstaking a biographer as Boswell cannot be expected to mention all the physicians all of the time. Are we to suppose, on these negative grounds, that Dr. Mudge of Plymouth, to whom Johnson was writing regularly for advice in the autumn of 1783 about a complaint for which he was being attended by Messrs. Pott and Cruikshank, was thereafter barred from the magic circle? And what of Drs. Butter and Warren? Will anyone argue that these old friends and consultants were excluded from the bedside in that crowded March of 1784, simply because their names do not happen to crop up at that time? It won't do. Both, we know, were in attendance on Johnson up to the day of his death in December of that year. On all the evidence we have, the only safe assumption to work on is once the Doctor's doctor always the Doctor's doctor.

I do not press the claims of Mr. Edmund Hector, surgeon, or of Dr. Wall of Oxford, being unable to trace any hint that Johnson ever consulted either of these close friends on medical matters. Nor have I any high hopes of Dr. Swinfen of Lichfield, into whose godfatherly hands the stripling Johnson placed a confidential account of his hypochondriac condition, written in Latin, about the year 1729. I regard him as extremely unlikely to be still in con-

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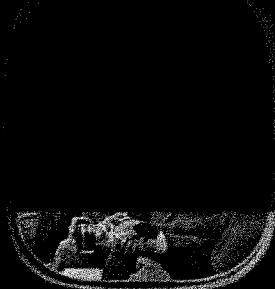
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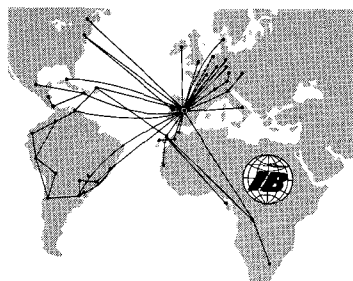
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sultation in 1784. He had mortally offended his godson by showing the elegant composition to the neighbors, and would anyway be dead by this time—as dead as Queen Anne, whom Johnson also consulted, in his thirtieth month, for scrofula, the King's Evil, which was supposed to be curable by a touch from the reigning monarch. We can get along without these fringe advisers. What hardly seems to be in doubt is that by 1784 Johnson was being simultaneously advised, treated, prescribed for, and/or attended by Drs. Heberden, Brocklesby, Pepys, Mudge, Gillespie, Cullen, Hope, Munro, Warren, and Butter, with some surgical assistance from Messrs. Pott and Cruikshank. And you may add Sir Alexander Dick. Here, surely, is a potentially seething pot of jealousy and bitterness and mutual recrimination—of heterogeneous, as Johnson would put it, and mutually destructive ingredients. Here is the very stuff of literature.

There is no reason to suppose that any of this jostling crew ever got a penny for his trouble. Boswell expressly states that "the eminent physicians and surgeons in London . . . kindly and generously attended him without accepting fees," and one can hardly believe that more far-flung consultants, like Mudge of Plymouth or the Edinburgh coterie, would have had much luck with a demand for guineas. It is true that Heberden, Brocklesby, Butter, and Cruikshank were each left a book of their choice in Johnson's will, and Lawrence had his bustard. Nevertheless, it appears to me that the memoirs of all these men, if only they can be found, will not lack edge.

It will be my pleasure, when the priceless manuscripts have been dusted off and deciphered and issued in a dozen heavily annotated volumes by some great American foundation, to recommend them, should I chance to run across him again, to my florid acquaintance in the train—though whether they would serve him as a cure, or a justification, or simply send him off in search of vinegar of squills is hard to say. One would like a second opinion about that.

—H. F. ELLIS

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AROUND CITY HALL

"IT all comes down to streets in the end," John Lindsay said last spring. Debates over opposing philosophies of urban government, exposés of administrative fecklessness, and time-motion studies on municipal employees are all very well, but what counts is what is going on at any given moment in the city's streets. The New York streets that count the most in the warmer months are those in Brownsville, El Barrio, and other ghetto neighborhoods, where school vacations, summer layoffs, and the heat often bring residents out to their stoops in sweating, volatile throngs. The incidents that touch off violence there, as in the poorer neighborhoods of other large cities, most often involve confrontations with uniformed authority, and as this year's hot weather settled in, a spokesman for one of the city's vital-service organizations suggested that this might be an especially bad summer for encounters of that sort. The Uniformed Fire Officers Association charged in a letter to the Mayor late in May that in the first four and a half months of 1970 forty-seven New York firemen had been injured in what it described as "harassment" incidents in the city's slum areas. It was little wonder, the statement implied, that firemen were increasingly reluctant to endanger their lives by entering such neighborhoods.

Conflict between the slum dweller and the police is, of course, a historic part of the urban scene. The police are on hand not only to protect citizens but to haul them off to jail, if need be; to enforce unpopular ordinances; and to keep the peace, which often necessarily involves some strong-arm tactics. The lumbering bluecoat brandishing his nightstick as he chases the tattered hero through slum streets and is from time to time diverted or laid flat by the hero's neighbor-accomplices is a staple of the cartoon and the two-reeler. Today, of course, when the policeman's weapon is almost certainly a loaded gun, and when not only the fleeing man but also many of his helpful friends may keep firearms under the bed, the old comic scene—which has doubtless never been particularly comic to the principals in real life—often turns into tragedy. Unlike the policeman, however, the fireman has traditionally arrived on a block

as a welcome friend and savior. The union's charge that forty-seven men had been attacked by bystanders during fires conjures up a grotesque scene: A building is burning in the poorest kind of street. People are inside the building, and so are all the meagre worldly goods of those who live there. Fire engines converge on the block, and the helmeted men, undoubtedly braver than most citizens, raise their ladders and climb rapidly toward the sound of screams on the upper floors. While they race upward, crowds on the sidewalk pelt them with rocks, bricks, and bottles, as in some madhouse charade. The fact is, though, that the more typical incidents of harassment complained of by the firemen's union involved minor fires or false alarms (there were seventy-two thousand of the latter in the city last year) and the hurling of objects at firemen while they were still in the trucks. Michael Maye, the president of the Uniformed Fire Fighters Association, demanded a "relentless investigation" of the attacks, which he described as being "part of a diabolic and carefully calculated pattern of wreaking death, destruction, and fear."

Daniel Patrick Moynihan's famous "benign neglect" memo to President Nixon, leaked to the press last February, declared that one of the most serious crises confronting the nation was the vast increase in fires in slum neighborhoods, "primarily black." New York City, for example, he noted, had sixty-nine thousand fire alarms in 1956 and two hundred and forty thousand in 1969. A great many of the recent fires, Moynihan wrote, were more or less deliberately set. "Fires are in fact a 'leading indicator' of social pathology for a neighborhood," he went on. "They come first. Crime, and the rest, follows. The psychiatric interpretation of fire-setting is complex, but it relates to the types of personalities which slums

produce." Moynihan added that "a point of possible interest" was the circumstance that, like the urban riots of the nineteen-sixties, "fires in the black slums peak in July and August." The fact is, though, that in the black slums of New York, the city on whose statistics he had been relying, serious fires—that is, fires in buildings, of which no appreciable number are believed to be "more or less deliberately set"—reach their peak not in July and August but in the coldest winter months, and this fact suggests that, whatever its relation to personality disorders, a high incidence of significant urban fires is certainly related to makeshift attempts to keep warm in century-old buildings that are growing more dilapidated each year. There are more street fires in the hot-weather months—piles of rubbish are set ablaze on sidewalks and in vacant lots, and so are abandoned cars in the gutters. While these fires reflect the boredom (or pathology) of young blacks who might find something better to do, they can also be traced in part to a breakdown in Sanitation Department services. A license to throw bricks at men summoned to put the fires out hardly follows, but David Jackson, the president of the Vulcan Society, which is the black firemen's fraternity, tried to counter Maye's charges by suggesting that the brick-throwers might be guilty with an explanation. No diabolical plot was involved in the harassments, he suggested—just the natural hostility of blacks toward white firemen, whose treatment of them at fires was often, in the view of the blacks, "rude, uncouth, and insulting." Also frequently cited is the view of many blacks that white firemen often appear to inflict unnecessary property damage when they are fighting fires in Harlem and similar areas, and the fact that it is quite understandable that the New York Fire Department, of whose fourteen thousand members only seven hundred are black, would be a symbol of white exclusionary practices to the people of Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant.

As it happened, however, despite Moynihan's grim prophecy, the summer was not a disaster for firemen in New York slum areas, and though some "harassment" occurred, the Uniformed Fire Officers Association refrained from issuing any further statements about plots against firemen. The union's silence conceivably



had something to do with the fact that in mid-June Robert O. Lowery, the city's black Fire Commissioner, whom Lindsay appointed five years ago, reported in the *News* on an investigation he ordered of the forty-seven injuries. The investigation showed, he said, that in the period the Association had mentioned in its letter to the Mayor "five members of the department received injuries requiring sick time." The report went on, "In fifteen other cases, the men refused medical aid. Of the five, one man, a stabbing victim, was hurt seriously. The other [twenty-seven] so-called injuries were not substantiated." The fact that any firemen had been hurt was regrettable, Lowery said, but, he added, "remember, in this period of time we had 100,649 fire responses in which 2.8 million men were exposed to possible injury." Two months later, three firemen refused to enter a Brownsville street to put out a fire, because their truck wasn't equipped with protective shields. They were suspended pending a Departmental trial, and later fined.

No matter what most blacks believe, the firemen who maintain that ghetto duty is unduly hazardous are often moved by considerations other than racism. Like the police and the sanitation workers, they have an understandable interest in getting themselves transferred to areas where the work is cleaner and less arduous—and where Christmas handouts and, possibly, other collections are more substantial. Others want only to be closer to moonlighting jobs that many of them hold outside the city—where more than half the firemen and the policemen and a large percentage of the sanitation workers now live. Presumably, however, few city employees try to prove their point the way some firemen did last spring, according to the report of a Departmental investigation that was also published in the *News*. The testimony showed that early in April, during the time the ghetto harassments supposedly took place, a different kind of grotesque scene occurred at Engine Company 41, a firehouse on East 150th Street, in a black neighborhood. Two veteran members of the Department—an acting lieutenant from Deer Park, Long Island, and a first-grade fireman from Brooklyn—were involved in an accident in which the lieutenant suffered a gunshot wound. The testimony led the investigators to conclude, the newspaper said, that a "bullet had ricocheted off a fireman's helmet which, the probers said, the firemen were trying to damage in order to give an im-



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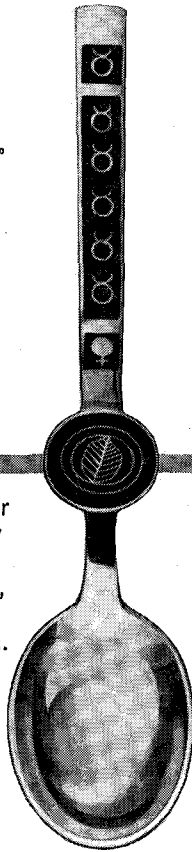
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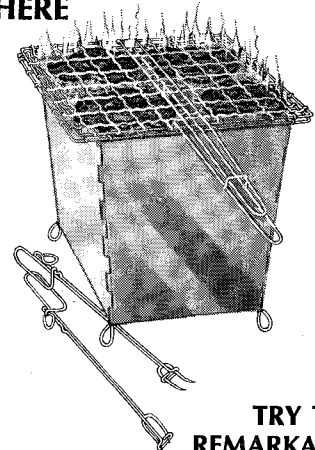
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pression that they were attacked by snipers while responding to an alarm." All fourteen firemen on duty at the station denied the incident at one point, the *News* reported. However, a black fireman and two witnesses who were not firemen eventually confirmed it, and the two men were found guilty of "making false record with intent to deceive." Commissioner Lowery, whose position is not always an enviable one, dismissed them on Friday afternoon of the Memorial Day weekend, clearly in the hope that his action would attract as little attention as possible. To a large extent, the hope was realized. The *News* did discover and report the case, but not till many weeks later. The *Times* and the *Post* never reported it at all. For that matter, these two papers had ignored Lowery's revised estimate of the firemen's harassment injuries, although both had carried the statement by the Uniformed Fire Officers Association.

THE supposed plot that kept the climate hottest in many urban areas this summer was, of course, the one directed not at firemen but at policemen. Unaccountably, the city that newspaper readers in the boondocks rely on for the darkest headlines of all seemed to be only a very minor target of the conspiracy, if it was a target at all. The word "plot" moved into some local headlines in what seemed to be an attempt to prove that New York wasn't entirely out of things. The stabbing of a policeman by a mental patient recently released from Bellevue, the shooting of a policeman who inadvertently butted in on a holdup attempt, and the stabbing of an off-duty probationary policeman who got mixed up in a knife fracas in his neighborhood were among the police-blotter items briefly identified as possibly related to the nationwide vendetta. Black snipers, black arms caches, and suspicions of terrorist Black Panther involvement were regularly reported, and regularly vanished in the following day's accounts, when the facts were in. Mayor Lindsay insisted that he saw no evidence of conspiracy, or of any connection between attacks on the police here and those elsewhere. Burton Roberts, the District Attorney of the Bronx, using the new oratorical vernacular, hoped that his own put-down of the plot theory would "prevent any escalation of polarization between the people of the community and the police." As in the case of the firemen, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the policemen's union, looked on

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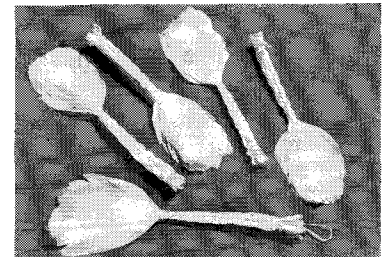
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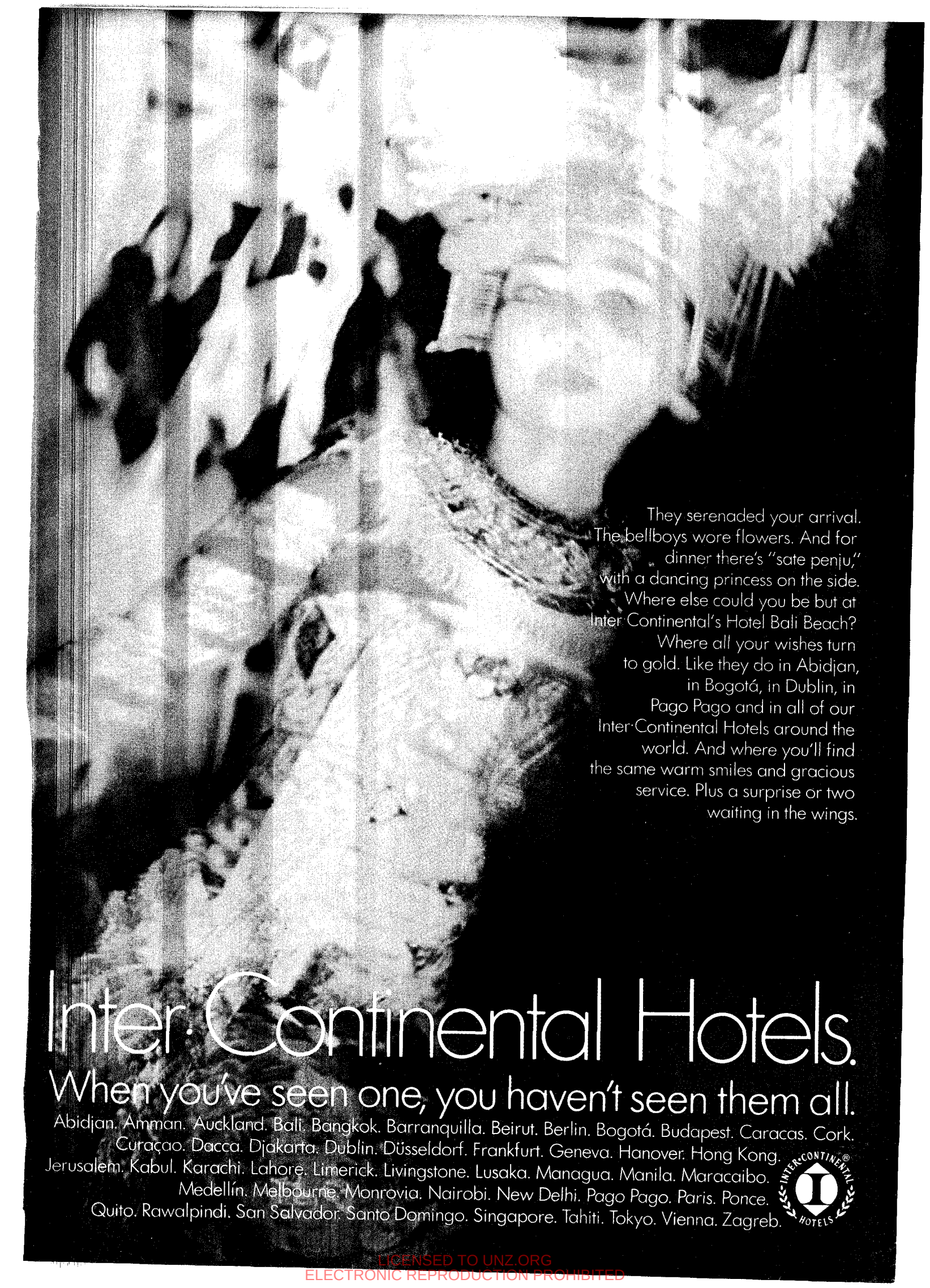
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the dark side, describing the attacks as "part of a coldly logical, hard-eyed, revolutionary strategy." Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary, however, agreed with Lindsay. The assaults were "separate and independent," he said. They were "anomalies." As the summer drew to a close, the polarization-escalation index seemed to be holding steady.

The same could not be said for the polarization between Lindsay and his many non-friends in the City Hall press corps when it was suddenly announced that, after weeks of negotiation, the fifty-nine-year-old Leary was resigning to become chief of security for Abraham & Straus, the department-store chain. Whether or not Lindsay had planned it that way—the resignation was announced not by Leary but by the Mayor's office—the news, which this time was not of the sort that could be upstaged by holiday distractions, went out at ten-thirty on Saturday morning of the Labor Day weekend, about sixteen hours after there moved out of New York Harbor toward Bermuda a cruise ship carrying among its passengers twenty-eight members of the Inner Circle, the political reporters' version of the Gridiron Club. Also on board the ship—the Chandris liner *Amerikanis*—was Sanford Garelik, former Chief Inspector of the Police Department and current President of the City Council, with whom Lindsay's relationship has been somewhat strained since, soon after last fall's election, Garelik began to act less like a member of the Lindsay team than like a candidate for mayor in 1973. When word of the resignation came over the *Amerikanis*'s radio, the consternation of the cruise ship's passengers was severe. Thereafter, news stories out of Room 9, the City Hall press room, paid Lindsay back for his little trick—if that is what it was—by turning him into the prime villain of the situation. Leary, a somewhat reserved man, and an outsider Lindsay had brought in from Philadelphia, had not previously appeared to be a great favorite in the Police Department, but he was suddenly transmogrified into a martyred symbol of police resistance to civilian interference. The Mayor, it seemed, had affronted the Police Commissioner by, among other things, complaining of the inaction of the police during the hardhat rampage last May (the Department's own report of the affair did mention certain failures), and setting up an independent commission to investigate charges of police graft—an



action taken on the recommendation of a panel on which Leary had served. The *Post* found an unnamed "confidant" of Leary's who tried to explain things by relating that the Commissioner had called Lindsay "a snob" who "can't maintain a relationship with anyone who's older than him." And, disregarding Leary's own earlier statements, the *News*, which often seems to be in a contest with itself to see whether it can provide the most responsible or the least responsible news coverage in the city, attributed the resignation in part to Lindsay's denial that there was any organized murder plot against local policemen. ("BID TO MUFFLE COP PLOT LED LEARY TO QUIT," the *News* headline said.)

The controversy was somewhat defused when, six days after giving out the news of Leary's resignation, Lindsay was able to announce the Commissioner's successor: Patrick Murphy, a Brooklyn-born former Deputy Chief Inspector of the New York Police Department and currently Police Commissioner of Detroit, where he has been known for his articulate and imaginative approach to urban police problems. The same day, a *News* editorial expressed the hope that the Mayor would oblige "the city and all of its decent people" by resisting "the temptation to interfere with Commissioner Murphy's and all the other policemen's performance of their duties." In the corridors of City Hall, the long, hot summer was not over.

ELSEWHERE in the city, things were better. The portentous three-word phrase for seasonal turmoil, formerly invoked each spring in newspaper editorial rooms, is now part of the year-round rhetoric of the blacks and Puerto Ricans themselves. At City Hall hearings all through the past winter, their leaders punctuated demands for measures helpful to their communities with threats, often emphasized by the raised fist of revolution, that "the big fat Establishment," as one of them put it, had better shape up, because "New York's got a long, hot summer ahead." If they had been right, word would surely have gone out that Lindsay must be doing something else wrong, so the happier result should doubtless be credited in some degree to foresight and good management at City Hall. No one knows whether these qualities would have been enough without the infusion of large amounts of special summer money the Lindsay administration painfully wrested from federal and state

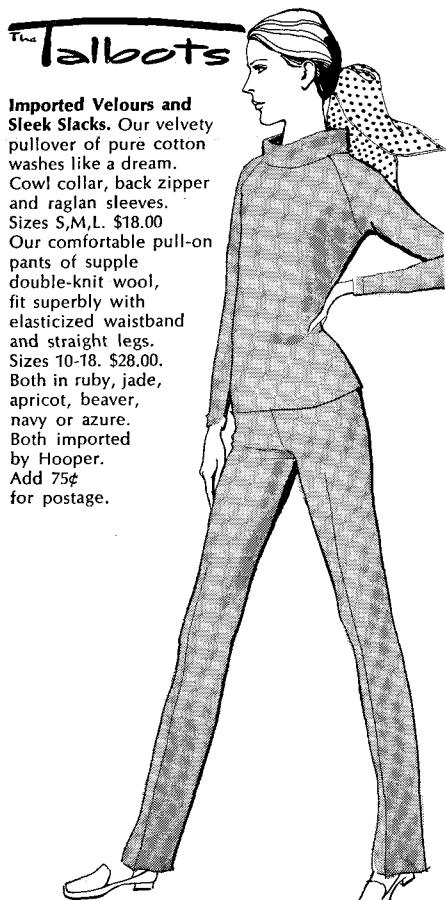
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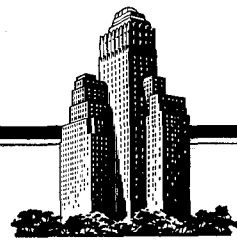
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sources—especially the twenty-one million dollars for the Neighborhood Youth Corps that made it possible to put forty-five thousand of the city's poverty-area young people to work at such jobs as tending playgrounds and day-care centers and clearing rocks out of vacant lots, instead, perhaps, of throwing them at passing men in uniform. Nor does anyone know for sure how much the city's uneasy armistice owes to the Mayor's presence two or three evenings each week during the summer on crowded, dingy streets far from Lincoln Center or La Côte Basque (where he might be found on other nights). Knowing that pictures of him loping along in shirtsleeves in Harlem or Red Hook, looking dramatically like his year-old campaign posters, would lead to gibes from political opponents and the press, Lindsay did not ask reporters along on twenty-four of the twenty-seven night walks that, according to his office, he took between the end of June and early September. The press was invited, however, on his last excursion of the season—into the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn.

A walk of Lindsay's through such a neighborhood is a sight somewhat bigger than life. Great crowds gather about him: women with babies lifted high to catch a glimpse of him; old people; hundreds of yelling children; and, that night, clusters of formally dressed officials of community groups, who were on hand to show him the progress the local block associations had made in keeping the area clean. The television lights, brilliant and flickering, are responsible for much of the crowd, as Lindsay himself points out. ("When the press isn't along, not so many turn out, and there's more time to talk," the Mayor has said.) But even after the lights go off, the people continue to surge about him, pushing, tugging, grabbing his arms, shouting for his attention. If he weren't taller than anyone else on the street, it would be impossible to see him for the surrounding mob as it swarms along, a block long, two sidewalks wide, making a massive turn now and then as he plunges through a door into a café, a bar, a grocery store to shake hands all around. On such occasions, Lindsay looks happy, wholly relaxed, even rewarded, and totally different from the tense, snappish man who typically appears on the Board of Estimate dais or arrogantly cuts off questions at press conferences or stands in grim-faced conference with city councilmen. He really likes to walk, in any case, and



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after days of abuse he seems shamelessly exhilarated by the company of admirers. His only guard that night, as on all nights, was a single detective, one of the three who cover the Mayor in three shifts. A medium-sized man in a white sports shirt, the detective spent much of his time pushing his way back toward Lindsay from the rim of the crowd. For at least one evening, on one street in New York's largest black city-within-a-city, Lindsay had dispelled the legend that Big Whitey can be encountered only at the barricades.

During that same day, besides dealing with the usual City Hall routine, Lindsay had sent off a strong three-page letter to Senator John C. Stennis, the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, opposing the building of the supersonic transport plane, had asked Secretary of Agriculture Clifford M. Hardin for numerous changes in the food-stamp program for New York welfare recipients, and had conferred at length with Correction Commissioner George F. McGrath on a wildcat strike of correction officers at the prison on Riker's Island. His first stop of the day had been at Bellevue Hospital, where he donated a pint of blood to dramatize the fact that the city's blood supply was dwindling. After the walk in Bedford-Stuyvesant, he was driven a few blocks west to the Hotel Granada, at Ashland Place and Lafayette Avenue, where he spent an hour, much of it discussing the faults of the city's correction system with two dozen boys just out of jail. His final stop was at St. John's University, in Queens, where he watched the last half of a basketball game between two all-star teams from the city. Possibly the sight of the gym reminded him that school was starting all over town, and that this would bring out all the attendant problems of the city's new decentralization program. In another few weeks, talks would start on the Sanitation Department contract, which is up for renewal, and after that it would be the turn of the policemen and the firemen. By that time, there would probably be snow on the streets. In this city, winter is often the longest season of all.

—ANDY LOGAN

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THE RACE TRACK

Nijinsky Again

THIS week, let's put Nijinsky at the top of the list. Charles Engelhard's unbeaten American-owned, Canadian-bred colt brought off a gallant victory last Saturday in the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, completing the trilogy of England's classics for three-year-olds known as the Triple Crown (the others are the 2,000 Guineas and the Epsom Derby)—something that hadn't been done since Bahram did it thirty-five years ago. As he is in most of his races, Nijinsky was far behind the leaders for most of the distance—one mile six furlongs and a hundred and twenty-seven yards—and he was nearly two furlongs from home before Piggott, who rides him, called on him for that astonishing burst of speed he has. He bounded to the lead and passed the post a length ahead of Meadowville, who was second to him in the Irish Sweeps Derby. Politico, a colt from the Wheatley Stable, was third, and the six other runners were down the course. It was Nijinsky's eleventh start in two seasons. His next—and biggest—test will be in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp in Paris on October 4th. After that, he'll come here, and Vincent O'Brien, who trains him, will decide whether he'll run in the Man o' War at Belmont Park on the seventeenth.

THERE were also several races at Belmont Park last week that were worth remembering. For one, Saturday's Beldame Stakes, in which Shuvee was at her best, winning it by a length from Obeah, with Cold Comfort third. Seven ran, and from the quickest start I've seen all season Cold Comfort took a long lead. At one stage, she was five or six lengths in front, but she slowed down turning into the stretch, and Shuvee, who'd been second, passed her and stood off the challenge of Obeah. Pattee Canyon, who looked lighter in flesh and didn't have the zip she showed early in the summer, was sixth. . . . On the previous Saturday, Missile Belle, who likes Belmont Park (she won the Coaching Club American Oaks there last June), took the Gazelle Handicap. Among her opponents, and a hot favorite to beat her, was Fanfreluche, who had galloped off with the Alabama

Stakes at Saratoga. In the Gazelle, Fanfreluche was away slowly and was rushed up into the lead in the first quarter, which takes a lot out of even the best horses, and when she tired, Missile Belle came on and won by a neck from Predictable.

Distinctive, who headed Ta Wee for a few strides in her remarkable Fall Highweight Handicap victory at six furlongs, carried his speed for the nine fur-

longs of the Governor Nicolls Stakes at Belmont on Labor Day. However, he was under pressure to beat Hydrologist by half a length and Plymouth by about as much again. The most disappointing of the ten also-rans was Personality, who went to the post favorite and finished fifth. In the parade to the post, he moved as though he had a touch of shin trouble.



FOR weeks, it's been only a question of how soon William Lee Shoemaker would become the winningest jockey on record. It finally happened on Labor Day weekend at Del Mar, where, Californians say, "the turf meets the surf." Riding in the last race on the Saturday card (his fifth try of the day), he won on something called Esquimal to equal Johnny Longden's tally of 6,032, and on the holiday he made it 6,033 on Dares J., a two-year-old filly. She was the 24,525th mount of his racing career—which, needless to say, he's continuing. Later in the week, he had a triple, and last Saturday he had five winners.

If you care for a few figures, it took Longden forty years and 32,406 mounts to win 6,032 races. Shoemaker has been riding only twenty-two years. His mounts have earned more than \$43,000,000. It's generally supposed that a jockey gets ten per cent of his mount's share of the prize money, and though that isn't always true, I'd say that Shoemaker's earnings have run to more than \$4,000,000. Financially, his best year was 1967, when his mounts won \$3,052,108. His best year in the saddle was 1953, when he had 485 firsts in 1,683 tries. Two serious accidents delayed his drive to the top. In 1968, he came out of a spill at Santa Anita with a broken leg, and at Hollywood Park about a year and a

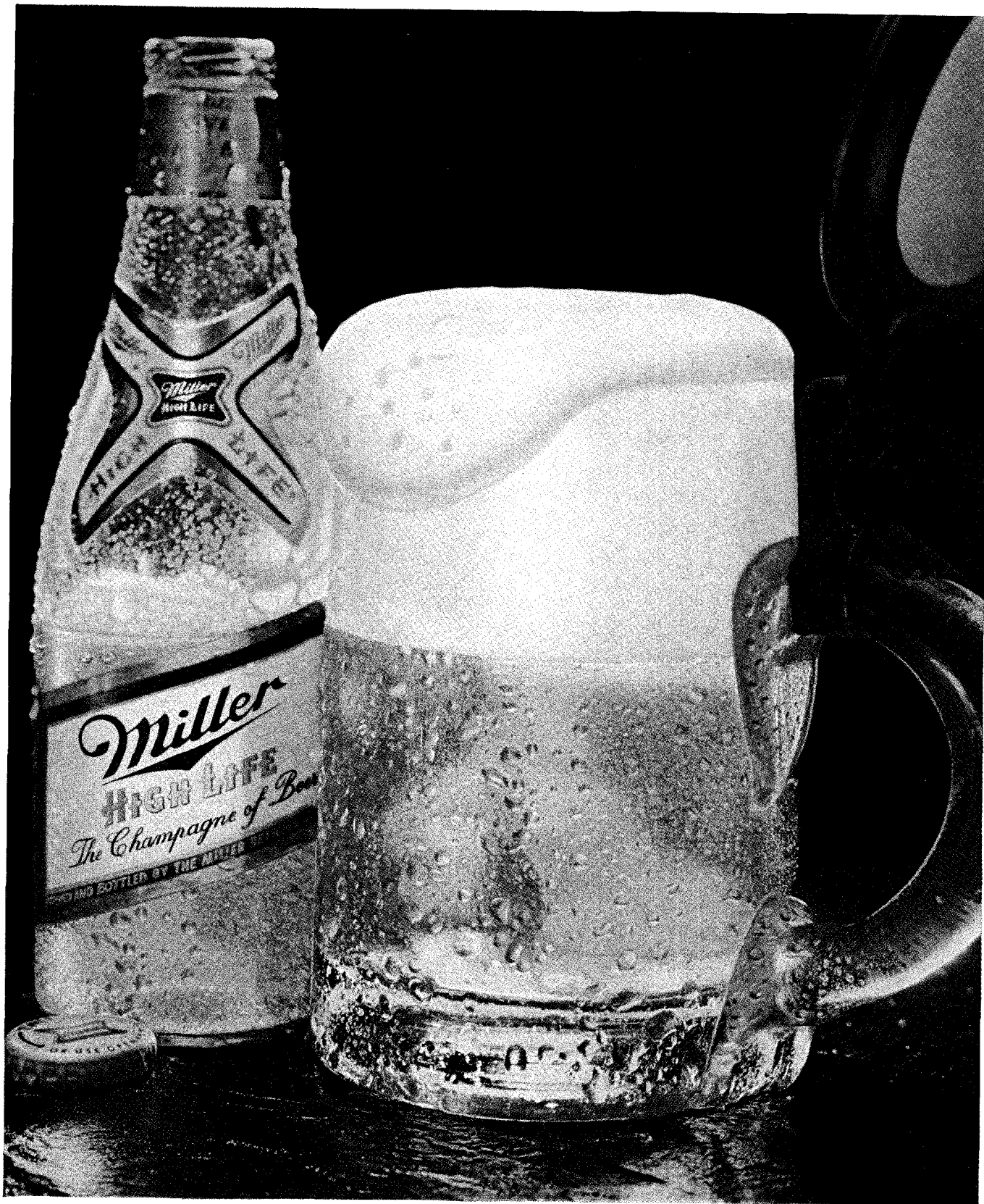
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half later a horse he was on stumbled and rolled over on him, breaking him up pretty badly. But he's back in action, almost as good as new.

Shoemaker's style isn't as dashing as that of some boys I could name, but he has the knack of making horses run for him. "He just don't worry them none" is the way a racetracker I know put it. When Shoemaker came East the first time, in 1951, Preston Burch, one of the top trainers of the older generation, thought him a splendid prospect. John Nerud, for whom he rode Dr. Fager, said Shoemaker was the best he'd seen in forty years, and Ed Neloy, for whom he has also ridden, called him the "complete jockey."

Shoemaker—Bill, Willie, Willie the Shoe, or the Shoe, as Angelenos call him—was born prematurely on August 19, 1931, in Fabens, Texas. Nobody except his grandmother thought he'd live overnight, for he weighed only two and a half pounds, but she zapped up an incubator for him—a cardboard box lined with cotton wool, which she put in the oven of the kitchen stove. And it did the trick. Later, his family moved to California, and he got his first job around horses when he was fourteen—a part-time situation at the Suzy Q Ranch. His next was galloping horses for a trainer at various California tracks. He rode his first winner, Shaft-er V., at Golden Gate Fields on April 20, 1949, and at the end of that season he led the apprentices at the Coast tracks, with a total of 219 wins. He has gone right on from there. Shoemaker is a quiet, almost shy little man (he lacks an inch of being five feet tall, and he weighs a hundred pounds); you'd never take him for anything but a jockey. Though he has no intention of hanging up his tack for at least five years, he'd like to take up sports broadcasting as a sideline. His favorite recreation is golf. One summer when he was riding at Arlington Park, Arcaro taught him the game, and they've been close friends ever since.

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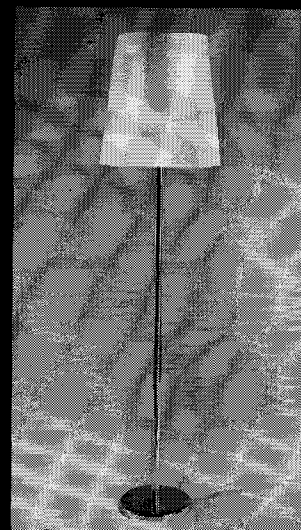
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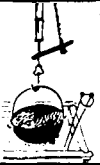
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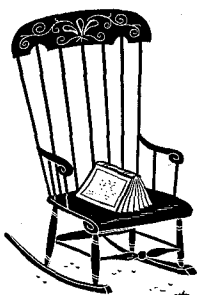
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BOOKS

Holding On

THE heroine of Mavis Gallant's merry and sad and robust and lapidary novel "A Fairly Good Time" (Random House) is a Canadian girl of twenty-six, living in Paris. Her name is Shirley, and she is a strange one. She possesses a knack—no, a genius—for having things go wrong. Not *making* things go wrong, mind you, but simply having them go wrong, as if the fact of her presence sufficed to alter the nature of an event, causing it to end maladroitly instead of well. She is a creature who experiences neither good luck nor bad luck but simply no luck; Miss Gallant points out that it is characteristic of her to bear in France a name that Frenchmen cannot pronounce. She is nearly as passive a girl as she believes herself to be. Given her air of being continuously peripheral and impermanent, it is uncanny that she should be found at the center of so many misadventures. She is neither ambitious enough nor pertinacious enough to bring down the pillars of the temple by a display of calculated perversity; rather, it is her fate to be using the temple as a short cut between one shopping errand and another when the roof falls in. Would it have fallen in without Shirley? Impossible to say for sure, but Miss Gallant hints that the odds are very much against it.

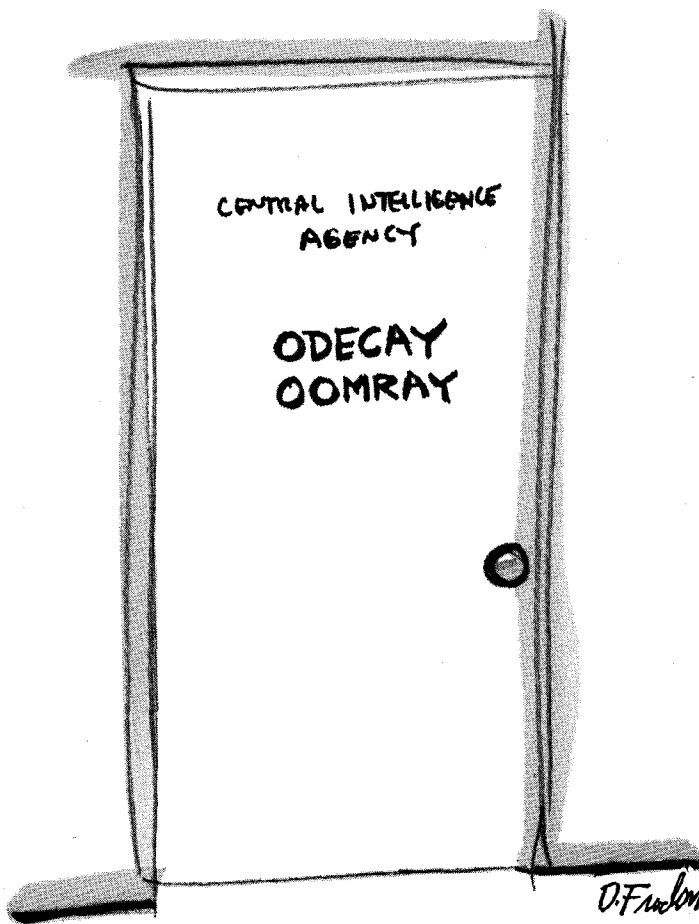
Shirley is not so much accident-prone as accident-supine. She leans away from events, and they reward her wariness by giving her a sharp rap on the skull. She is always astonished at being dealt with in this outrageous fashion, but her astonishment remains largely inaudible. Like most of her responses, it winds itself up in her mind into witty statements that she utters only to herself, with the result that the world perceives in her a mere lump of peaceable rue. No properly organized girl would consent to the injustices that Shirley suffers

(and perhaps collects); it follows that she is an incompetent and is getting precisely what she deserves. It is not the least of Miss Gallant's accomplishments in this novel that she presents a heroine who is far more intelligent than any of her companions are able to detect and who is also the feckless fainéant she appears to be. She is constantly striving to help people on the big general problems that beset their lives, but she has the true sloven's distaste for the small specific tasks that must be performed daily in the name of custom and order. She balks at the lowest and most readily scalable of domestic barriers: she cannot be bothered making beds or washing soiled dishes or changing clothes. She is at once a person of exquisite apprehension and a slob, and it is no wonder that, as the novel opens, her fastidious French husband has just abandoned her; that her mother has sent her an imperiously scolding (and, to us, hilarious) letter from the far-off plains of Canada and the still farther-off cold heights of parenthood; that she is unable to remember an appointment with an old family friend; and that she has suddenly, maddeningly run out of money. If her mind is not

at the end of its tether, it ought to be, for, bad as things have been, they are about to grow worse.

Shirley is an exceptionally unpromising heroine—a whole novel about a lady loser?—but it is, of course, the always surprising play of Miss Gallant's mind that attracts and holds our attention, from the bizarre opening paragraphs ("the French know nothing whatever about Nature and do their best to turn gardens into parlors. It was your father's opinion that they do not distinguish between trees and statues, and are completely taken aback every Spring to see all these statues putting out leaves") to its elegiacal conclusion: "The wind that April afternoon blew straight from Russia. She saw a blossoming pear tree in front of the *église des St. Pères* [*sic*]. The gutters were full of cigarette butts and fallen chestnut flowers. When she lifted her sun-glasses she noticed that the sky was an extraordinary color, on the frontier of white and blue. She supposed that they would see each other again in time, in dreams and recollections." The suave irony of Miss Gallant's writing matches very well the intentionally meagre and oblique plot of "A Fairly Good Time."

We learn almost by chance that Shirley had been married earlier to a pleasant Calgary boy, who died in a stupid street accident in Italy; toward the end of the novel we are told that Shirley has spent several months travelling abroad, but this news is, in effect, thrown away, Miss Gallant having decided by then that it is time we lost interest in her heroine. The novel is to stop not because its action has run its course but because there is nothing more that she wishes to tell us about poor Shirley. Deliberately, the author suspends her in an indeterminate middle distance. Shirley goes out of focus; the blurring of her image permits us to assume that she is no longer really present, and that it is therefore not really heartless of us to turn away from her. We do so in the nick of time, for the circumstances of Shirley's



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life are likely henceforth to be those of tragedy, and Miss Gallant has had the wisdom to keep her tone unflaggingly comic. She does not wish us to look any further into the life of the strange character she has invented than we may need to do in order to reach those levels of feeling implied by the motto from which the book's title comes. The motto is a quotation from Edith Wharton, and it amounts, for Mrs. Wharton, to a breezy wisecrack: "If you make up your mind not to be happy, there's no reason why you shouldn't have a fairly good time."

WILFRID SHEED's "Max Jamison" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) has much in common with "A Fairly Good Time." Both novels are short and full of wit, both concentrate upon a single figure that the world is inclined to form a low opinion of, and both are written with the assurance of old hands; the reader is gratefully aware from the start that at no point in the journey will he be obliged to help the bewildered author over a sticky place or trudge to a distant farmhouse in search of new directions. Shirley is a loser and a loner, and at first it appears that Max may be similarly doomed, but it becomes clear soon enough that Max is as tough as he is disagreeable; some small, obscure, and indestructible particle of respect for his brains and what they are capable of accomplishing will cause him not merely to survive but also to succeed. If there is room for only one person at the top of the steeple, Max will see to it that that person is Max. The art of life is scrambling up and holding on. Max regards himself with infatuated loathing, and he is right to do so; he is also right to perceive that the main question is how useful his contemporaries will find him in spite of his hatefulness, and the evidence is that they will find him very useful indeed.

Like Mr. Sheed when he is not being a novelist, Max is a journalist. He writes reviews of Broadway plays for a newsmagazine called *Now* and reviews of movies for a literary magazine called *Rearview*. Although the standards he is expected to meet on these publications are contemptibly low, he is not afraid to claim the title of critic instead of reviewer ("The difference between a critic and a reviewer is, I forget"), and in the course of the year through which we follow him in concurrent purgatories professional and domestic he manages to convince us that he actually is a critic, and probably a very good one. The bulk of the novel consists of a torrential, unceasing

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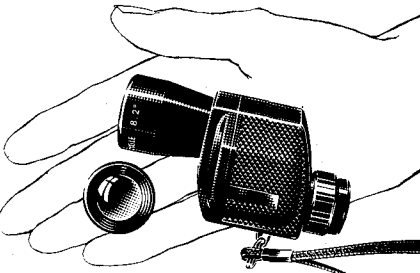
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interior monologue, in which, like a trainer talking to a boxer between rounds, Max keeps encouraging himself to get in there and fight. His reflections, fancies, interjections, and fierce wails of despair are all goads to his faltering ego to keep its goddam mitts up and jab, jab, jab: blind your adversary by flicking open his scarred eyebrows and getting the old blood to flow. Max is a scrapper and snarler by nature; he is also a humorist in a class with Groucho, and one imagines his soliloquies' being uttered in Groucho's impudent, salacious voice: "... always wanted to be a critic. Yes, really. Like wanting to be a dentist or an undertaker ... nastiness wasn't the real problem. He could always cut down on that, at least in conversation. He wasn't really a bastard, it was just a professional habit, a kind of shorthand. Believe me, there is nothing personal. Does the surgeon hate the stomach? Well, yes, probably. He has every reason to."

"Max Jamison" would have been an almost perfect novel of its harsh and shapely kind if Mr. Sheed, with a victorious conclusion in sight, had not unexpectedly abandoned the device of observing all the action of the novel through the eyes of its hero. As if for the first time losing confidence in the interestingness of this mind, the author sallies off sideways into the mind of Max's wife and even into the mind of his little boy. This need not have been a crucial error, though it was bound to be a serious one; what causes dismay is that the wife's mind and the little boy's mind turn out to respond to events exactly as Max's does. Here is Max:

How about something a little more contemporary—getting high on drugs, rising instead of falling? Battling the wily teenager, coming to grips with the dreaded hippie? Jamison in Night Town, dancing to twitching lights and brain-cracking music. White faces grinning in a circle. Old man shaking with palsy to a Watusi beat. ... To let himself be laughed at for one whole evening: what crud that would scrape away.

And here is his wife:

Of course you couldn't work long at the Gotham School without developing a social conscience. But she couldn't seem to convince Max that this was a real thing, based on real children, and not some form of hot flashes. His faint smile as she talked to guests about it, his "What did you do at school today, dear" tone, made clear who handled the real work around here.

And his son, aged seven:

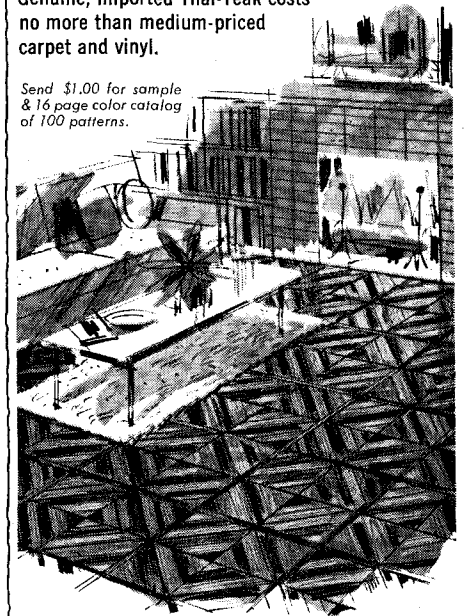
Next Justin thought of bribery. Straight cash? Charlie was a cheap pay-

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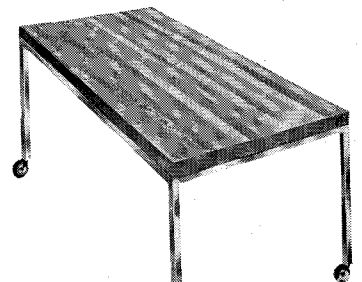
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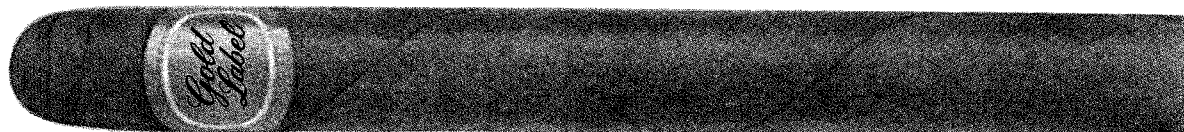


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off, because he didn't know a dime from a penny. But this time he shook his head. Toys? Justin had already handed over most of these. Creative playthings lay piled like bomb damage in the cellar.

Despite the failure of nerve that this change of literary tactics implies, "Max Jamison" is an admirable novel, and I am amused to think how difficult it would have been for Max Jamison himself to review it. With the worst intentions in the world, he would have found his snarls dissolving into compliments. Old Max wouldn't have feared to tell the truth, welcome as it was bound to be to the author. There were chances one had to take in Max's line of work, and giving praise where praise was due was one of them.

—BRENDAN GILL

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE WORLD OF CHARLES DICKENS, by Angus Wilson (Viking). Mr. Wilson knows his Dickens; he re-reads the novels every year. Uncle Pumblechook, Mrs. Pardiggle, Flintwinch, Magwitch, old Glubb, and Miss Blimber fly across his pages until the reader's head may be as muddled as Mr. Dick's. He should be delighted, however. Mr. Wilson's interest is personal, rather than academic. Looking back and forth between Dickens' life and his novels, he re-creates the Victorian world that the author lived in "seen as it might be after three or four glasses of champagne," in order to understand the workings of the imagination of "the Inimitable Boz," whose books, he says, greatly influenced his own. Part of his success is that he makes the reader want to go back once more to seek the closer acquaintance of Uncle Pumblechook and company. Nearly two hundred contemporary illustrations, forty of them in color, make this a handsome tribute on the centennial of Dickens' death. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

JARANO, by Ramón Beteta, translated from the Spanish by John Upton (University of Texas). These memoirs by a noted Mexican government administrator, diplomat, university professor, and editor, who died in 1965, are of such artistic quality that it is impossible not to regret that their author was not a novelist. Beteta's modest intention was to recall his boyhood and youth as a way of telling younger Mexicans something about their country before

it was transformed by Mexico's revolution, which began in 1910. His own family exemplified some of the conflicts of that period: his father, a financially unsuccessful lawyer of humble birth, disliked the autocracy of the Díaz regime and was a fervent anti-clerical, while his mother's family were rich Catholic conservatives. But Beteta's work transcends history and ideology; the people and the incidents he recalls are so vivid and so moving, so individual and yet so universal, and his style is so chaste, that his book is for all times and places and for Everyreader.

SEXUAL POLITICS, by Kate Millett (Doubleday). Two modern developments suggest that in the future the work, and perhaps the behavior, of the sexes will grow more similar: machinery makes physical strength a negligible job qualification, and contraception permits women not to be constantly pregnant. The author, a Women's Liberationist, takes little or no account of these phenomena. She has written a passionate book, partly brilliant and partly silly, in which she argues that the inferior position of women has been due to an exploitive conspiracy among men, and that only an immense social and psychological upheaval, brought on by the determined action of united women, will win women the equality they deserve. Miss Millett proves men's wickedness mainly from the work of several writers who are contemptuous of or hostile toward women. She is an acute literary analyst. Unfortunately for her argument, though, the authors she has chosen are in such psychological trouble themselves that it is hard to agree that they express typical attitudes toward women. Ruskin, for example, was impotent. D. H. Lawrence, a tubercular plebeian cuckold married to a healthy aristocrat, evidently had to assert his dominance in fantasies on paper, but few men have been so overmatched in marriage. *Et ainsi de suite*. Most of Miss Millett's masculine theorists writing about women are the sexual equivalent of Hitler writing on government: striking, unsound, and out of the main line of cultural evolution.

DUTY, HONOR, EMPIRE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COLONEL RICHARD MEINERTZHAGEN, by John Lord (Random House). The subject of this engaging biography (his dates are 1878-1967) spent most of his working life either in the British Army or at the Colonial Office. Mr.

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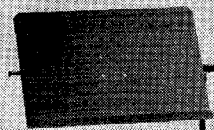
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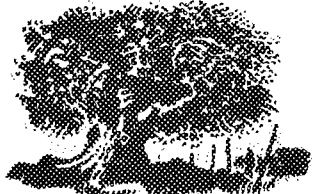
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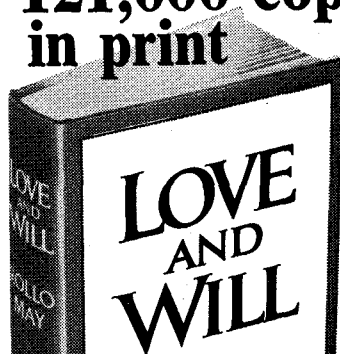
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Lord chose to write about him not only because he was charming, good, adventuresome, and kept a diary but because he saw him as typifying upper-class Victorian imperialism at its noblest. What the book shows, instead, is that what was typical of upper-class Victorians was that they were atypical—as was Meinertzhagen's aunt, Beatrice Webb. Before the First World War, Meinertzhagen insisted that the British government's policy of selling land to white settlers in East Africa and Kenya was a mistake, because the Africans would become independent and need the land. During the war, he became converted to Zionism, having convinced himself, as did few other Englishmen at the time, that Jews were better fighters than Arabs. Meinertzhagen's passion for shooting was certainly typical of his class—though he was a much better shot than most—and one cannot read of his immense bags in India, Africa, Arabia, and the British Isles without wishing he had been as foresighted about conservation as he was about Kenya. Mr. Lord's point is that Meinertzhagen had a generous vision of imperialism—not racist or exploitive—and that he was dauntless, cheerful, and stunningly self-confident (the last is indeed an upper-class Victorian characteristic) through the ups and downs of his career and the final extinction of his imperial dream. Ten dollars.

NEW REFORMATION: NOTES OF A NEOLITHIC CONSERVATIVE, by Paul Goodman (Random House). Mr. Goodman is appealing because he does not believe in Original Sin and makes his readers feel certain of their own capacities—as well as everybody else's—for being kind and loving in a simpler, freer society. In these essays, the author likens what he wants us to do in the secular realm to what the Reformers achieved in the religious world. He is therefore disappointed in student radicalism, which, by extolling violence rather than seeking fraternity, appears to him to have abandoned the goal of purifying society. (The analogy would be Luther and Calvin not reforming but altogether renouncing Christianity.) Mr. Goodman's disappointment in radical students—along with his shocked discovery of their ignorance of such subjects as economics, history, philosophy, and literature—does not make him bitter. (Inasmuch as he has been, and still is, critical of contemporary edu-

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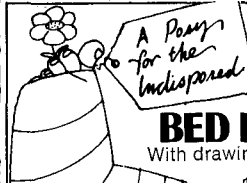
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cation, the academic failure that these youngsters embody may be said—though he does not say so—to vindicate him.) He just asks us to try again, and puts forward some new, hopeful ideas. His notions of how cities might be arranged to insure a happy life for children are beguiling.

THE DIAMOND OF JANNINA: ALI PASHA 1741-1822, by William Plomer (Taplinger). An Arabian Nights' entertainment about a despot—called Black Ali, or, as he preferred, Ali the Diamond—the son of Albanian brigands, who rose from sheep-stealer to conqueror and ruler of most of European Turkey. He was a contemporary of Napoleon, but he seems a hangover from the decline of the Roman Empire. Although murder and betrayal were his stock in trade, he was a charmer. Lord Byron, as a young man, paid a happy visit to his palace and wrote that the handsome, smiling Ali, then in his sixties and at the height of his power, regaled him with "almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit and sweetmeats, twenty times a day." Mr. Plomer, in tracing the eighty years of the Pasha's life, suggests that his story offers a lesson in the ways of autocracy, but this account reads better as pure entertainment, with its Oriental world of intrigues, tortures, severed heads, long-haired Ganymedes, and grief-crazed women—the world of Ali Pasha, who "in the gratification of his depraved appetites," as one of his contemporaries remarked, "exceeded whatever the most *impure imagination can conceive*."

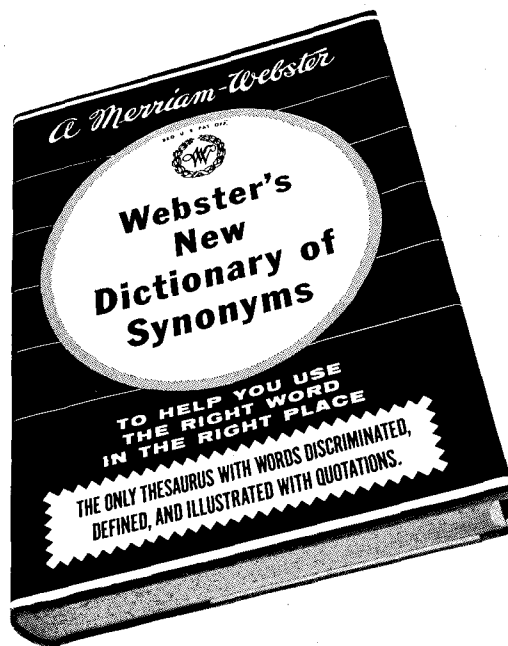
ARCHIPENKO: INTERNATIONAL VISIONARY, edited by Donald H. Karshan, with articles by S. Dillon Ripley, David W. Scott, and Guy Habasque (Smithsonian Institution). Not so much by direct statement as by its sheer massing of evidence, this book serves plentifully to remind us how great an artist Archipenko was, both as an innovator and in the totality of his accomplishments. Unfortunately—for history's sake, at least—the book does not mention Archipenko's earliest, and rather halting, essays in adapting pure Cubist theory to sculpture, and this is a mistake, for otherwise the book might have emerged as a definitive account of his career. It is a delightfully discursive hodgepodge, ranging from family photographs, early and late, through such random memorabilia as reproductions of passport

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A HISTORY OF THE UMBRELLA, by T. S. Crawford (Taplinger). The earliest umbrellas were religious or magical objects associated with royalty or divinity. At some times and places, umbrellas expressed the phallic power of the king, while at others they appear to have been the property of a fertile mother goddess. Even after it was seen that umbrellas offered protection from the weather, centuries of discussion elapsed before anyone decided whether they were supposed to keep off the rain or the sun. Then, when umbrellas came into general use in Europe in the eighteenth century, they were regarded as stigmata of poverty or stinginess (their bearers should have hired a coach) or effeminacy (a real man does not mind getting wet). In England, they were for a time considered snobbish, while American Quakers thought they were worldly. In short, this entertaining book justifies its own existence by showing that now is the first moment in all history when it has been possible to write dispassionately about the umbrella.

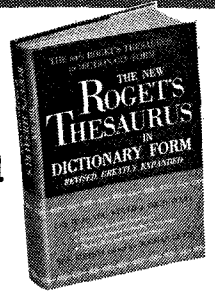
NOTE: "The Light in Holland," a report on the Netherlands by Anthony Bailey, has been published by Knopf. Most of the book was first printed in these pages.

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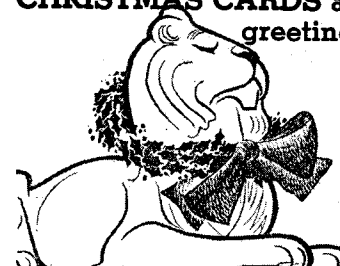
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